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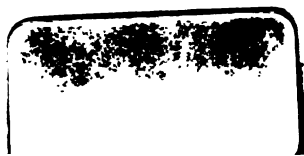
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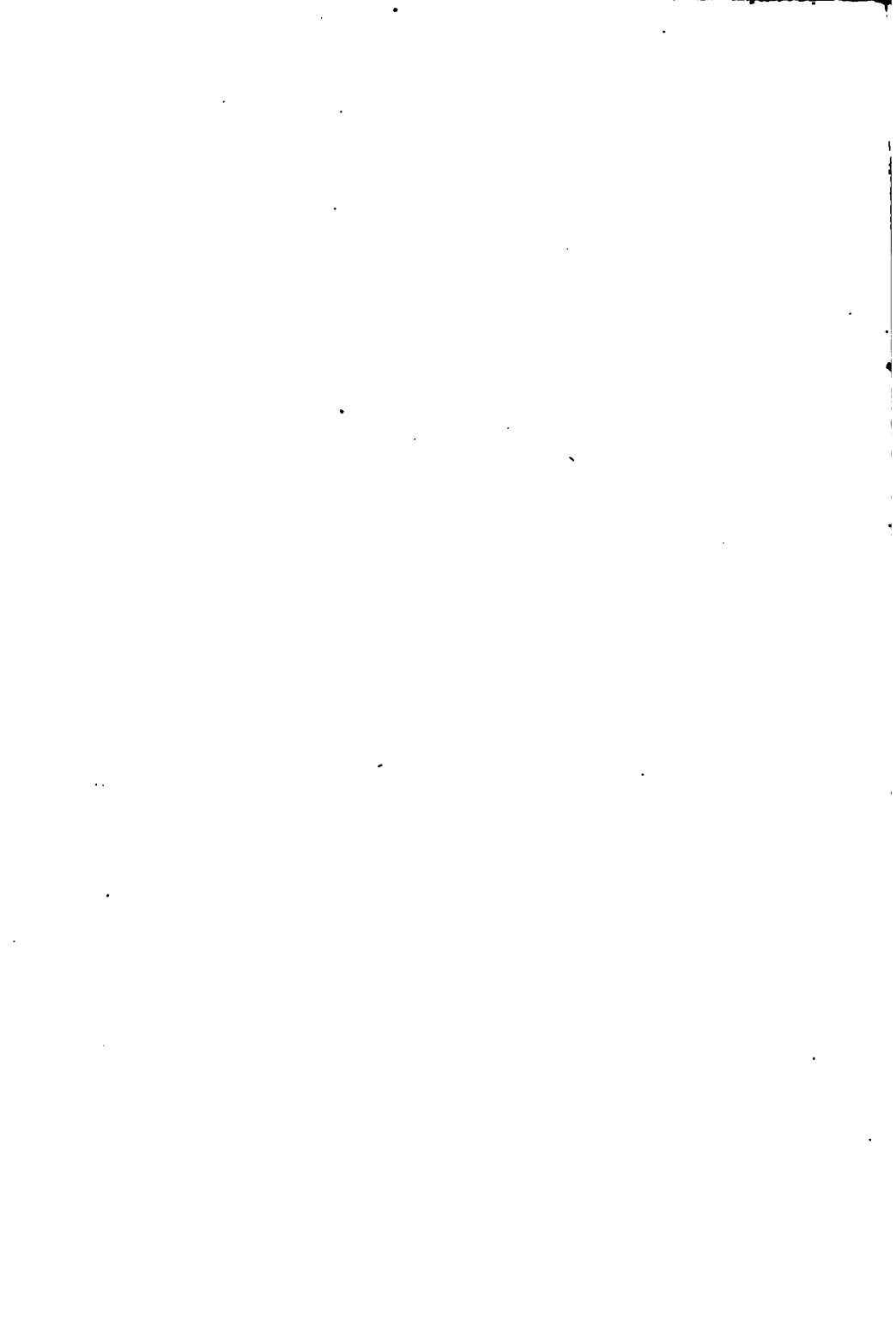
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SPECIMENS
OF
SWEDISH AND GERMAN POETRY

TRANSLATED BY

J. E. D. BETHUNE.

PART I. POEMS OF ESAIAS TEGNER.

PART II. SCHILLER'S MAID OF ORLEANS.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET,
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CONTENTS.

PART I.

SELECTIONS FROM THE MISCELLANEOUS POEMS OF ESAIAS TEGNER.

	PAGE
PREFACE	iii
WRITTEN IN A PRESENTATION COPY OF FRITHIOF'S SAGA	1
POESY	3
SWEDEN	7
AXEL	24
CHARLES XII. ON HIS FESTIVAL	64
THE DAYS OF THE ASAS	67
THE GIANT	71
SKIDBLADNER	74
ABBEY RUINS	77
NEW YEAR'S LAMENT	82
ENGLAND AND FRANCE	84
THE CHILDREN'S COMMUNION	88
SCALD'S MORNING HYMN	109
HYMN TO THE SUN	112
FIRE	116
THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS	120
THE RIVER	122
THE STRANGER	124

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE DROWNED BOY	127
THE GRAVE	129
BIRD-PAIRING	132
TO NORBERG	138
NOTES	143

PART II.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS, BY FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.

PREFACE	i
THE MAID OF ORLEANS	1

SELECTIONS

FROM

THE MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

OF

ESAIAS TEGNÈR.

P R E F A C E.

ESAIAS Tegnèr, late Bishop of Wexiö, in the Swedish province of Småland, is known throughout Europe as one of the chief ornaments of Scandinavian literature.

Some of his masterpieces have been already done into English ; but in such wise for the most part, that, if he had any knowledge of the English tongue, he ought to have suffered more than enough of that "horror which every distinguished poet must feel at having mangled versions of his finest lays sent out from distant lands." I quote the words of one of the translators of his greatest poem, Frithiof, who, according to my judgment has himself mangled it very thoroughly and effectually. This censure is the more bold, because this gentleman has procured, and prefixed to his work, with natural pride, the testimony of Tegnèr himself, that "no previous translator, with whom he was acquainted, had penetrated so deeply into the fundamental spirit of the original, and had so much respected its Northern characteristics." Nevertheless, I venture to appeal from Tegnèr the critic to Tegnèr the poet; and, without

pretending to discover whether this testimony originated in an imperfect knowledge of English, or in singular ill luck in his examination of the previous translations, (of which there have been at least ten,) I am bold to assert that, if this comparative preference is meant to imply any degree of absolute praise, it is wholly undeserved. I am ready to allow that all the previous English translations of Frithiof are indeed very bad, but I am not at all prepared to admit that they are worse than that to which the poet has borne such flattering witness.

As I have not myself attempted a version of Frithiof, it may seem that I go out of my way needlessly to attack those who have; but, with that kindly feeling which insensibly and unavoidably grows between an author and his translator, I must resent that wretched doggrel, of which most of these so called translations are full, should be palmed on the credulity of the English people, as embodying the spirit of him whom, while he lived, Sweden looked upon as her greatest poet.

I have attempted nothing beyond a version of some of his smaller poems, among which, so far as I am aware, only the two longest have been yet translated into English. "Axel" has been turned by Mr. Latham, and "Nattvardsbarnen" by Mr. Longfellow, of the United States of America. Mr.

Latham is also the author of one of the translations of Frithiof, which moreover is by no means the worst; and although in that case I might trust my own opinion, yet, on ground which we occupy in common, I prefer to rely on the judgment of a third party. A contemporary critic has thus summed up his review of Mr. Latham's work: "In Mr. Latham's translation, our readers will perceive from the extracts we have given, that there is often a pleasing flow in the numbers, a good deal of spirit, and happiness of expression. But the faults observed in his 'Frithiof' have not been wholly conquered in 'Axel.' The same carelessness, with the same effects of obscurity and even absurdity, are sometimes, though far more rarely, to be found there. We also observe that there are some solecisms,—and some affectations. These we would recommend Mr. Latham to discard; to bestow far more care upon the works which he undertakes to translate, and to adhere to his text with greater fidelity; and if he do this, we can promise him, we think with confidence, a much greater measure of success than he has hitherto either obtained or deserved."*

Although my translations were nearly completed before this review was published, yet I hope I have not been unmindful of the good advice given in these concluding remarks, the

* Foreign and Colonial Quarterly review. July, 1843.

spirit of which applies not only to Mr. Latham, but to translators in general. I beg leave to be allowed to repeat what I have stated elsewhere, that I feel myself wholly innocent, at least, of carelessness : I wish to own that, where I have failed to render the spirit of my author, it is from inability to do better ; and not because I do not see my faults, or because I have not endeavoured to make my work as good as I could, with more pains and care, perhaps, than were altogether justified by the nature of it.

I resort to the same authority for a brief commentary on Mr. Longfellow's translation. "Nattvardsbarnen (The "Children of the Lord's Supper,) is said to have been instrumental in promoting Tegnèr to the Bishopric of Wexiö. The is written in Dactylic Hexameters, and has been rather "well translated by Professor Longfellow, U. S., in the "original metre, which, however, is scarcely tolerable in "English."

The question whether or not the English ear can ever become sufficiently accustomed to the Dactylic Hexameter, to derive pleasure from English poems written in that metre, has been often and ably contested ; and far better arguments than I am able to controvert have been maintained, to shew that they ought to please ; but I think I do not much misstate the matter, when I declare my opinion that the stoutest advo-

cates of English Hexameters appear to less advantage in their problems than in their theorems ; and that, although excellent reasons have been given, why such verses ought to please the English people, the English people obstinately refuse to be pleased with them.

When so many and such able men have all failed, as in my judgment they have failed, in an attempt which they agree ought to succeed, it seems not discourteous to them, but rather the contrary, to suspect the soundness of their principles.

I have long thought that one of the main difficulties is that of framing tolerable verses of this kind, without inversions which do not suit the genius of our language ; and that this is the real reason why such lines are less offensive in German ' ' , in English. I believe that the ear will rather forgive even considerable deviations from the strict laws of metre, than tolerate any form of grammatical construction, which does not appear idiomatic and easy ; especially where it is apparent, that any stiff and unusual arrangement of the words of the sentence is adopted solely at the bidding of the metre.

I have given as good proof as I can of the sincerity of my convictions on this point, by sacrificing a translation which I had completed of the poem, which Mr. Longfellow has translated, containing between three and four hundred lines,

in the same metre. When my work was finished, I looked on it with something of the same feeling which I once heard expressed by a child, who, when asked if she had ever written poetry, answered: "Yes! I wrote a song about the clouds once; but, when it was done, I could not understand it!" In short, I was so little satisfied with my translation, that I took the trouble to recast it all into the common blank verse. Yet I do not think my hexameters were much worse than those of my neighbours. I subjoin a few lines by way of specimen, taken from the beginning of the poem.

Whitsuntide's holy feast was come, the church of the village
 Whitewashed, shone in the morning light. On the spire of the clock-tower
 Gay with a golden vane, the friendly flame of the Spring-sun
 Gleamed like the tongues of fire, which of old time crowned the Apostles.
 Bright was the Heaven and blue; young May, with a garland of roses
 Stood in her holiday garb on the land: the winds and the waters
 Sang of gladness and peace, God's peace! with roseate petals
 Whispered the tribes of flowers, and, swinging aloft on the pine-trees
 Birds poured forth their grateful songs, their jubilant anthems.

I have not been able to procure a copy of Mr. Longfellow's poems, from which to quote the corresponding passage in his version; and therefore add another, taken from the review already quoted:

Loud rang the bells already: the thronging crowd was assembled
 Far from valleys and hills to list to the holy preaching.

Hark ! then roll forth at once the mighty tones from the organ,
 Hover like voices from God aloft like invisible spirits.
 Like as Elias in Heaven when he cast from off him his mantle,
 Even so cast off the soul its garments of earth ; and with one voice
 Chimed in the congregation, and sang an anthem immortal
 Of the sublime Wallin, of David's harp in the north-land,
 Tuned to the choral of Luther : the song on its powerful pinions
 Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to Heaven ;
 And every face did shine like the Holy One's face upon Tabor.
 To these entered then into the church the reverend teacher :
 Father he hight, and he was in the parish a Christian by plainness
 Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of seventy winters,
 Friendly he was to behold, and glad as the heralding angel
 Walked he among the crowd ; but still a contemplative grandeur
 Lay on his forehead as clear as on moss-covered gravestone a sunbeam.
 As in his inspiration (an evening twilight that faintly
 Gleams in the human soul, even now from the day of Creation)
 Th' artist, the friend of Heaven, imagines St. John when at Patmos,
 Grey, with his eyes uplifted to Heaven, so seemed then the old man.
 Such was the glance of his eye, and such were his tresses of silver.

My version of the same passage, which I may add, was
 written before I either saw or had heard of Mr. Longfellow's
 translation, was as follows. The occasional coincidences of
 expression will not appear strange to those, who know the
 close affinity between the two languages.

Now had the bells been rung, and the eager multitude thronged in
 Far from hill and valley, to hear the words of the Gospel.

Hark ! peal forth at once the thundering tones of the organ,
 Floating, like voices from God through the vault, as invisible spirits.
 And, as Elijah threw down his mantle, and mounted to glory,
 So did the soul cast off its earthly garb, and with one voice
 All the assembly united, and sang a magnificent anthem
 Made by majestic Wallin, the David's harp of the Northmen,
 Tuned to a hymn of Luther : the song on its powerful pinions
 Bore up each living soul, and soared in rapture to Heaven,
 Whilst each countenance glowed like the Holy One's visage on Thabor.
 Forthwith into the church the reverend minister entered,
 Father he was and was called, and simple-hearted in all things
 Followed his Christian course, for the seventy years he had counted.
 Friendly he looked around, and glad as a heralding angel
 Walked he among the people, yet, on his intelligent forehead
 Earnest thought lay spread, like a moss-grave lit by a sunbeam.
 As in the hour of inspiration, (a gleam in the twilight
 Yet from the morn of creation in man's soul faintly reflected),
 Some rapt painter may figure St. John in the Island of Patmos,
 Grey haired, lifting his looks to Heaven, so seemed then the old man :
 Such was the fire of his eye, and the silver locks of his white hair.

Notwithstanding that I have not ventured to present
 the whole of this long poem in this form, I have given two
 imitations of Elegiac verse in pp. 84, 126. I selected the
 former of these for translation, not on account of its intrinsic
 merit ; but, because it seemed to me to give a curious insight
 into the feelings, with which our northern kinsmen looked
 on the struggle between the two great rivals, England and

France ; and the epigrammatic retorts of it could not be so well preserved in any other form of metre. The latter poem appeared also too characteristic to be omitted : because, from a note it seems that it was offered in good faith, by way of condolence on an actual occurrence. However extraordinary it may appear to our way of thinking, that Christian parents should be expected to find consolation for the drowning of their son, by being reminded of the fate of Ganymede and Cephalus, yet it serves very well to illustrate that fondness for mythology, and, I might almost say, that yearning for the forms of forgotten creeds, which is very remarkable in much of Tegnèr's poetry.

Traces of this feeling may be seen in "Fire" p. 116. "Abbey Ruins" p. 77. and in "The Days of the Asas" p. 67, which last poem is an obvious adaptation to the Scandinavian mythology of Schiller's celebrated poem "The Gods of Greece," by which the orthodox in Germany were so greatly scandalized.

Franzén, in his life of Tegnèr, (translated by Mr. Stephens), tells us that the poem of "Nattvardsbarnen" was supposed to have contributed to that confidence in Tegnèr's religious feelings, which induced the clergy of Sm land, in 1824, to give him, almost unanimously, the first place in the list proposed to the king, for the vacant bishopric of Wexiö. If his poems had been all to which they trusted, I rather wonder that they

were not as much startled by some of his positions in other productions, as they could be pleased by the ground taken in this; for, I see no reason for assuming that the one set of expressions is to be taken as the real outpouring of his conscience, and the other as the mere artistic developement of a poetical theory.

Franzén gives us a better reason for their choice, by adding that he had also gained their respect as Teacher of the Academic youth, and as member of the Chapter of Lund; and it is satisfactory to be told that, by his subsequent conduct, he convinced all classes, that he did not less deserve his consideration as a theologian, a priest, and a guardian of religion and ecclesiastical rule, than as an accomplished and indefatigable guide of all the educational departments.

Tegnèr's poems are full of the old Scandinavian mythology, and I had intended to give here a condensed account of the principal doctrines of the Edda, without some knowledge of which, several of them, especially "The Lays of the Asas," and "The Giant," are incomprehensible. But I have not been able to do this, and have been obliged to content myself with a few notes, explanatory merely of some of the personages mentioned, and of the principal allusions. I have also given literal prose translations of three of the poems, in which it appears to me that I have most varied from the originals.

These therefore may serve as a test of the fidelity of the others. I have generally endeavoured to imitate the character of Tegnèr's metres, which are wonderfully varied, and beautiful; though I have not been able to preserve them exactly. They abound in double and even triple rhymes, extremely difficult to imitate in English, owing to our having thrown away the inflected endings, which formerly enriched our language. The poems which I have translated are not much more than half of those contained in the volume from which they are taken. My selection has been in a great degree arbitrary, accordingly as they happened to take my fancy, or appeared easy to render; but I think most of the best are among them, although there are yet some which, with more leisure, I should have added to my collection.

I have only to add that I do not pretend to have much critical knowledge of Swedish; most of these poems having been in fact translated as exercises, while I was engaged in learning it; but its close affinity to German on the one hand, and English on the other, affords great facilities to those who have any knowledge of those languages, and renders the study of it exceedingly interesting.

WRITTEN IN A PRESENTATION COPY

OF

FRITHIOF'S SAGA.¹

THE memory of the Past will not depart,
The visions which an earlier world reveal;
Rude, it is true, but full of life and heart,
When thoughts, as well as swords, were sharpened steel.
I know another age is come, too near
Ourselves, unworthy of poetic fame:
The Viking only lisped what we speak clear,
But still the chord of feeling is the same.

Mysterious yearnings are the Poet's own,
For, Memory's daughter is the genuine Muse;
His world is that Atlantis, which sank down,
With all its loftier aims and nobler views.
Its woods still whisper from the Ocean springs,
In moonlight there its wandering spirits throng,
A shadowy race; and, on their dripping wings,
They raise themselves to listen to his song.

¹ Original not hitherto published.

Take then a picture of the olden time,
As Sagas paint it in the rocky North ;
But, as on crumbling stones the Runic rhyme,
How dimly, faintly, is it shadowed forth.
Far better, where yon glorious orbs are burning,
Which nightly in the vaulted sky display,
While round the North the starry Bears are turning,
A heavenly prototype of Frithiof's Lay.

POESY.

HAST thou surveyed the realms of Song,
With golden fruit, in leafy shade,
Where silver waters glide along,
And sparkle in the flowery glade.
The bright glad landscape shifting gleams
In morning's purple-coloured light ;
And hope's green banner gaily streams
Upon the sunny mountain's height.

Why should the Poet mourn ? His fire
He got from God, a heavenly loan :
Why should the thankless one desire
A happier Eden than his own ?
By golden autumn and green spring
Are not its dales in beauty drest ?
And do its nightingales not sing
For ever warbling in his breast ?

Heaven's Messenger, with joy inspired,
Embraces life, like a fond bride ;
Each vision which his heart has fired
Stands warm and living by his side :
His goal is won, his warfare spent ;
Worlds in his arms imprisoned lie :
For, song is not a long lament,
But a long shout of Victory.

Look where the mighty Genius rushes
O'er land and sea, in bright array ;
His wings are made of morning blushes,
His mantle of the clouds of May.
Glad as the lark's exulting cry,
Strong as the thundercloud of death,
The symbols of eternity
Bloom round his brows in rosy wreath.

He knows not of the gloomy song
Of endless hopeless misery ;
To him no feeble strains belong,
His discords close in harmony :

His longing is a flood which pours
 In music to its ocean home ;
 His sigh a stormy gust, which roars
 In flowery meads around a tomb.

In fiery light his temple glows,
 A brawling stream his altar laves ;
 Out of time's urn the fountain flows,
 And bards draw vigour from its waves.
 For each sick heart the sacred well
 With healing draught provides a cure ;
 No earthly tears its waters swell,
 They, like the heaven they shew, are pure.

I too will linger by the brook,
 If I to drink am worthy found,
 And, with unjaundiced healthy look,
 On the sick world gaze boldly round.
 The golden harp I will not teach
 Sad sounds, by me first brought to light :
 No grief the poet's heart can reach ;
 The heaven of song is always bright.

While our brave fathers sleep beneath
The heavens' star-studded canopy,
And while the Northwind's fresh cold breath
Sings Sweden's babes their lullaby,
So long shall Northern heart remain
True to its glorious northern tongue,
And hill and valley give again
The good, old, manly, Swedish song.

S W E D E N. ¹*Pro Patriâ.*

THOU land, which nursed my childhood, which holds my father's
grave,

And ye! who dwell in brave men's homes, forgetful of the brave,
To you, from these dark woods, I dedicate my song:

Hear truth: the voice of flattery soothes your sleep too long.

Others are free to praise, in their harmonious rhymes,

The polished courteous grace of our enlightened times;

Lapped in luxurious ease, they freely may despise

Departed strength, which is but barbarous in their eyes:

Born but for careless mirth, for pleasure and for plays,

Lisping commend the times, the gladness of these days.

Each for himself. I love thee not, thou Time, beguiling

Our hearts, with false unmanly peace above us smiling.

I love the roaring storm; I love the rushing blast:

Our father's great thoughts gladden me; proud Memories of the
Past;

¹ Crowned by the Swedish Academy, 1811.

Ere yet to seek strange customs the hardy Swede began,
But took the gifts, and bore the blows, of Nature, like a man.

Away with the false art, which wisdom's strength destroys,
With vanity's empty boast, with luxury's idle joys ;
Ye Children of the Desert ! who, with toilsome pain,
From frozen fields a bare uncertain harvest gain ;
Who, round the polar circle, mid wilds and forests spread,
Shrouded in darkness, from the rocks dig out your daily bread.
What giddy madness blinds you ? You barter without shame
Your freedom, honour, safety, the glory of your name,
To purchase empty pleasures, from foreign climates brought,
Which suck the marrow of the land, which murder strength and
thought ;
Forgetful of your fathers' ways, your hearts with sweets you
cloy ;
You ape the softness of the South, but cannot feel their joy.

Let Nature be your guide. She gave to different zones
The colour of their customs, the pattern of their tones.
The genial Solar ray, which in the Southern Eden shines,
Ripens the self-sown corn, matures the swelling vines ;
In their eternal summer, the cloudless heavens look down
Upon the golden orange, and the laurel's leafy crown :

Lulled by melodious streams, while western gales are blowing,
 Their language melts away, and into song is flowing.
 There Nature calls aloud, and bids the heart rejoice ;
 She leads the merry dance, she tunes the happy voice :
 Life, unassailed by want, and ignorant of care,
 Is jocund as the earth, which teems with blossoms there.

Round those who conquered Rome, round Odin's progeny,
 She builds a rocky wall, she spreads a frozen sea :
 O'er the snow-covered hills, she, with a stern delight,
 Hangs the storm-peopled cloud, the meteor-coloured night.
 Above the crag swings slowly round the flaming firmament ;
 Dark rushing waters force their way, where the wild rocks are
 rent ;
 Tall mournful trees on every side, whichever path you tread,
 Stretch their dark arms, and broad majestic shadows, o'er your
 head.

Dale opens under dale, mountain on mountain stands,
 In the old heathen days piled up by giant hands :
 Close over head the stars in solemn circles move ;
 Under the mountain there is iron, there should be men above.

Here should the cradle be of simple earnest thought,
 Here in the lap of penury great lessons should be taught ;

Here, among rocks, be found a race, free, proud and true,
 Who, having done their duty, claim what is their due ;
 Who, in their simple wisdom, poor, but dignified,
 Cheerful see danger come, and death unterrified.

So once was trained a race beneath the pinewood shade,
 Which curbed the fury of the East, and made the South afraid.
 O Sweden's early days ! O glories of our Sires !
 Through the dark gloom of ages shine your glimmering fires.
 They live in song : but ah ! the time is far away,
 When, stedfast as the mountain stands, free as its breezes play,
 And nourished by the scanty growth of your own rocky ground,
 The conqueror of Europe in your Northern huts was found.

For honour and for truth, for king and fatherland,
 He was not prodigal of words, he took his sword in hand :
 He ploughed his father's fields, and he kept his father's ways,
 And looked in faith through death, when called to end his cheerful days.

Untaxed by slothful luxury, or by effeminate pride,
 He earned the world's esteem, and aimed at nought beside :
 To clothe him and to feed him no Eastern wealth was stored ;
 And Southern blood, when he went forth, not Southern wine,
 was poured.

In search of foreign manners he had not learned to roam ;
But, like his garb, his heart was warm, and suited to his home.

No pleasure's fatal poison, no shame's repentant smart,
Had driven the colour from his cheek, the courage from his
heart.

Grateful, he took what earth bestowed, what woods and ocean
gave,

He owned none for his master, he claimed none for his slave ;
With his good sword and friend secure and rich he felt,
He welcomed every stranger to the hut, wherein he dwelt ;
To face the raging storm with open breast he went ;
He suffered without murmur, and strove to be content ;
The silent sorrow of his heart trusted to none but God,
And bowed beneath His hand, and kissed the chastening rod.
His creed was virtue. Sacred as his oath he held his word,
And wielded thought with the same strength with which he
grasped his sword.

His reason ruled his judgement, was manly, free and strong ;
Deep in research he loved to dive, and high he soared in song.

Your bones lie now forgotten beneath the mossy mould ;
Your hero-life has passed away, a tale which has been told !
Another world is come : farewell, high-hearted Dead !
What new-born race is this, who on your ashes tread ?

Oh shame ! are these the men, is this the Gothic line ?
 So paltry and so envious, so vain, so falsely-fine ?
 Aping a courtly grace, with feeble childish heart,
 Of Southern luxury a wretched counterpart !
 Where is thy earnest strength, where is the hero-name,
 Which in thy early day wearied the wing of fame ?
 The zeal which once on life and honour shed its lustrous gleam,
 Your fathers' simple manners, and Virtue's god like dream ?
 But now you babble idle tales, you gather vain perfumes,
 Sporting, without a sense of shame, among your father's tombs.
 Away ! I have no voice such triumphs to proclaim :
 Go, get you other graves ; lay down your ancient name !

What have I said ? O God ! O Sweden, Vasa's land !
 Forgive the wild lament, forgive the stern command :
 Forgive the youth, who would lay down his life, his soul for
 thee,
 Thy fall, thy shame, thy late repentance not to see :
 Upon the brink of ruin, where your foot is placed,
 To see you raise anew the Greatness of the Past.

With silver coloured hair, with heart mild, free, and brave,
 CHARLES yet protects the ruins which he deigned to save :
 The CONQUEROR² stands beside him, the glory of the land,
 And Fingal's sword awaits the grasp of youthful Oscar's hand.

² Bernadotte.

Shall not such names as these thy slumbering sense unlock?
 How long shall thy corruption each generous feeling mock?
 And canst thou offer no return for thy great fathers' name,
 Poor Sweden! but the spectacle of thy perpetual shame?
 Thrall to thyself, thy bondage should be the more abhorred,
 Each slave of his own passions serves a ruthless lord:
 Who learns not self denial, hugs a foreign chain,
 And in his covetous hand he wields the sword in vain.

Sweden, thou sleepest! Awake! will none disturb thy dream,
 Although the sword of violence, the knife of treachery, gleam
 Around thy couch? Oh! that my voice could shake thy sleep
 asunder,
 Deep as if issuing from the grave, loud as the roaring thunder.
 To struggle with the mighty was once your fathers' boast,
 But now the Sun rises on lands which you have tamely lost.

O Finland, home of truth! O Ehrnswärd's monument!³
 So lately like a bloody shield from Sweden's bosom rent!
 A kingdom rises from your fens, whose name is scarcely known,
 And, where our herds once fed, stands now a stranger's throne.
 Farewell! thou guard of Sweden! farewell hero-land!
 See! Bothnia's billows roll our tears upon thy strand.

³ Sveaborg in Finland, constructed and fortified on the plans of Field Marshal Count Augustus Ehrenswärd. His name is cut in large characters on the granite rock, out of which the great ship basin is hewn.

Well! upon higher powers our destinies depend :
Weep, Sweden, what is lost ; but, what is left, defend !

The Lapp, in search of freedom, from the Sound's rich coast,
Removes his roving herds, and braves the Northern frost :
Then do you clothe with harvests each field, each woody hill ;
Oh ! if we love our country, we have a country still.
Then let thy mountains, Sweden, a double tribute pay,
And let thy gloomy forests new fruitful crops display ;
The foaming waters let thy skill in their proud course restrain,
And upon Swedish ground another Finland gain !

If all your holy fatherland has not come down to you,
Strive to inherit more than land, aim at its virtues too.
The spirit of bold freedom, calm dignity of heart,
More closely knit the social bonds ready to spring apart ;
Alone, among a world in arms, you must not heedless stand,
Be patient if you will, but patient, sword in hand.
Swedes ! be again once more the people you have been ;
Learn from what other lands, from what yourselves, have seen :
For freedom, truth, and justice, should be your watchful care ;
Give ear, if not to mine, at least to Nature's prayer.

Behold the time ! is this an hour for weakness or display ?
Conquerors, like earthquakes, rend the world with their destruc-
tive sway :

The ancient forms of Europe she can no longer hold ;
 A new created world the sword prepares to mould.
 What thrones are overturned ! what empires are undone !
 Oppressors are named friends, and right and might are one.
 Deemest thou the hand of outrage will spare thy favored shore ?
 Be sure, it soon will thunder at thy rocky door.
 Thoughtful, with lifted pen, prepared stands Destiny,
 In everlasting Runes, to trace her last decree.

Yet but a little time : the crowns, now half effaced,
 Degraded Sweden ! from thy shield will wholly be erased.
 Up ! to preserve your holy things, one moment still is spared ;
 Still have you King, and fatherland, still have you graves to
 guard ;

The shadow of a name, the pride of memory :
 If without power to save, yet for them you can die !
 The guardian Baltic's arms, still free, are round you thrown,
 Yet stands your mountain wall, Heaven still looks pitying down.
 You still sow your own ground, and every bristling field
 May yet, with swords and warriors stored, a bloody harvest
 yield :

Yet may your daring soul an awe-struck world appal ;
 And you may save, at least, your honour in your fall.

As thus I mused, the Sun went down ; the night with stars
 was burning,
 While to my quiet forest home I slowly was returning.
 Among the silent tombs, I wandered sad and still :
 But, hark ! unearthly sounds the moaning harp-strings fill.
 Lightnings are flashing through the night, and voices call aloud ;
 Loosed from its bonds of flesh the spirit soars up free and proud.
 Back from my ravished sense the cold earth shrinks away ;
 Bright revelations to my soul an unknown world display.

A vision is here,
 Things hidden revealing ;
 Heaven's thunders are pealing :
 Earth shudders with fear !
 On their steeds, breathing flame,
 The Valkyrior haste :
 Hail ! Sisters of Fate !
 Valhalla and Fame,
 When the battle is past,
 The fallen await.

Up men ! to war !
 Fate shakes his urn :
 Time's fiery car
 Will not return.

Valhalla's armed hosts
 On the whirlwind will ride ;
 And your fathers' pale ghosts
 Rise up by their side.
 Your deeds will adorn
 The world of the dead ;
 And your children unborn
 Shall tell where you bled.

Misty shapes on high
 Toss a shadowy spear :
 I feel the battle-cry,
 The trumpet in my ear.
 The sword blades shiver, the blood torrent flows ;
 While armies in their wrath together close.

Darkness and cloud
 The earth enshroud :
 Forth, hurry forth,
 We fight for the North,
 We fight for our freedom, for child and for wife ;
 The way is before us : on to the strife !

The sea is stilled,
And shrinks and wonders :
The Sun is chilled :
Asa-Thor thunders.

Away ! he comes, he comes, the mighty King ;
And round his lightnings bloody roses spring.

The Conqueror's sword
Flames in his hand ;
He strikes, and a world
Lies pale in the sand.

Our fathers wave their misty hands on high,
And watch the fight, exulting, from the sky.

The day is ours,
The vanquished yield ;
Wild Terror scours
Across the field.

Fast follow the coursers of fate and of ruin,
With havoc and horror the routed pursuing.

The battle is won,
And our country is free ;

In blood sinks the Sun
 On the verge of the Sea.
 The fallen heroes throng
 To the Asas' glad halls,
 While the Bard's battle-song
 Their glory recalls.

A spirit is coming
 With gay garlands crowned,
 Bright flowers are blooming
 His footsteps around ;
 His fatherly care
 The free and the brave
 In honour may share ;
 He shrinks from the slave.
 He bids the red sword
 To the sickle give place :
 His name be adored !
 The Spirit of Peace !

And Sweden, throned upon her rocky hills,
 Wears in her golden hair a starry crown ;
 Her gentle glance the summer evening fills,
 While through the world careers her young renown :

What ages have prepared one day has brought,
And vengeance for her name her arm has wrought.

Not rival nations, but one band of brothers,
Throng to the temple gate, and crowd its walls ;
Concord the smouldering flame of envy smothers,
And hate by his own murderous weapon falls :
Pure as a star religion's torch is shown,
And law and freedom watch beside the throne.

Flattery and falsehood perish harmless now ;
Before the fresh Northwind their poison flies :
Truth dwells upon each open manly brow,
And in each blushing maiden's innocent eyes.
Content in each industrious home is found,
And only virtue is with glory crowned.

And every heart and every tongue is free,
Honour and openness protect the throne,
Glad ships are rocked upon the poppling sea,
On barren wastes luxuriant crops are grown :
Propitious dwarfs, half seen in twilight shade,
Display the treasures in their mountains laid.

Throned on bright clouds, soars up in majesty
 The maiden Spirit of our Northern lays.
 Simple as Nature, solemn, bold, and free,
 Among the loud harp-strings her wild hand strays :
 Myriads her hymn with strength and courage fills,
 And even through Southern hearts the proud song thrills.

So shone on high
 The meteored night ;
 The vision fled,
 And pale stars shed,
 Across the sky,
 A glimmering light.

Then I uttered a cry
 In the night, and I swore
 For my country to live and to die ;
 The storm's wild roar
 Sped away with the words to the sky ;
 But the hills, and the rocks, and the stars, and the sea,
 They heard the glad oath ; they bore witness for me.

And up the Eastern slope
 The flaming sun rushed forth,

And shone upon my hope.
 The whirlwinds of the North,
 The voices of the woods, the thundering sea,
 Proclaimed that one day all fulfilled should be.

Too long in the East
 Thou sleepest : appear !
 Glad hour when our shame shall have ceased.
 Up ! hurry here !
 Arise in the reddening sky.
 Come quickly, thou unborn Avenger ! display
 Thy terrible light : let me look on thy day,
 And warm my cold heart in thy bosom — and die.

And ye, whose sparkling chariot nightly gleams,
 Who drive with golden reins around the North,
 O'er Sweden's mountains and o'er Gothland's streams,
 From your far glittering thrones, look kindly forth !

Oft have I seemed your solemn voice to hear,
 When gazing sadly on your heavenly home,
 Whispering low in night's attentive ear,
 Of honour long gone by, of hope to come.

But, if your memories powerless are to save,
If Sweden must fall in these latter days,
Among the nations but a nameless slave,
If freedom's holy flame has ceased to blaze,

Then your star-spangled wheels without delay
Whelm under Ocean in despairing mood ;
That, with our Earth, our shame may pass away,
And none may know where once our Sweden stood.

AXEL.

THE good old time, when Charles held sway
On Sweden's throne, is dear to me ;
For, it like innocence was gay,
And mettlesome as victory.
In northern climes still faintly gleaming,
The reflex of its light is felt :
And mighty shapes, like spirits seeming,
Mantled in blue, with yellow belt,
Wander in twilight to and fro.
I gaze with reverence where ye go,
In your buff vests, with ponderous blades.
Ye heroes from the world of shades !

One of King Charles's warriors true,
I, in my days of childhood, knew ;
His aspect might the thought recall
Of trophy crumbling to its fall.
The silver on his aged head
Was all the veteran called his own ;
And scars upon his forehead said
As much as monumental stone.

His poverty he little felt,
For, he had known it many a day,
And in his cottage-home he dwelt,
As once in tented field he lay.
Two hoarded treasures he displayed,
Prized above all the world contained ;
His bible, his old battle-blade,
On which King Charles's name remained.
Of the great King each daring deed,
Which in a hundred books we read,
(For, far abroad our eagle soared,)
Was in the old man's memory found,
As warriors' burial-urns are stored
Within a green sepulchral mound.
Whene'er a great exploit he told
Of Charles, and of his comrades bold,
How proud he bore his head on high ;
How flashed the lightning of his eye ;
And, vigorous as a sword-stroke, rang
Each word which from his old lips sprang.
So through the night he often sat
Discoursing of the days of old,
And duly raised his time-worn hat,
Whene'er the name of Charles was told.

Wondering I listened at his knee,
 (No higher could I then attain,)

The deeds of that bold ancestry
 Sank deep into my childish brain ;
 And much dark legendary lore
 My memory since has held in store,
 Like flowers, whose seeds unnoticed grow
 Buried beneath the winter snow.

Peace with his dust ! That warrior old
 Dwells with the dead : I now relate
 From him. Hear Sweden, what he told,
 And weep with me at Axel's fate :
 My feeble rhyme but ill records
 The vigour of the old man's words.

THE mighty King in Bender lay,
 His conquests wasting all away ;
 While scornful tongues decried the name,
 So lately trumpeted by fame :
 And, like a champion hurt to death,
 Yet still the struggle making good,
 Upon one knee, his shield beneath,
 The dauntless Swedish people stood :

But hope of victory was gone
 From every heart but Charles' own.
 Though storms blew fiercely o'er the book
 Of fate, though earth in terror shook,
 He stood as firm as vaulted roof
 Stands in a burning town, fireproof ;
 Like rock above the angry wave ;
 Like fortitude beside the grave.
 One day the King to Axel said,
 "Take this," and in his hands he laid
 A letter ; "ride on day and night,
 Until in Sweden you alight :
 This, when to Stockholm you are come,
 Deliver at the Council Board :
 Away, and take from me a word
 Of greeting to our rocky home."

Axel, who dearly loved to ride,
 The letter took, and at his side
 Hid it his leathern belt within.—
 His father died at Holofzin,
 Fighting beside his King, and he
 Grew up among the soldiery,

'Mid war's fierce roar, and manners wild,
The camp's adopted orphan child.
He grew in manly beauty; still
Sometimes such forms 'mid northern snows
Are found; tall, slim, fresh as a rose,
Like a young pine on Swedish hill.
His forehead lofty, proud and free,
Like heaven upon a cloudless day;
While honour, truth, and honesty,
In every noble feature lay.
You read within his brilliant eye,
That it could either look on high,
With trusting piety and love,
To the great source of light above;
Or gaze undauntedly, where dwell
The dark inhabitants of Hell.
King Charles' confidence he shared;
One of his trusted body-guard.
That honour few could hope to gain;
Seven, like the stars of Charles' wain,
Their number was, or nine at most,
Like Memory's daughters. From the host
With care selected as the best;
And tried by many a rigorous test.

By sword and fire their hearts were proved ;
 They were a Christian Vikingry,
 As terrible as those who roved
 On dragons¹ o'er the dark blue sea.
 For sleep no downy couch they sought :
 On the bare earth in mantles wrapped,
 They lay, 'mid snows by North-winds brought,
 As if in beds of roses lapped.
 The strength of each could wrench in two
 The iron of his horse's shoe :
 They never stood where flickering play
 The fires which blaze in banquet halls ;
 They warmed themselves with red-hot balls,
 Glowing, as when the star of day
 Goes to his rest in blood-red light,
 And leaves the wintry world to night.
 They had a law, that when the foe
 Should seven to one against them be,
 With honour they might backward go,
 If still they faced the enemy.
 And one dark vow was on them laid,
 The hardest which their spirit bound,
 To plight their faith to no fair maid,
 Till Charles a royal bride had crowned.

¹ The war-vessels of the Vikings were so called.

Though eyes might beam with heaven's own blue,
 Though lips might smile of roses' hue,
 Though breasts were heaving, for their sake,
 Like swans upon a summer lake,
 They must be blind, or turn aside :
 Each warrior's falchion was his bride.

Young Axel saddled his steed in haste,
 And forth upon his journey past ;
 Nor night, nor day, the youth drew rein
 Along the Ukraine's sandy plain ;
 Till sudden in the wood appears
 A robber-troop, whose glittering spears
 And sabres guard the hostile ground,
 And soon the circle hems him round.
 " You are the messenger from Bender ;
 Light from your horse ; your charge surrender :
 Do it or die !" A well aimed stroke
 His Swedish answer plainly spoke :
 The questioner in humbler mood
 Bows down, and welters in his blood.
 Axel stood back against a tree,
 And played his part right gallantly.
 Whichever way his heavy sword

Swung round, knees tottered and blood poured :
 And nobly he his oath redeemed,
 Not one to seven, for that had seemed
 Light odds, but one against a score,
 Rolfe Krake could have done no more.
 He fights not now for victory,
 But in good fellowship to die ;
 And many a gaping purple wound
 Seems of his closing hour to speak :
 His heart the blood now curdles round,
 His sword hand drops, benumbed and weak :
 Now, darkness swims before his eyes ;
 And in the swoon of death he lies. —
 Halloo ! it echoes through the wood !
 With trusty hound, with falcon good,
 The hunters follow on their prey,
 Careering swiftly o'er the plain :
 And, foremost of the eager train,
 Diana's self, a huntress queen,
 On spotted steed, in robe of green,
 A maid as brilliant as the day,
 (The roses on whose glowing cheek
 Her healthful energy bespeak,)
 Comes like a whirlwind sweeping by :

The startled plunderers turn and fly.
 Where Axel lies, her courser swerved,
 Whom when the huntress maid observed,
 To earth with active bound she sprung.
 He lay, as lies a forest oak,
 Felled by the North-wind's tempest stroke,
 Crushing the humbler underwood.
 How beautiful, though steeped in blood,
 He looked, while bending o'er him hung
 Maria, like the Queen of Night,
 Descended from her bower of light
 In Latmos, come to look upon
 Her sleeping love Endymion.
 The shepherd boy on whom she beamed
 Was not more fair than Axel seemed.
 A spark of life still faintly glows
 Within his breast, though wounded sore :
 And, on a bier of twisted boughs,
 Quickly at her commandment made,
 The fainting youth the hunters bore,
 And to her home with care conveyed.

She sat beside his pillow watching,
 With care and anxious pity fraught,

A look on his pale brow attaching,
 Kings with an empire would have bought.
 So, in some old Olympian grove,
 (That beauteous world whose light is gone,)
 A wild rosebriar might bloom above
 A marble Hercules o'erthrown.
 At length he from his trance awakes,
 And feebly looks around, and speaks :
 But ah ! his eye, before so mild,
 Is madly wandering now and wild :
 " Where am I ? Maid ! what dost thou here ?
 No female eye must on me look ;
 I serve King Charles, and woman's tear
 Upon my wounds I cannot brook.
 Among the stars my father dwells ;
 He will avenge my broken vows :
 And yet, how fair the tempter shows !
 Away, with your alluring spells !
 Where is my belt ; my letter where ?
 Charles wrote, and gave it to my care.
 My father's sword is good ; it bites
 Sharply among these Muscovites :
 I struck them gaily down ; how blithe
 Was I ! like corn before the scythe.

Would that the King had seen the fray !
 I, too, methinks received a wound ;
 And was I not to Stockholm bound ?
 My honour lies in pawn. Away !
 Each moment may a kingdom cost."—
 Raving, in fever-fancies lost,
 The friend of strife, pale as the dead,
 Sinks back upon the peaceful bed.

And life and death the lots of fate
 Drew for the youth ; but life has won ;
 And danger, step by step, is gone :
 And Axel now can contemplate
 In consciousness, though dim and faint,
 The ministering angel at his side.
 She was not such as idylls paint,
 Who in green arbours sighing hide ;
 Whose life is one long tender dream,
 Whose golden locks like sunlight stream,
 With cheeks like pinks of delicate hue,
 With eyes like violets' liquid blue :
 She was an Eastern child ; her hair
 In rich dark ringlets clustered there,
 Like midnight round a bed of roses ;

And, as the type of victory
 Upon Minerva's shield reposes,
 The power of joy, serenely bright,
 Dwelt on her noble haughty brow.
 Tall as a mountain nymph was she,
 Her joyous step was quick and light,
 Her colour, fresh as painters show
 Aurora with her starry wreath ;
 And high her youthful bosom heaved,
 When she drew in her healthy breath.
 The lily and the rose received
 In her rich beauty equal part ;
 Of fire and flame was wrought her heart :
 A Southern summer sky, replete
 With golden light and odours sweet.
 In her dark eye at once there came
 A heavenly and an earthly flame ;
 Her glance, now proud, as from on high,
 Jove's mighty eagle scans the sky ;
 And beaming now as full of love,
 As Aphrodite's chariot dove.

O Axel ! soon thy body's pain
 Is soothed ; the scars alone remain :

Thy wounded breast has ceased to smart ;
 But, oh ! How stands it with thy heart ?
 Press not her pitying hand, while she
 Binds up thy wounds so tenderly :
 That gentle hand, so white, so fine,
 Axel ! it must not rest in thine.
 More perilous these moments are,
 Than when, few months ago, at Bender,
 Thou stoodst prepared, thy King's defender
 From arquebuss and scymetar,
 Among his plotting Turkish foes.
 Those fresh ripe lips which ne'er unclose,
 But to breathe forth a spirit-strain
 Of hope, of comfort, and repose,
 Find utterance, harder to withstand
 Than, on Pultowa's fatal plain,
 The thunders in Czar Peter's hand.
 And, when the summer nights are warm,
 And weak, with faltering step and slow,
 From the sick chamber thou may'st go,
 Lean, Axel, rather on thy sword,
 Than on that round and supple arm ;
 For, love will work thee surer harm,
 Than such support can rest afford.

O love ! best gift in heaven or earth,
Symbol of blessedness to be ;
Fresh breath of life, which hadst thy birth
In bowers of immortality ;
Thou living heart in nature's breast,
Where men and gods alike may rest !
In ocean, drop with drop combines,
And every star, which yonder shines,
Around its sun, from pole to pole,
In bridal dance appears to roll.
Still art thou in the human heart
An evening glow, pale memory's part
Of days more beautiful and blest,
When, like a young bird in its nest,
She dwelt in heaven's blue mansions, bright
With spangled crowns of silver light ;
And, tired with joy, slept safe and warm,
Cradled by her Creator's arm.
She cherished then, with sister's love,
Each winged child of heaven above ;
And, gorgeous as a golden shrine,
Her voice was prayer and hymns of joy :
But now with the pure ore combine
The baser metals of alloy.

Yet, in the glance which love reveals,
Her heavenly friends again she feels ;
She hears the Spring, or poet's song,
The echoes of their voice prolong :
Then memory ceases to be pain,
And joy falls on her heart again.
So, when the wandering mountaineer
Chances his native songs to hear,
With the sweet tones before him come
His Alps, and all his childhood's home.

Dreaming upon her western bed,
One night the drowsy evening lay ;
Like Egypt's priests, with noiseless tread,
The silent stars began their day.
Earth, gleaming in the starlight pale,
Stood, as a happy bride is found,
With pearls among her dark hair crowned,
Smiling and blushing through her veil.
Each joyous sprite in hushed repose,
Wearied with play, was sunk to rest ;
The sunset, like a gorgeous rose,
Glowed, blushing red, on evening's breast.
The little Loves, close chained by day,

Were now set loose, to try their skill ;
 And, where the quivering moonbeams play,
 With bow and arrow, roamed at will.
 O'er-shadowing boughs made entrance meet
 The triumph of young Spring to greet ;
 The nightingale's rich warble stirred
 The echoes of the oakwood glade ;
 As fond, as pure, as deep, was heard,
 As the sweet songs by Franzèn made ;
 And all things whispered, this soft hour
 Is made for love's almighty power :
 The heart of nature seemed to thrill ;
 So full of life, and yet so still.

Enraptured, this soft eventide,
 The youthful pair went side by side :
 As plighted lovers change their rings,
 They told their young imaginings.
 He spoke to her of the glad time,
 When in his mother's home he dwelt,
 Built of huge logs of pinewood red,
 Standing the snowy hills among ;
 And much of that loved Northern clime,
 And his dear Sisters, who were dead.

He told how deep his spirit felt
The power of legendary song ;
How each wild tale, and wondrous deed,
Like fire burned in his youthful brain ;
How, many a night, in happy dreams
He rode with Sigurd Föfnisbane,
On Grane the twelve footed steed,
Safely through Vafur's fiery streams,
To seek the home of Memory ;
Where the fair maiden, bold and free,
Half hidden in a laurel bower,
Dwells in her rocky moonlit tower :
How, when his spirit was oppressed,
When in his home he found no rest,
He sought the mountain's pinewood glade,
And roved beneath its friendly shade ;
And how he climbed, with boyish glee,
Where eagles haunt, the topmost tree ;
There, by the wind rocked to and fro,
Cooled his hot cheek, his heart's wild glow.
“ Oh ! that yon cloud, which now so fast
Her airy chariot hurries past,
Would bear me far across the sea,
And place me where I long to be ;

Where fame allures, where conquest stands,
With wreaths in her victorious hands ;
And where King Charles, (seven years alone
He counts more manhood than my own),
With his good sword plucks empires down,
And each brave man may win a crown."—
No later than my fifteenth year,
My Mother's love enforced my stay :
In her embrace I shed a tear,
And went to Poland. Since that day,
Where cannons roar and sabres play,
Loyal as watchfire brightly burning,
My life in camps has rolled along.
Yet have I felt a secret yearning,
When I have seen a mother bird
Feed and caress her helpless young ;
Or watched a child, with gladness stirred,
Play by some water's flowery side :
Then is my heart unsatisfied ;
Then seems the thundering roar of war
A hollow sound, and from afar
Fond dreams of groves and harvests come,
Glad children, and a happy home.
And near a quiet cottage door

I see a maid ; the sunset gleaming
 Falls on her face, as she before
 Sometimes appeared to me when dreaming.
 Now, all at once, these visions roll
 Incessantly upon my soul ;
 Whene'er in sleep I close my eyes,
 Before me clear and bright they rise ;
 And the fair form I always see,
 That form, Maria, mirrors thee.

Maria timidly replied :
 " Happy the lot of man ! for he
 Is by no chains of custom tied,
 But, from his birth, his choice is free :
 Danger's delight, and honour's throne,
 And earth and heaven are all his own.
 But woman's humbler fate is sealed,
 An episode in man's bold story ;
 A scarf to bind his wounds, and so,
 Neglected, when the hurt is healed :
 She is the victim ; he can go
 Like the bright flame, to heaven in glory.

A mother's care I scarcely knew,

My father was in battle slain ;
And the wild desert maiden grew
Unnoticed in the wide Ukraine.
Alone I dwell : by slaves obeyed,
Who, when before their lord they fall,
Worship the idol they have made,
Which their base nature holds in thrall.
A noble-hearted spirit feels
Disgust at one who gladly kneels.
Hast thou not seen the untamed steeds,
Such as our Ukraine desert breeds ;
As heroes bold, as swift as deer,
They are no slaves : with pointed ear
Listening they stand ; they snuff the air,
They scent the danger from afar ;
Then, scattering in a cloud of dust,
Far in the boundless plain are lost :
With unshod hoof, they dwell alone ;
Their joys, their pains, are all their own.
“ Free children of the wilderness !
How full of beauty and of bliss,
You hold your unrestricted course,
While o’er your native plains you stray ! ”
So I exclaimed, and bade them stay,

Whene'er my neighing Tartar horse,
 A bridled and obedient slave,
 To his free brothers let me ride.
 But they obeyed me not : they gave
 A scornful snort, and turned aside.—
 Thus, my free spirit soon disdained
 The castle's uniform dull round ;
 Through forest glade, o'er rocky ground,
 With wolf, with vulture, I maintained
 Perpetual war, and from his lair
 Sometimes I roused the shaggy bear ;
 And, in that dangerous struggle, deemed
 My life less useless than it seemed.

But Nature we can ill restrain ;
 In lowly hut or on the throne,
 A peasant-girl or amazon,
 A woman, woman will remain.
 The tendril, unsustained, will perish ;
 So is her lonely life forlorn :
 She feels no joy with none to cherish ;
 Her gladness ever is twin-born.
 I own, within my throbbing breast,
 A new sensation of unrest ;



A longing I can ill explain,
So sweet, and yet so full of pain.
It has no aim, it knows no bound ;
It is, as if from this dull ground
Wings lifted me, and I could fly,
Free and unfettered, through the sky ;
And seek the stars, the angels' home :
And, when again to earth I come,
And once again in spirit move
Among the creatures that I love,
The trees which with my childhood grew,
The flowers which blossom ever new,
The hills, the streams, whose cheerful voice
So often made my heart rejoice,
A new-born sense of blessedness
My old indifference revealing,
With rapturous voice to them I call :
Now first, now first, I love you all !
That is, — myself I think of less ;
That is, — a higher holier feeling
Since, — " With these words a livelier red
The maiden's visage overspread ;
And a half sigh became the token
Of the fond thought which was unspoken.

The nightingale's melodious breath
 Floats through the wood ; behind the clouds
 The moon her silver radiance shrouds,
 As listening to the lover's bliss ;
 And, with a long, an endless kiss,
 As warm as life, as true as death,
 Their souls dissolve, and seem to die
 In one commingling harmony.
 Their kiss was, as in offering fires
 Two flames unite, and only one
 Streams upwards from the altar stone,
 And brighter, nearer heaven, aspires.
 This world had vanished from their sight ;
 And Time stopped in his rapid flight.
 Time measures off how long must be
 Each other hour, which mortals prove ;
 The kiss of death, the kiss of love,
 Are children of eternity.
 The happy pair ! on earth, if all
 Blazed forth, they had not seen the flame ;
 They had not heard the awful fall,
 If heaven in one wide ruin came.
 They, lip to lip, closely embraced,
 Twin spirits of the South and North,

Would not have known, when they had passed
In blessedness to heaven from earth.

Back from the trance of ecstasy
Came Axel first : " And now," said he,
" By the good sword in this right hand,
The honour of a Northern heart,
And by those burning lights above,
Stars, which like white-robed bridemaids stand
Our silent witnesses of love,
Mine, before heaven and earth, thou art.
Oh ! could I bear thee off, afar
From every angry sound of war,
How sweet, how blessed were the lot,
In some sequestered friendly spot,
Where peace for ever loves to lie,
With thee to live, with thee to die !
But ah ! an oath, a fearful oath
Already holds my plighted troth ;
With threatening glance, and pallid cheek,
Its spirit stands ; it cannot speak :
Between our hearts in stern command
It stretches forth an icy hand.
Fear not : for, all shall be unspoken ;

Oaths may be loosed, but not be broken.
 I must go hence : when young May's call
 Proclaims her flowery festival,
 Then am I surely by thy side,
 Then bring I home my wife, my bride.
 My soul's best half! farewell again ;
 Once more farewell : farewell till then."

With these last words again he stands
 Belted and armed ; and, toward the North,
 Across the Czar's unnumbered lands,
 With dauntless heart he ventures forth.
 In forest shades he dwells by day,
 But, all night long, holds on his way,
 Straight to the never swerving pole,
 Round which the heavens revolving roll :
 He guides his course through the wide plain,
 By the bright stars of Charles's wain,
 Which ne'er below the earth conceals
 The glory of its golden wheels.
 A thousand foes and perils past,
 Stockholm he safely reached at last ;
 And at the Council table there,
 While all admire his bearing brave,

Letter and royal greeting gave,
Which Charles had trusted to his care.

Meanwhile in her deserted halls,
Maria still on Axel calls ;
That name the lonely forest learns,
And echo from the hills returns.
“ What oath compelled him to depart ?
Loves he another plighted maid
In his own land ? my jealous heart
Is of each passing thought afraid.—
One of us two, or thou or I,
Snow-sheltered Northern maid, must die ;
The fire a southern heart contains
Thy chilly nature cannot know :
I seek thee o’er thy frozen plains,
Thy seas of ice, thy hills of snow.
Yet, I remember, from the North
Axel in childhood wandered forth,
And since has made the camp his home,
Where love affrighted dares not come.—
He was not false : fair truth alone
Upon his open forehead shone ;
Through the glad sparkle of his eye

His inmost soul I could descry,
 As clearly as the bright sunbeam
 Looks through a fountain's silver stream.
 Yet why go hence? What then implies
 His oath? To fill my breast with fear.—
 What ——, but my voice in distance dies,
 Among the tombs a widow sighing,
 A sorrowing dove unanswered flying
 Round heaven and earth : — he cannot hear :
 Woods wave between us, waters flow.
 How, if I followed him ! ah no !
 That were unseemly for a maid.—
 Why not disguised? for, I can wield
 A sword, and go as man concealed.
 For life and death oft have I played
 A game with danger undismayed.
 I ride, since first I drew my breath ;
 My rifle carries certain death :
 Some god to that design gave birth.
 Now, Axel, Axel, mine thou art !
 Far in the North's remotest part
 I seek thee, seek thee through the earth ;
 From dale to dale, from strand to strand,
 And from thy lips thy oath I'll wring.

Bear me, wild war, upon thy wing,
And set me down in Axel's land."

So said, so done : for thought and deed
Are one with woman. She with speed
Dons her disguise. She hides with care
In warrior's casque her raven hair ;
Conceals beneath a warrior's vest
The beauty of her maiden breast ;
Shot-belt and powder-horn she brings,
And o'er her snowy shoulder slings
A deadly carbine ; at her waist,
With belt instead of cestus graced,
A glittering scymetar is placed ;
Round her soft lips and downy chin
She stains the whiteness of her skin :
Like one who, to conceal a rose,
A mourning veil across it throws.
In her disguise the lovely maid
Looked like the Cupid armed, displayed
In Mantinea's bloody field,
On the Athenian warrior's shield.

" Farewell," she said, " my father's home !

I trust again in joy to come,
Relieved from every aching fear ;
But now I canot linger here :
Receive me in thy shadow, night !
And bring me to my heart's delight."

Stolen from the marshes of the North,
While Europe slept, Czar Peter's town
Unseen had grown, where now the earth
Deposits many a mortgaged crown.
It lurked yet in its swampy creek,
A new hatched viper, small and weak :
But the young pest its kind betrays,
Coiled in the sand it basks and plays ;
The venom to its tooth has sprung,
It hisses with its arrowy tongue.
On Sweden a descent was planned ;
With fire and sword to plague the land.
'Mid waving flags and flashing spears,
Maria dauntlessly appears,
And craves to join the warlike host,
Destined to ravage Sweden's coast.
One of the reckless soldiery,
Eyeing her keenly, scoffing said :

“Less dangerous, youth, you seem to be
To Swedish man than Swedish maid ;
At least, in the adventurous fray,
No one will pluck your beard away.
But you may learn your deadly trade,
For life and death our match is played ;
And how the game may chance to go,
God only and Saint Nicholas know.”
The sails swell out ; the vessel rides
Over the Baltic’s foaming tides ;
And soon, athwart the evening glow,
Rise Sweden’s stedfast hills of snow ;
By time and tempest undecayed,
The giant bulwarks Nature made.
They landed close by Söta-scar,
A name to faithful lovers dear ;
There last, so goes the well known story,
Fair Ingeborg and Hjalmar parted ;
And, when he soared to Odin’s glory,
There died the maiden broken hearted ;
And still her spirit dwells above
The high cliff, sorrowing for her love.
Old Sagas have preserved the fame,
Sweden’s Leucadia ! of thy name ;

And Hjalmar's death-song shall be sung
While Northern legends find a tongue.¹

The fires of blazing hamlets gleam,
While women fly, and children scream ;
They know the Russian warfare well :
And, in the mountains, many a bell,
Incessantly, by day and night,
Tolls forth its signal of affright.
In vain ; on this deserted shore
Their warning wakes no champions more ;
They cannot call again the brave,
Who slumber in the silent grave.
But, at the summons of alarm,
Children and feeble veterans arm,
With swords and halberts, which were new,
When Gustaf Adolf's banner flew
Victorious o'er the Baltic main,
And triumphed upon Lützen's plain :
Old matchlocks, rusty from disuse,
With worn out lock, and damaged fuse,
Nought else could Sweden muster there ;
But, without trace of doubt or fear,

¹ See the Hervara Saga, c. 5.

The scanty, weak, and ill-armed band
 Against the invaders made a stand.
 Not man to man the Russians fight;
 They plant their guns upon the height:
 Entrenched that vantage ground within,
 Which no assault avails to win,
 They, from the summit, rain down death,
 Unharm'd, on the thinned ranks beneath.

But now, as fierce as angry Thor,
 With belt of strength and hammer of war,
 Where terror spreads, and counsels flight,
 Axel comes rushing through the fight.
 Steel is his breast; death is his blow:
 He rules the battle. To and fro,
 A saviour in the hour of need,
 He gallops on his milk-white steed:
 Swedes! close your ranks; be not dismayed;
 King Charles has sent me to your aid;
 From Bender I his greeting bring;
 "God and King Charles! God and our King!"
 Through every heart the well known cry
 Thrills like the voice of victory;
 With strength renewed the Swedes rush on,

The cliff which showered down death is won ;
 Destruction's fiery throats are stilled,
 With arms and dead the plain is filled.
 With aimless, but unerring blow,
 The sword hews down the flying foe ;
 Baffled, dismayed, and overthrown,
 They slip their cables, and are gone.

Death, like a sleeping beast of prey,
 Gorged on the field of slaughter lay.
 From her high vaulted heaven the moon
 Upon the havoc sadly shone :
 And, where her pallid radiance spread,
 Axel walked sorrowing through the dead,
 Where foes, in many a ghastly heap,
 Stretched side by side together sleep.
 Would'st thou behold a true embrace,
 Look not where lovers fondly rest,
 And smile upon each other's face ;
 Go to the battle-field, and see
 How hatred holds his enemy,
 In death clasped closely to his breast.
 Oh ! the delight of love and gladness,
 Is fleeting as the Spring tide's breath ;

But hate, and suffering, and sadness,
Have the long faithfulness of death.

So through the night he musing goes,
When, from among his slaughtered foes,
A moaning cry of anguish burst,
“ Give me to drink : Axel ! I thirst ;
And say farewell before I die.”
He starts, he shudders at the cry ;
He hurries toward the feeble moan,
So like a voice, once dearly known.
He saw an unknown youth, who stood
Propped by the cliff, stained o’er with blood ;
But, when the moon withdrew her cloud,
And the pale face more plainly shewed,
He shrieked with sudden agony :
“ Merciful God ! ’tis she ; ’tis she !”

Yes ; she it was : with pain suppressed
She whispered from her panting breast :
“ Good night : my Axel ! we must part ;
Death sits already at my heart :
Why I came here seek not to know ;
My love alone has wrought this woe.

When the grave opens wide its door,
And the dark shades of night draw near,
Far other than they seemed before,
Life and its petty ills appear ;
And only love as pure as mine,
Goes with us when to heaven we go.
Thy fatal oath I soon shall know :
Where yonder stars in glory shine,
It stands recorded, and declares
Thy constancy as bright as theirs.
Rash was the thought which drove me here ;
I know thy grief is true and deep ;
For my love's sake forgive each tear,
Which thou upon my grave wilt weep.
I was alone : an orphan child,
I shared no sister's sympathy ;
No brother fondly on me smiled ;
But, Axel ! thou wert all to me.
Swear too : though dying, let me hear
That I alone to thee am dear.
Life has spread out a page for me,
The fairest of her history :
Why should I grieve ? do I not lie
Upon thy bosom while I die ;

Will not my lifeless body rest
 In the dear land thou lovest best.
 See, Axel ! o'er the moon is cast
 A silver cloud ; when that is past,
 I shall be dead ; then shall I stand
 Transfigured in a brighter land ;
 With blessed angels I shall be,
 And pray for happiness on thee.
 Plant on my grave a southern rose,
 Child of the Sun, and when with snows
 O'erwhelmed it dies, think of thy maid,
 In Northern snows untimely laid.
 Short time of blossom have I known :
 Axel, farewell ! The cloud is gone.
 Farewell, farewell !" Again she sighed,
 And feebly pressed his hand, and died.

Then from the stream, round Hell which flows,
 Not Death, but Death's twin-brother rose,
 Pale Madness, with bewildered stare,
 Poppies in his dishevelled hair,
 Wild laughter on his lip awry,
 Tears in his haggard, sunken eye ;
 By turns he starts, and glances round,

Or gazes sadly on the ground.
 The demon sits on Axel's brow :
 Incessantly he wanders now
 About her grave, as it is told,
 The dead watch near their buried gold :
 And, night and day, the ocean hears
 His wild moan mingling with his tears.

" Be still, be still ; dark heaving sea,
 Strike not the shore so mournfully,
 Thy wailing but disturbs my dreams,
 I cannot love thy restless streams ;
 For, blood is frothing where I stand ;
 Thou hast brought death into the land !
 Here lay a youth, new bathed in blood,
 With roses I his grave have strewed ;
 For, he resembled—I know whom,
 And in the Spring I'll bring her home.
 They tell me that my love is dead,
 That green grass waves above her head:
 It is not true ; she sat this night
 On yonder cliff's o'erhanging height :
 Pale as they paint the dead she seemed ;
 That was because the wan moon gleamed :

Cold were her lips, cold was her cheek ;
That was the northwind chill and bleak.
I would have held my lovely maid,
But on my brow her hand she laid,
Then dark and heavy grew my brain ;
Till, suddenly, day came again ;
And, in the distant East, the light
Of bygone days shone clear and bright ;
Those heavenly days, so fond and fair ;
How happy was poor Axel there !
A castle by a forest's side ;
That was the home of my fair bride.
I lay sore wounded in the strife ;
But with a kiss she gave me life.
Nay, more ; her rich warm heart she gave,
To bless the life she deigned to save.
Now on my withered breast it lies
And freezes : Ah ! it dies ; it dies !
Ye burning stars round heaven that go,
Quench your bright fires, and cease to glow !
A brilliant morning star was here ;
Bleeding I saw it disappear.
I scent the blood still on the sands ;
And, see ! my own are bloody hands."

So raves he under Söta-scar :
 When day-light kindles, he is there ;
 When night returns, he never sleeps,
 But by her grave he sits and weeps.
 At last one morning dead he lay,
 With hands upraised, as if to pray,
 And, on his wasted cheek, the tears
 Half hardened by the morning's frost ;
 While still his glazing eye appears
 To seek the grave of her he lost.

Such was the tale my boyhood heard :
 How deep my spirit then it stirred !
 The snows of thirty winters fall,
 But in my heart it lives through all.
 For, childhood's visions stand impressed,
 With outline bold distinct and sharp,
 On the bard's soul ; concealed they rest,
 Like Aslög in King Heimar's harp,³
 Until in glory she broke forth,
 Revealing her celestial birth,
 In royal robes, with bearing bold,
 And queenly eye, and locks of gold.

³ See the Volsunga Saga, c. 52.

To infancy's bright heaven belong
The golden lyre, the godlike song;
And all that manhood after feels,
Which sweetness and which strength reveals,
Flitted before his childhood's eye,
In fresher force and harmony.

Now, when the nightbird's plaintive breath
Thrills sweetly from the forest tree,
When from her grave, the eastern sea,
The pallid moon, uprising, seems
A phantom from the world of dreams,
And paints with the wan hues of death
Each craggy peak and silent dale,
Then murmur strangely in my ear
The echoes of that well-known tale;
Again almost I seem to hear,
What the old warrior sadly said,
Of Axel and his Russian maid.

CHARLES XII.

ON HIS FESTIVAL, 1818.

KING Charles, the conquering boy,
Stood up in dust and smoke ;
He shook his sword for joy,
And through the battle broke.
How Swedish iron bites,
We will make trial new ;
Stand back, you Muscovites :
Forward ! my own true blue !

Not ten to one appal
The angry Vasa's Son ;
Those fled, who did not fall :
So was his course begun.
He drove three Kings asunder,
Who leagued against him stood ;
And Europe saw with wonder
A beardless Thundergod.

Old grey-haired schemers muttered
 Their plots with wily care ;
 The brave young hero uttered
 One word, and burst the snare.
 High-bosomed, gold-haired, slender,
 A new Aurora came :¹
 From his throne's young defender,
 The temptress turned in shame.

So great a heart was heaving
 In his true Swedish breast,
 In gladness, or in grieving,
 Justice he loved the best.
 Though fortune smiled or lowered,
 He dauntless kept the field :
 He could but be o'erpowered,
 He knew not how to yield.

The stars have long been glowing
 On his sepulchral stones ;
 A century's moss is growing
 Above the hero's bones.

¹ This seems to be an allusion to the Countess of Königsmark, the mistress of Augustus, King of Poland, who commissioned her to attempt to conclude a negotiation with Charles ; but he refused to see her.—See Voltaire, *Histoire de Charles XII.*, p. 73.

Thus glory passes forth,
So soon its records fail :
Their echo in the North
Is but an old man's tale.

Still is the old land hushed,
The tale still calls up wonder,
Low dwarfish sounds are crushed
By the old giant thunder.
Still in our Northern numbers
The lofty spirit burns ;
It is not dead, it slumbers,
Its hour of pride returns.

Kneel, Sweden, where reposes
Thy greatest, noblest Son ;
The crumbling stone discloses
The honour thou hast won.
There bards, to read his story,
Come reverently bare ;
And Sweden's flag of glory
Is dedicated there.

THE DAYS OF THE ASAS.¹

HEIMDAL ! thou sleepest, son of many mothers !
 And Gulltopp stays, and Gjallerhorn is still :
 Bäfrost's destroyed by Surtur and his brothers ;
 There is no road to Himminborg's high hill.

Light was thy bird-like sleep in the olden time,
 Thy searching eye scanned heaven from end to end ;
 And none but blessed Asas dared to climb
 The paths which to Valhalla's joys ascend.

There Odin, glorious as star-sprinkled night,
 Or one-eyed day, ruled his eight-footed steed ;
 On his broad shoulder his wise ravens light,
 And whisper tidings of each human deed.

¹ This poem, and the one following, must be nearly unintelligible, except to those who are acquainted with the Edda. Some of the allusions are explained in the preface.

And gloomy Thor his belt with lightnings stored,
 His furious steeds the Thunderer's chariot drew ;
 O'er heaven's high vault the blazing axles roared,
 And scattered streams of fire where'er they flew.

Mjölнар he heaved, and made the mountains fall ;
 He drank the swelling sea, and dried the world ;
 With Time he wrestled in Lok's goblin Hall,
 With Midgard's snake, which round Heimskringla curled.

In Thrudvang he drank mead with men of fame ;
 Northmen then knew the Gods, and loved their power :
 Soft as a maiden's sigh Vanadis came,
 And Frey descended in a genial shower.

A spirit then through nature seemed to play,
 Whose limbs now stiffen into lifeless stone :
 Golden haired Skinfax drew the beaming day ;
 When Rimfax snorted, dew dropped gently down.

Hertha lay clasped in Agir's glad embrace,
 (Still to his bride the stormy bridegroom clings) ;
 The Spirit-Bird perched in his craggy place,
 And cooled the world with his far-flapping wings.

Proud giants then, the mountain clefts among,
 With Lok from human skulls drank blood-red wine ;
 From the blue waters green-haired stream-sprites sung,
 Wood-women flitted near each shady pine.

And, like a god, the Scald in glory went,
 An honoured guest in camp and court and bower ;
 Soared up, and scanned the earth from his ascent,
 As monarchs look on realms which own their power.

Entranced he twanged his harp with sinewy hand ;
 The sounding strings no feeble answer gave :
 He sang of honour, truth, and fatherland,
 Of glorious sleep in Rota's bloody grave.

Where heroes fell he raised the Runic stone,
 For Northern champions spread Valhalla's feast,
 Odin descended from his golden throne,
 Thor's steel-clad hand embraced the welcome guest.

Proud chronicles ! high thoughts ! you now appear
 Like warriors' empty suits of rusty mail ;
 From you the startled age shrinks back in fear,
 And hero-life is but a northern tale.

Sleep, olden time ! In vain Iduna shows
Your buried deeds, like some old battle-token :
Another race at other altars bows ;
The warrior's sword, the poet's harp, are broken.

Blow, Heimdal ! as for Ragnarok ! Arise !
Blow, till heaven cracks, and Valhalla sinks in fire ;
That this puny race, so feeble, so overwise,
May feel and tremble at the Thunderer's ire.

THE GIANT.

I dwell beneath the mountains,
In hollow caverns,
Which never yet were troubled
By Odin's daylight.
I hate the harmless Asas,
The sons of Askur,
Who bow the knee at altars
By me detested.

It is my joy to wander
On midnight whirlwinds;
To trample on the corn-fields,
To overwhelm the cargoes.
I lead the weary woodman
Far from his cottage,
Well pleased to see him shudder,
When I am laughing.

Yet I endure the daylight,
 Though brightly shining,
 To meet Valkyrior waving
 Their bloody pinions.
 What joy, when twittering arrows
 Fly round the battle ;
 When human blood is quenching
 The fiery falchion !

“ Why boastest thou thy virtue,
 Thou Embla’s daughter ? ”
 Beneath my wizard kisses
 The flower is withered.
 “ Why battle for thy country,
 Thou northern stripling ? ”
 His fathers’ graves he barter
 For gold and glitter.

A sage sat in the valley,
 And thought profoundly,
 As deep as Odin buried
 The head of Mimer :
 Before the plodder’s fancy
 I threw a vapour ;

What sport ! the fool denying
His Great Creator !

I loathe the poet's vision,
Valhalla's offspring,
Of fatherland and honour,
Of God and virtue.
I cannot drag the dreamer
From his blue heaven ;
But, while on earth they scorn him,
I am contented.

When Thor comes with his hammer,
I meet him smiling ;
I set my rocky helmet
Upon my forehead.
Though hero-hearts may struggle,
Though suns are gleaming,
Though good may be eternal,
Not dead is evil.

SKIDBLADNER.¹

It is so chilly in the mighty North !
 Lower down, to habitable earth,
 Thou wouldest go, from snow and ice,
 Where the vine and orange bless the land ;
 Where green-clad May and ripened summer stand,
 Lingering over Paradise.

Ah ! how sweetly fly life's careless hours !
 Whisperest thou, among yon leafy bowers,
 Near the nightingale's soft song :
 Could I drink of those clear silver streams,
 Each fair vision of my fondest dreams
 Would for once to truth belong !

¹ Skidbladner, according to the Edda, is a ship, made by the dwarfs, the sons of Ivald, and given by them to Frey. It is large enough to receive on board all the Asas, yet may be taken to pieces, and carried in the pocket. As soon as the sail is hoisted, there is a fair wind. (It is here employed to typify the power of imagination.)

Wherefore not? for, what is truth, or seeming?
 What you can and know, awake or dreaming,
 That is life's reality:
 Trust but in Poesy to wing your flight;
 It may be boundless, as the heaven's own light,
 And as ocean's waters free.

Behold! Skidbladner hails you from the shore:
 The golden ship of fancy can explore
 Every sea and every land:
 Always on her sail fair breezes blow;
 Earth more bright, the heavens more lofty show,
 When upon her deck you stand.

Odin contrived her when the world he built;
 Envy, and selfishness, and coward guilt,
 Dare not in the fair ship be:
 A bard with golden harp the rudder guides;
 And, chased by favouring gales, the smooth keel glides
 Round the earth and round the sea.

Climb the polished deck whene'er you list:
 From the Spirit-world, like morning mist,
 Falls the veil; it is your own:

Rock and wood with friendly smile invite you,
 Boundless fields of blue expanse delight you,
 Clearly from your top-mast shown.

Fearless sail on ! see where, 'mid golden clouds,
 Yon western city stands ; where joyous crowds
 Raise the song and lead the dance :
 How gloriously its marble pillars shine ;
 While from each turret, bathed in light divine,
 Streams the purple-coloured glance.

There Braga's harp, as if in Idavall,
 Is sounding yet to grace the festival,
 Balder there is living still :
 Fates of the future, memories of the past,
 Riddles of life and death, in order placed,
 You may study as you will.

Then pine not to forsake the chilly North !
 The fleeting glories of the natural earth
 To Art eternally belong ;
 And, wheresoever fate hath set your home,
 Fair Hellas and Hesperia will come,
 New created by your song.

ABBAY RUINS.

Look, Stranger ! where these stones in ruin lie,
Here in the old grey times a holy thing
Rose up, a cloistered pile : but time swept by,
And smote the sanctuary with his reckless wing.

Zeal built these walls, and bade these arches stand,
But centuries have forced themselves between ;
Now to your courts draws near no pilgrim band,
No worshipper is at your altars seen.

Through your wide halls, and wasted galleries,
Only cold mournful winds complaining go :
The owl, which from the turret hoarsely cries,
Cannot disturb their rest who sleep below.

Our wise logicians at your legends sneer,
 And sceptics spurn your relicks with disdain :
 The memories of the Past I still revere,
 And kindle their corroded lamp again.

These walls were shunned by outrage and by crime,
 Calm wisdom watched from hence life's stormy roar ;
 Beneath these vaults devotion walked sublime,
 Peace, like a ministering angel, kept the door.

Here prostrate faith has worn away the stone,
 Here Gospel truth her holy light has shed ;
 The fiery spirit here its source made known,
 To heaven alive, to earthly passion dead.

Yet, answer, shadows ! from your solemn gloom :
 Had every earthly passion passed away ?
 Did only peace within your bosoms come ?
 Did anguish never at your altars pray ?

Ah ! only life can mourn ; none makes reply ;
 When life gave way, all trace of sorrow fled :
 Tears in the grave are wiped from every eye,
 No ear can hear the voices of the dead.

Perhaps, secluded by yon crumbling door,
 Where phantoms now in midnight gloom appear,
 Sighed a veiled sister once ; a lovely flower,
 Planted beneath the cross to wither there.

Blind superstition offered Heaven and Death
 The cruel sacrifice of her young Spring,
 Gave her a rosary for a bridal wreath,
 And worshipped God with human suffering.

Perhaps she sate on this moss-covered stone,
 While then, as now, the pale moon's quivering rays
 Through the broad shade of these old oaks were thrown,
 And thought in tears upon her childhood's days.

What sorrow shakes the youthful bride of heaven ?
 Upon her lip still burns the plighted kiss ;
 Toward heavenly joys her thoughtful soul has striven,
 Her loving heart looks back on earthly bliss.

Ave Maria ! her sad vigils keeping,
 She tells, and sighing, tells again her beads :
 And still beneath the veil her eye is weeping ;
 Her heart, unchanged, beneath the haircloth bleeds.

Can she no comfort from her penance win ?
Will not the Virgin hear her daughter's prayer ?
Ah ! why should Nature's voice seduce to sin ;
Why are the laws of heaven so hard to bear ?

To the cold crucifix her lips she pressed ;
Her fading cheek spoke her soul's burning smart ;
Her sunken eye knew no sleep's balmy rest,
While heaven and earth contended in her heart.

Thus, unknown Eloisa ! day by day
Thou pined, and sank into thy welcome grave :
No ' Pope' breathed forth the magic of his lay,
Thy memory from forgetfulness to save.

Thou art avenged : rest, rest, perturbed shade !
The altars of thy creed are overthrown :
Their glory in the light of day decayed ;
God is still here : all the old Gods are gone !

Isis no more seeks her departed friend ;
No lion-taming Mithras lights the sky :
The vanquished Titan-race is at an end,
And in Jove's grasp his powerless lightnings die.

Deep among mountain caverns dwells concealed
The Gothick faith, the altar stained with blood ;
His hammer Asa-Thor no more can wield,
No guest with Odin tastes celestial food.

To glorify the Saints were they dethroned ;
These too, like summer flies, have had their day :
Now, strangers plough the consecrated ground,
And children with the hallowed vessels play.

NEW YEAR'S LAMENT, 1807.

(IMITATED FROM SCHILLER.)

At length the old year's course is run, and now
The murderer of our hope lies down to die :
The hour is come ; with bloody hair and brow
The new year rises in the troubled sky.

Look round ! from North to South, from East to West,
From Sunrise till he seeks his Ocean bed,
Peace has no shrine, no home, no place of rest,
And Freedom finds not where to lay her head.

Despairing efforts many a champion made
To vindicate the right, without avail :
No law of nations, but the conqueror's blade,
Falls in the balance, and weighs down the scale.

With bloody breast, with trailing broken wing,
 The spirit of the time sinks down again ;
 And, like a lonely harp's wind-shaken string,
 Unheard the friends of liberty complain.

Victorious fleets the untrodden South explore,
 The frozen waters of the North infest,
 All foreign lands, each yet unharassed shore,
 All, save the hidden Islands of the Blest.

Great is the world ; swarms not the grass with life ?
 Myriads of creatures throng the yeasty main ;
 And yet, no room on earth for aught but strife ;
 One happy Being it cannot contain.

High hearted friend ! no longer seek to shape,
 Comfort and hope from what on earth you find ;
 But rather from the stormy times escape
 To the safe haven of your own pure mind.

To the heart's silent monitor alone
 High thoughts and principles of right belong ;
 " The free " is only to the poet known,
 " The beautiful " is only found in song.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE,

1805.

ENGLAND.

LIE there, mischievous wretch, and corrode all around like a
cancer ;

Swallow the nations up, swallow and hunger again.

Glutton ! threaten not me ; you will never banquet on England :
Thrones overturn as you may, Albion's yet will remain.

FRANCE.

Wrecked on your chalky coast are the sacred rights of the
Nations :

What is your Island else but a piratical den ?

Fire to the world you have set, that unchecked you may rob in
the medley ;

Like the voracious shark, wander your ships on the sea.

ENGLAND.

Germany fought and fell ; with the sword you hew her in
pieces :

Holland abandoned her gold, but was oppressed as before.

FRANCE.

Pearls nor blood of the Hindoos buy their Paradise from you :
Negroes to death are scourged, only to sweeten your tea.

ENGLAND.

Is not Hesperia's land like a temple by savages plundered ?
Even from the indigent Swiss honour is stolen away.

FRANCE.

Free is the Ocean ; you lock it, as were it only your warehouse ;
And the blockaded Belt burst as if all were your own.

ENGLAND.

Earth confesses my power ; I sit like a queen on the waters :
Warriors I buy and sell ; Monarchs I have in my pay.

FRANCE.

Yes ! you have them in pay ; will the dead return for their
wages ?

Look ! where, at Austerlitz, buried your pensioners lie.

ENGLAND.

Stayed is the guillotine, but Pichegru in prison is strangled ;
Far in American wilds hidden is Victor Moreau.

FRANCE.

Pitt, and your other infernal machine, were fruitlessly wasted ;
Rudder of Albion's ship, Nelson the bloody, is gone.

ENGLAND.

Aye ! not before he shivered your hope, your last on the billows ;
Build me a second fleet, that I may win it again.

FRANCE.

Win while you may ; it is yet your time to fish in the Ocean ;
But an avenger one day visits your fisherman's isle.

ENGLAND.

Waters are round my home, as Pluto by Styx was protected ;
Never did living soul come from the Stygian Sea.

FRANCE.

Hercules came again, and dragged up the triplicate monster,
Cerberus, bound in chains : Hercules soon will be here.

ENGLAND.

Hear me ! why this dispute ? there is world enough to contain us :
Greatness and glory you seek ; gain is my wiser desire.
World's-benefactor called, but world's-manufacturer also,
Since I can only be one, I have selected the last.
Zealous am I for freedom, I mean, the freedom of commerce ;
Freedom of course for myself, not for my neighbours the same.
Therefore, I offer you peace ; let us share the booty between us :
Green-covered earth shall be yours ; mine be the billowy sea.

FRANCE.

Hear me ! I know you well, and despise your mercantile
state-tricks,
Built on the balance of trade, with it to rise and to fall.
You are the old one still, but with me is everything new born ;
Strength, grown young and bold, longs for the chivalrous game.

Earth I can conquer alone, and the sea will soon follow after ;
 Who has the land has the sea ; I will not share them with you.
 Stretch not an armed hand forth, as a suppliant seek my protection ;

First to your master kneel, then will I offer you peace.

ENGLAND.

High yet flutters my flag ; I still rain torrents of fire :
 Ocean is frothy with blood ; meet me, thou Haughty one, there.

FRANCE.

Proudly my eagles soar ; I storm, like the thunders of Doomsday :
 Earth is slippery with blood ; meet me, thou Haughty one, there.

ENGLAND.

Stand like a hollow volcano, and ruin what blossoms around you,
 Till, in the flames you have blown, down you will suddenly fall.

FRANCE.

Moor your blockading ship, but your anchor of credit is dragging ;
 Then will the hopeless wreck drive with the waves and the wind.

THE CHILDREN'S COMMUNION.

THE holy festival of Whitsuntide
 Was now arrived. The whitened village church
 Shone in the morning light : on the clock tower,
 Gay with a golden vane, the friendly flame
 Of the Spring sun gleamed like the tongues of fire
 Which crowned the apostles. Bright and blue appeared
 The sky ; young May, with roses in her hair,
 Stood in her gayest garb ; the winds and streams
 Of peace and gladness spoke ; with rosy lips
 Whispered the tribes of flowers ; and on the pines,
 Swinging aloft, birds poured their grateful songs,
 Their anthems of glad joy. The churchyard paths
 Were swept and weeded ; its old fashioned gate,
 Green as an arbour, rose ; each cross within
 Bore a fresh garland, wreathed by loving hands.
 Even the dial, which on his hillock stood,
 Among the dead, (and for an hundred years
 Had stood unchanging), was with roses crowned.

Like some old man, the village oracle,
 Whom, on his birthday, child and children's child
 Welcome with flowers, the old grey prophet seemed ;
 And silently the iron pointer pored
 On the stone table, where it slowly tracked
 The course of years, while round his stedfast foot
 All slept in peace, waiting till time should end.
 The church was drest within ; for, on this day,
 The young, their parents' hope, the loved of heaven,
 Must at the altar's foot renew the vows
 Made in their baptism. Therefore was each stone,
 Each corner, cleaned, dusted, and furbished well ;
 Roof, floor and walls, the seats and painted pews.
 The church seemed like a garden gay with flowers ;
 Like Israel's Feast of Tents, for, on the walls,
 Where old atchievements hung in tattered pride,
 Nosegays of leaves were seen ; with flowering buds
 The pulpit carvings bloomed, as Aaron's rod
 Once blossomed. Decked with flowers the bible was ;
 The silver dove, which from the ceiling swung,
 Wore white anemonies wreathed round its neck ;
 And, in the choir, by Holberg's altarpiece,
 A stately garland hung ; the cherubs' heads,
 Bright haired, looked smiling through the leafy screen,

As through a dark cloud smiles the cheerful sun :
 The brazen crown, new scoured, gleamed bright above,
 And white May-lilies filled each scone between.

Now had the bells been rung ; from hill and dale
 The thronging crowd came in to hear the Word.
 Hark ! thundering forth at once the organ peal
 Floats like an unseen spirit through the vault,
 Like a voice sent from God ; and, as of old,
 Elijah, soaring, threw his mantle down,
 And mounted into glory, so the soul
 Cast off its earthly garb ; the multitude,
 With one accord, lifted a voice of praise,
 And sang to Luther's hymn a stately song,
 Made by great Wallin, who in Northern climes
 Strikes David's harp : the anthem's powerful wing
 In rapture bore each living soul to heaven ;
 And, as the countenance of Moses shone
 On Thabor's mount, each visage glowed with joy.

Into the church the reverend pastor came:
 Father they called him, and esteemed him so,
 Where, true and simple-hearted in all things,
 For seventy years his Christian course had run.

Friendly he looked, and wore an angel's smile,
 Telling glad tidings to his flock. Yet thought,
 Earnest and deep, dwelt on his cheerful brow,
 Like a moss grave on which a sunbeam shone.
 As some rapt painter, to whom Heaven would grant
 An hour of inspiration, (a faint gleam
 Of evening light, reflected in man's soul
 From the creation's dawn), might shew Saint John
 In Patmos, grey-haired, gazing into Heaven
 With lofty look, so the old man appeared :
 Such was his eye, and such his silver hair.
 The whole assembly rose, and by the seats
 In order stood, while, with a cordial smile,
 The pastor greeted them on every side,
 And slowly to the chancel passed along.

Simple and solemn then, with hymn and prayer,
 Went on the Christian service : at the close,
 A fervent sermon from the old man came.
 Much eloquent thought, and many a warning word,
 Refreshed the thirsting heart like early dew,
 Like manna in the wilderness fell down.
 When all was done, forth to the altar came
 The preacher ; there the children followed him,

The boys stood on the right hand, slim young forms,
With ruddy cheeks and curling hair ; fair girls
Stood on the left, like tremulous lilies, tinged
With morning's rosy blush : each hand was clasped
In prayer, and every eye looked on the ground.
With question and with answer then began
The trial. First the children timidly
Replied with faltering voice ; but kindly smiles
From the old man assured them, until soon
Eternal truth flowed from their innocent lips,
Pure as a fountain. As each answer closed,
Or if they spoke the Saviour's holy name,
Each made obeisance. Like an angel stood
The friendly man among them ; with brief speech,
Expounding thoroughly the sacred word.
Clear though profound he was ; sublimity
Is ever simple, and a child takes in
Its meaning, both in doctrine and in song.
And as the swelling bud, when Spring draws near,
Leaf under leaf unfolds, which the warm sun
With gold and purple paints, until at last
The ripening blossom opes its fragrant cup,
And flings its sweetness on the air, so here,
Point after point, was saving gospel truth

Developed in the youthful soul. In tears
The parents stood, exulting as they heard.

Close to the altar then the old man came,
And o'er the friendly teacher passed a change.
Solemn as death, high as the prophet of God,
Bringing the message of the Lord, he stood.
His glance pierced every heart, his deep-toned voice
Muttered like distant thunder ; so at once
Transformed he rose, and to the children said :
“ This is our fathers' faith, the faith once taught
By the Apostles ; this is the same faith
In which you were baptized, while yet you lay
Hushed on your mother's breast, and nearer Heaven.
Sleeping, the holy church received you then ;
But now you are awake ;—the glorious light
Streams down on you from God ; this day you stand,
Unfettered, on the threshold of your youth,
And from conviction must your choice be made.
This is the testing hour,—the turning point
Of your life's destiny ; this day brings forth
Seed for the time to come ; the words that now
Fall from your lips cannot be called again.
Take heed how you reply : with guilty fraud

Think not your questioning teacher to deceive :
 Swift is his eye to mark it, and a curse
 Will fall upon a falsehood. With a lie
 Begin not life : the congregation hears ;
 Sisters and friends and parents, what on earth
 Is dear and holy stands beside you now,
 And witnesses your deed ; the Eternal Judge
 Looks down from Heaven, recording angels stand
 Before His presence, and, in words of fire,
 On everlasting tablets write your creed.

In Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, who made
 Redeemed and sanctified mankind, do you
 Believe? Will you pronounce a solemn vow
 To love God more than every earthly good,
 Your neighbour as yourself? will you confirm
 Your faith by practice ; shall love's heavenly law
 Be yours, in patience, hope and charity ;
 Whither your fate may lead you, will you walk
 Uprightly before God? Here in the face
 Of heaven and earth, I ask, is this your vow?"—
 With stedfast voice the boys replied, " We will :"
 " We will," the girls in whispering accents said.
 Then from the old man's brow the thundercloud

Melted away, and thus, in gentler tones,
 Mild as the evening gale, sweet as the harp
 Hung up by Babylon's waters, he went on.

“ Welcome, I hail you all; come up, receive
 Your heavenly heirship : children now no more ;
 Brothers and Sisters in the faith ! yet why
 Not children still ? of such God's kingdom is.
 One family of children upon earth,
 In heaven one father, governing His own,
 Chastising, pardoning, such is the plan
 Of human life, which holy writ reveals.
 Blest are the pure in heart ; on purity
 And innocence is grounded Christian faith :
 Itself a child of heaven, strong as a man,
 But blameless as a babe, the doctrine is,
 Which once the Saviour taught, for which he sorrowed,
 And died upon the cross. Ah ! in the days
 When from the holy calm of childhood's years,
 Deeper in life's cold valley you must go,
 How will you yearn, but vainly, for the power
 Of turning back, up to the sunny heights
 Of infancy, when chastening punishment
 Before you like a father stood ; forgiveness,

Robed as a mother, reached a loving hand
 To kiss, and so the fond heart felt absolved.
 Life was a game, and heavenly roses filled
 Your grasp. Already seventy years are gone,
 Since first the Eternal Father grief and joy
 Vouchsafed to me, but far the happiest hours
 My life has known, (could they but come again !
 Brightly they rise, clearly I see them all),
 Were those which once my careless childhood knew.
 Take then from thence, as leader and as guide,
 Prayer looking up to heaven, and Innocence,
 Your childhood's bride ; dear babe ! from holier worlds,
 Lily in hand, descending, she on life's
 Tempestuous billows safely cradled rocks,
 And in the vessel sleeps. On worldly strife
 Calmly she looks abroad, while round her stand
 Angels, who to the desert ministering come.
 She knows not her own glory, but she goes
 Meekly and faithfully behind her friend,
 While yet she may. Oh ! thrust her not aside ;
 For, she is sent from God, and has the keys
 Of Paradise. The friend of Innocence
 Is Prayer, her messenger, her carrier dove,
 With untired wing soaring from earth to heaven.

Man's soul, the offspring of eternity,
 Fettered to time and exiled from his home,
 Drags at his prison chain incessantly,
 And strives, as sparks fly upward, to ascend.
 For, he remembers well his fatherland,
 Mansions of glory, where a brighter sun
 Shone round him ; fairer flowers were blooming there,
 And on him, like a friend, the angels smiled.
 Earth then appears too narrow, too confined ;
 With heavenly longings then the wanderer pines
 For home, and longing speaks in prayer. That hour
 Is called devotion, and its breath is prayer.

Oh ! when the weary heaviness of life
 Is fallen on us, bearing our hopes to earth,
 And to the grave beneath, then it is good
 To pray to God, who will not turn away
 His sorrowing children from the door, but helps,
 Comforts, and heals them. Better still to pray,
 When every thing around us prospers well ;
 Pray in the hour of joy :— the purest bliss
 Of life kneels down before the eternal throne
 In thankful tears, praising with hard-clasped hands
 The only giver of good things. Or say,

Children ! what blessing have you ever known
 Not of the Lord's gift ? what does man enjoy
 Which from His gracious bounty has not come ?

Therefore fall down and, prostrate in the dust,
 Worship Him, whom the Seraphim adore,
 Veiling with mighty wings their countenance
 Before His face, who, when He made the world,
 His plummet hung on nothing. Earth declares
 His majesty, the firmament proclaims
 His glory ; nations flourish and decay ;
 Stars disappear, fading like withered leaves ;
 And at His feet, when Time has tolled their knell,
 Ages expire : He sees them pass away,
 And takes no count of them. Who in His sight
 Can stand : He from their seats casts down the proud
 In the fierce day of judgement : when He speaks
 In anger, mountains skip like kids, the hills
 Leap up like roes. Yet, children, do not fear !
 For, God, the great Avenger, is the God
 Of Love : not in the earthquake or the storm,
 Not in the fire, but in the still small voice,
 Did God appear. Love is Creation's root,
 God's essence. In His arms, like children, lie

Worlds without number : and for this alone
 Were they created ; only to be loved,
 And love again, He breathed the breath of life
 Into the slumbering dust : then man arose,
 Made in God's image ; then his hand he laid
 Upon his heart, and felt the heavenly flame.
 Extinguish not the fire, its warmth is life :
 Hatred is death, but love is life. Like God,
 Father nor mother loved you ; for, he gave
 His only Son, to save you. When he bowed
 His head in death, when the great sacrifice
 Was ended, then love's triumph was fulfilled.

Lo ! in that hour was rent the temple's veil,
 Which sundered heaven from earth : from opened graves
 The dead rise up, whispering with bloodless lips,
 The mighty word, Atonement, of old times
 Foreshadowed, great and fearful mystery
 Of Man's creation ; and Atonement comes
 Of Love alone ; for, Love and it are one.

Then, love your gracious Father, child of man !
 Strive to perform His will ; not that you fear,
 But that you love : love has a willing heart,

Fear is the bond of slaves ; and perfect love
 Casteth out fear. If rightly you love God,
 You love your brother too : one light is seen
 In Heaven, and love is single as the Sun.
 Bears not each human form the mark of God
 Upon his forehead ? in his countenance
 Dost thou not read thy origin. Like thee
 Is he not sailing on a strange wild sea,
 Do not the same stars guide his wandering way ?
 How canst thou hate thy brother ? oh ! forgive,
 If he hate thee : is it not excellent,
 That thou canst learn to stammer forth one word,
 Such as is used in Heaven ? in earthly speech
 It is Forgiveness. Hast thou never heard
 Of One, who, while he wore the crown of thorns,
 Forgave his foes, prayed for his murderers ?
 Do you not know Him ? You confess His name,
 Then, learn his lessons : let not anger fill
 Your heart against your brother : drop a veil
 Upon his weakness ; guide him in the way :
 For, the good heavenly shepherd in his arms
 Took the stray lamb, and bore it to the fold.

These are the fruits of love, and by its fruits

Shall it be known : With God, love means the good
 Which He has made ; but love among mankind
 Is an eternal longing ; patiently
 It sighs, and suffers, but rejoices too ;
 Its eyes drop tears, but through its tears it smiles.
 Hope is its earthly recompence : kind Hope
 Does all she can ; to Heaven unceasingly
 She points, while in the grave her stedfast hold
 Is anchored, and she tells of brighter worlds
 Beyond, a vision faint but beautiful.
 Nations, deserving more than we, received
 Nothing but hope, and by its darkling light
 Were led. Our heavenly Father let us praise,
 Who has vouchsafed us more ; for, hope to us
 Transfigured shines, wanders no more in night,
 It comes as faith, as living knowledge. Faith
 Is hope made clear ; the eye, the light of love ;
 Reads all its thoughts, and every longing dream
 Hews out in marble. It is the Sun of life,
 Bright as the prophet's face, when he had looked
 On God ; firm-rooted Heaven it grapples close,
 And draws it down ; the new Jerusalem,
 Glorious in golden skies, descends to earth ;
 Its gates are lifted up : there faith may roam

Enraptured, and the heavenly host behold ;
 Fears not the winged Spirits, but receives
 A brother's welcome. Love then and believe :
 Good works will follow faith, as with the Sun
 Comes day ; for, goodness is the child of faith,
 Love is its soul ; and what is Christian life
 Other than faith and living charity,
 As flowers exhale the sweetness of the Spring.

Surely our works will follow us to God
 And stand and witness there, not as they seemed,
 But as they were ; and blessed shall he be
 Whoso can fearless hear : now they are dumb,
 Till death unseals their lips. Fear not for death,
 Love's twin-born brother, more majestic
 In aspect : death, kissing the pallid lips,
 Takes lovingly the soul, and passes forth,
 And bears away the new-born rescued babe
 Before its Father. I already hear
 The thunder of his coming, I can feel
 The rushing of his wings, swarthy as night
 And yet star-studded ; but I have no fear :
 For, death is nothing but deliverance
 And silent pity ; as he draws more nigh,

More freely heaves my lightened breast: I know
 That, face to face, I shall behold my God,
 In heaven's unclouded brightness; I shall see
 The light of ages I have loved, great souls
 Nobler and better than I am, who stand
 Glorified by the throne, with golden harps,
 White-robed, and sing a song of thanksgiving
 Made in the air of Heaven, and in the tongue
 Which angels use. You will he also bring,
 Beloved children! in his own good time;
 Will not forsake the weary: then, dear ones,
 Welcome! meanwhile keep you the way of peace;
 Break not your vow, but walk in blessedness
 To everlasting bliss; take ye no thought
 Of what this earth can give: for, earth is dust,
 But heaven is light, and you are vowed to Heaven.

Almighty Father! thou eternal spring
 Of love, vouchsafe to hear thy servant's prayer!
 I send it into heaven: let me not miss
 One of these children, when before Thy throne
 I stand, whom Thou hast given unto my care;
 Whom like a father I have cherished. Grant
 They may bear witness then that faithfully,

As I received it, I have taught Thy word,
 And shewed the way of life : let them know me,
 Fall on my heart, and let me bring them up
 Before Thy presence, pure as now they are,
 But proved more deeply, and rejoicing say :
 Father, behold thy servant ; I am here ;
 And here the children are thou gavest me."

In tears he ended so ; then, at his sign,
 Closely the children in a ring kneeled down.
 He, kneeling too, pronounced the holy prayer,
 Which all repeated in low whispered tones ;
 And then, in faltering accents, he implored
 Heaven's peace and benediction on them all.

This should have closed his duty for the day ;
 And on the following Sabbath should they come
 To share the Holy Supper : suddenly
 The venerable man, as heaven-impelled,
 Stood still, upon his forehead pressed his hand,
 And looked up : godly thoughts passed through his soul,
 And a strange light gleamed in his eyes. " Perhaps,
 Next Sabbath I may slumber in my grave,
 Haply may some of you, like lilies snapped

In Spring, bow down your heads : why should I pause ?
 The moment is come now ; the heart is warm,
 The heavenly seed I sow will spring to-day.
 I will complete my work, what is amiss
 The old man takes it on him, and to God
 And your good parents answers for the deed.
 Tell me but this, children, new citizens
 Of heaven, are you prepared, this very day,
 To share the feast of pardon ? well you know
 Its meaning : often I expounded it.

This is the sign of the new covenant,
 The symbol of forgiveness, recognized
 In heaven and earth. Man was estranged from God,
 Outcast through sin ; in the first dawn of time
 The tree of knowledge tempted, and he fell ;
 And still its poisonous shade it stretches out
 Above his fall ; sin dwells yet in his soul,
 But, in his heart is pardon : endless is
 His fall, forgiveness is eternal too.
 Look backward, far as memory attains,
 Forward, as high as hope can soaring go
 On wearied pinion, sin and pardon still
 Surround man's being. Sin sprang forth full grown :

Forgiveness slumbers silent in the heart,
 A cradled child, and dwells in heavenly dreams :
 Alone she cannot wake, but, like the sounds
 Which in its strings a harp imprisoned holds,
 Waits the Deliverer's touch : children, for this
 On earth the first-born of Forgiveness came,
 Awaked the slumberer, and now she stands
 With radiant eyes, bright as the vault of heaven,
 And fights with sin and conquers ; He came down
 To earth, and glorified He rose again :
 He has not left the heart, for, there He dwells
 In spirit, constant in redeeming love.
 Forgiveness lasts through time : therefore this day
 With awe receive its outward visible sign.

Unless the thing have life, the sign is dead :
 Not to the blind the everlasting light
 Belongs, but for the seeing eye was made.
 Not in the bread or wine forgiveness lies ;
 It lies in the cleansed soul ; and the mere thought
 Of a new life clothes with a heavenly grace
 The earthly creatures ; sin and sin's reward
 It takes away. Love, with its open arms,
 The prayers and tears of a repentant heart,

The chastened will, whose pure gold comes refined
 Out of the fire, or, to sum all in one,
 The man regenerated, breaks the bread
 And drinks the cup of pardon. Whoso dares
 Draw near, unworthy, mocking man and God,
 With hatred in his heart, of the Lord's blood
 And body is guilty ; he to his own loss
 Eats and drinks death and judgement : from such sin
 Preserve us in thy goodness, heavenly Lord !
 Children, will ye partake the holy meal ? "

Thus deeply moved he asked them. With one voice
 The children, loudly sobbing, answered, " Yes ! "
 Then he put up the prayers, and spoke the words
 Of consecration ; organ and loud hymn
 Pealed forth : " O Christ our Lord ! O Lamb of God,
 Who takest away the burden of the world,
 Hear us, Grant us Thy peace, Have mercy on us."
 With trembling hand, tears standing in his eyes,
 The old man filled the paten and the cup,
 And shared the mystic gifts. In that same hour
 God seemed with sunshine to light up the church ;
 The trees without bowed down their leafy crowns,
 And rustling sounds crept o'er the grassy graves.

I marked the children close, and saw a thrill
Of extacy run through their shivering limbs.
Dressed like an altar round them the green earth
Appeared ; the heavens stood open in their sight,
As in the sight of Stephen ; there they saw
God in His light of glory, and the Son
Who sits on His right hand. They heard the harps,
Which sound before the throne ; from golden clouds
Angels smiled down, and waved their purple wings.

The old man's work was done : the children rose,
Heaven in their hearts and rapture in their eyes,
And each, to kiss his hand, in tears stooped down ;
But, lovingly he took them in his arms,
And on their heart, and on their innocent curls,
With prayer and blessing laid his reverend hand.

SCALD'S MORNING HYMN.

SUN ! whose beaming glance
O'er the hill withdrew,
Lift thy radiance
To glad our hearts anew ;
The suppliant cry of myriads I declare ;
Father of light and song, receive our prayer.

Where thy chariot glows
Bear me through the sky,
To my sight disclose
The world of Poesy ;
Let the blessed shapes which dwell on high
Clearly float before a mortal eye.

Teach me to pourtray
To a darkling age
What the heavens display :
On my glowing page
Let the visions, which around me roll,
Burn as vividly as in my soul.

Give me strength and power,
Boldly to despise
The follies of an hour,
And the worldly wise,
Who mock the pictures which the Scald displays,
Tinged with the streaming glory of thy rays.

From pinching pale-faced need,
Guard my humble door ;
This day give me bread,
As thou hast given before ;
That high and heavenly thoughts may not descend
With paltry care for earthly wants to blend.

Lord ! thou knowest full well
The love I bear to thee,
Let thy Spirit dwell
Undebased in me ;
Let love of glory, gold and power depart
Out of thy kingdom, in my blameless heart.

Thou hast heard my prayer :
Hear my praises too !
Earth appears more fair,
Heaven a brighter blue ;
In every whispering wood bright spirits stand,
Harping the works of their Creator's hand.

Time is fleeting fast,
Art, alas ! is long,
Life is quickly past,
Up, my soul ! to song :
He comes ; adoring myriads prostrate fall :
He is the source of Light ! He is the God of all !

HYMN TO THE SUN.

To thee I call, bright-beaming Sun, round whose imperial
throne

Myriads of flaming worlds are marshalled as thine own :

Thou lookest on thy worshippers down through the gloomy
night,

And goest forth majestically on thy path of light.

Night in his bleak magnificence mourns over Nature dead,

And o'er her faded beauty his funeral pall has spread ;

Phantoms, the friends of darkness, go wandering to and fro,

While many thousand watchfires gleam upon the house of woe.

But, when from out the glowing East thou showest thy beauty
bright,

Creation, like a budding rose, bursts into life and light ;

Thy smiles come gladly back to thee from every flaming moun-
tain,

From every glistening blade of grass, from every sparkling foun-
tain :

The stream of life which, without thee, silent and frozen stood,
 Reflects thy flickering image, and pours forth its busy flood,
 Until thy rays slant mildly down from where thy Western hall
 Unbars its everlasting gates to meet thy measured fall ;
 Where long-enduring hope with the promised crown is blest,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

Tell me, thou son of Heaven, thou monarch of the Earth,
 Where was thy dwelling-place of old, whence was thy mighty
 birth ?

Wert thou with Him, when the Eternal deigned to shew His
 might,

And in the flashing darkness sowed flaming seeds of light ?
 Or stoodest thou in the Sanctuary, beneath His awful seat,
 Above the worlds, and worshipped there, an angel at His feet ?
 Until, with guilty arrogance, thou vainly didst disown
 Obedience to the Almighty words, that issued from the throne ;
 Then wrathfully thy Maker, with the arm thou had'st defied,
 Hurl'd thee, his radiant creature, still glowing in thy pride,
 Far down into the firmament, for ages to proclaim
 The glory of his power, and the greatness of his name.

Therefore thou hurriest restlessly, and brookest no delay ;
 No Comforter is on thy path to bid the Wanderer stay :

Therefore so often hid'st thy face, drawing a cloudy veil
 Across thy burning brow, that thou in darkness mayst bewail
 That day when the Avenger cast thee from the realms of bliss,
 And from his foot-stool thou fellest down into the Wilderness.

Tell me, art thou not weary upon thy desolate way ?
 Is it not long, which thou hast trod so often day by day ?
 Thousands of years have gone to rest since thou hast wandered
 there,
 But no grey locks have dimmed the radiance of thy golden hair ;
 Thou goest forth like a Conqueror upon thy bright career,
 And, wheeling round thy tent in order, still thy guards appear.

But yet an hour will surely come, when, with the crash of
 thunder,
 The circle of thy golden sphere is doomed to spring asunder ;
 The clang sounds through the Universe, warning it of its fall ;
 And after thee, in ruins, like a crumbling temple's wall,
 The corners of Creation sink ; Time, flying in his pride,
 Now, like a wing-struck eagle, falls lifeless by thy side.
 Then shall an angel seek thee, where in the liquid air
 Thou swammest, like a golden swan, but thee he finds not there ;
 Silent he scans the empty space, but thou art reconciled,
 The pitying Father has at last called back the pardoned child :

Thy destiny's accomplished, thy time of trial done,
Thou dwellest in the happy home thy penitence has won.

Farewell! go gladly on thy way; roll on thy globe of light,
Waiting thy hour: I, too, after long gloomy night,
Shall see thee in that brighter heaven, enthroned blest Spirits
among,
And hail thee in thy place of rest with a more glorious song.

FIRE.

INSCRUTABLE as the Almighty's Will,
Dead as a stone, wrapped in a dreamless sleep,
The earth was without form, and void and still,
Darkness was on the bosom of the Deep :
No soul reflected life or glad sensation ;
Unopened was the seal of the Creation.

Eternity, like a huge serpent, curled
With shadowy wings, in many a mighty fold,
Lay brooding o'er what was not yet the world ;
Space had not yet her canopy unrolled :
Of all his hours Time had not counted one,
His measured circle was not yet begun.

But see ! it lightens ! streaks of colour play
Athwart the night ; life wakens, breathes and flows ;
Where in his frozen grave Death lately lay,
The varied picture of Creation glows :
The Heavens build up on high their vaulted wall,
The fiery Sun rolls forth his flaming ball.

The South is torn asunder from the North,
The East and West by force are rent in twain ;
Heaven's roses from the bud are bursting forth,
Day shifts across the land and watery main :
With modest glance, with pale uncertain light,
The Moon uplifts her eyes upon the Night.

Green herbs are sprouting from the quickened Earth,
Dark rustling woods wave on the mountain's crest ;
Flowers in the vallies have their fruitful birth,
Creatures come forth to gambol. Last and best,
Unrivalled Man, to whom alone is given
Dominion upon earth, a crown in Heaven.

Warm pulse of Nature's heart ! bright mystery !
 Thou growth of plants, thou life of living things,
 Celestial fire ! what power first kindled thee ? —
 God, yet unknown, from whom all Being springs,
 Willed that His image should be there discerned :
 He spoke the word, and lo ! His mirror burned.

Though now no harp is tuned to sound thy praise,
 Though Zenda's worship is the sport of Time,
 On Vesta's Altar though the flame decays,
 Thy mighty temple hallows every clime ;
 Thy shrine, on earth abandoned and o'erthrown,
 From the bright Sun streams yet its glory down.

Hidden in atoms, unsustained by food,
 Spirit which all pervades and all inspires !
 Thou canst endure ; but, in thy angry mood,
 Devourest worlds unsated. Man inquires
 The essence of thy genial heat in vain :
 The fire that warms him he cannot explain.

Oh! tell me, tell me, art thou not the same
 In Genius, in the Sun, in Poet's lays,
 And in Spring flowers, the one unaltered flame?
 When heroes burn, or when volcanoes blaze,
 Is it not still the same, that fiery force,
 Which mocks restraint of its resistless course?

The look of sorrow, which the tomb surveys
 Of one we loved in youth, is the same light
 With which on ruined walls the moonbeam plays;
 And, when the Evening-Star adorns the night,
 Her's is the radiance of a Northern maid,
 In bridal veil and tearful smiles arrayed.

O heavenly Fire! when the tired Spirit shall come,
 In yon blue land to seek the place of rest,
 Which once perhaps was its accustomed home,
 Wilt thou not welcome back the wandering guest?
 And, like tried gold, which suffers no decay,
 Purge all its dross, and cleanse each stain away.

THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

WHEN the sun fiercely glows on the Nile's sandy shore,
And the shade of the palm-trees protects us no more,
One feeling unites us, and hurries us forth,
To the land of our fathers, the North, to the North !

Far distant beneath us, as still as the grave,
Lie the green-mantled earth, and the dark heaving wave,
Where tempests and troubles each moment arise,
While freely we traverse the cloud-covered skies.

Among the hills hidden a deep valley lies,
There our flocks settle down with hoarse dissonant cries ;
With our eggs every cleft of the mountain is white,
Which are hatched in the polar sun's midnight light.

No dalesman our favourite valley has found,
For, fairy rings circle the elf-haunted ground ;
Wood-women flit there through the cold moonshine,
And the dwarf's busy hammer is heard in the mine.

But when o'er the mountains the Son of the Storm,
Shaking snow from his pinions, displays his dark form,
When the rowan-tree's red, the hare white as the snow,
Then away to the South, to the South let us go.

Near the green springing meadows, the warm sunny sea,
By the sheltering palm-trees once more we would be ;
There rest from our wearisome flight, till we yearn
Once more to our haunts in the North to return.

THE RIVER.

In silence, where the new-born river wells,
I sit and watch the offspring of the sky ;
In rocky cradle yet the infant dwells,
And sucks its mother-cloud, which wanders by.

Look ! in the woods the heavenly child is growing,
Dreams of the glory of his destined race ;
The sun and moon he clasps, while onward flowing,
With passionate longing in his young embrace.

No more content beneath the pine-tree's bough,
No longer to the mountain clefts he clings ;
The tumbling rocks how wild he chases now,
How madly from the precipice he springs.

" Come, follow, follow ! " to each stream he cries,
" From thirsty sands, from the sun's scorching ray,
Come, brothers ! where the fruitful valley lies,
Down to our common home I lead the way."

And all the rattling children of the rain
Hear and obey the young adventurer's call :
Like monarch-heart his stream now swells amain,
And woods and rocks before his fury fall.

The conquering hero pours his dark blue waves
O'er the wide plain, revered by every one ;
Gives the parched fields new life, whose sides he laves,
Baptizes with his name,— and passes on.

And poet's songs are to his praise addressed,
Proud navies on his lordly waters ride,
Rich cities hail him as a welcome guest,
And meadows glad with flowers cling to his side.

They cannot hold him back ; with eager haste
Fair fields and glittering spires he hurries by,
Unceasingly rolls onward, and at last
Sinks in his father's bosom, there to die.

THE STRANGER.

FAR o'er the Southern Sea a mother weeping,
Silent and alone,
Toward the North her tearful watch is keeping ;
There her child is gone.

For the tidings her sad heart is yearning,
Written by his hand,
To tell his welfare, and his quick returning
From that foreign land.

They are come at last ; ah no ! another,
Not his hand is there :
From the letter falls, alas ! poor mother,
A ringlet of his hair.

But for him no more the sun is shining,
Life's wild storm is still ;
Calm he lies, in dreamless sleep reclining,
By the snow-capped hill.

Freya's star upon his grave is gleaming,
 Star to sorrow dear !
 Mourner ! is her southern radiance streaming
 Tearfully as here.

Youth ! in Saga's temple is the dwelling,
 Which henceforth is thine ;
 But the Runic rhyme, thy story telling,
 Shall thy name enshrine.

Thinkest thou on thy home, and the glad hours,
 Which thy childhood loved,
 Where, by vine-clad hills and orange bowers,
 Murmuring waters roved.

Sad is thy glance, as when pale stars are shining ;
 Thy voice's dying swell,
 Like the tone of nightingales repining,
 Whispers thy farewell.

" Mourn me not, because my summer ended
 Ere my spring went by ;
 For, the flower of life, too soon expanded,
 Blossoms but to die.

Of the chilly North think not in sorrow,
For, to me she gave
All that man on Earth can hope to borrow,
Friendship, and a grave.

Silent tears of noble hearts are saying,
I to them was dear ;
Pitying hands of fair young girls are laying
Garlands on my bier.

Many a token, where my dust reposes,
Marks the Loved one's tomb ;
Blue Forget-me-not, and pale wild roses,
Clustering round it bloom.

There the elm, when the cold night-wind's waking,
Her sad arms shall wave ;
While the bird of night, low music making,
Warbles o'er my grave."

THE DROWNED BOY.

GANYMEDE once, the golden-haired youth, was stolen on Ida,
 Jupiter's awful bird bore him aloft on his wings ;
 Cephalus also was taken, when hunting alone on the mountain,
 Young Aurora in flowers carried the hunter away.
 Thou too, boy, when bathing, wert seized by the daughters of
 Ocean,

Blue-veiled maidens, who lurk hidden in treacherous waves.
 Eagerly under the Deep they dragged thee down to the wonders,
 Which none living hath seen, yet are they known by the Bard.
 Pale as a moon, and chill, the Sun shines down in the waters,
 Monsters and ghastly shapes there in the gloaming appear :
 There are the woods of coral, and peopled with crawling creatures,
 Lilies of faint perfume bloom in the gold-coloured sand,
 Round a gigantic pearl, the appointed palace of Undine,
 Hollow as Heaven's own vault, fair as the face of the sky.
 Thither they brought thee down to the hall of shells, and in
 triumph

With a tumultuous dance round the wan visitor sprang :
 For, they eternally hate what lives and breathes in the daylight,

Water's turbulent folk suffer no steady repose.
Firmly they held their grasp, till the limbs and spirit were parted,
Then to the hated day gave up the body again.
Watching still by the shore remained, in comfortless anguish,
Father and mother in tears, sisters and kindred and friends ;
There too weeping was seen the grey preceptor who reared thee,
Dear and affectionate child ! only to look on thy death.
All lamented the fate which on Earth of beauty bereaves us,
Life's illusory hope, nipped in the day of its joy.
Then by the lifeless boy was heard the voice of a mourner :
Poets are friends of youth ; youth is to Poesy kin.
Therefore I too have gathered in haste a perishing garland,
On thy untimely grave laid as a symbol of love.

THE GRAVE.

WHOSE grave is this ? the mould so freshly thrown
Speaks it new opened ; o'er the uncovered ground
The carpet of the Spring is not yet grown,
Like a seamed scar upon a closing wound.

A stranger's from the land of frost and snow ;
A blue-eyed youthful mother's, who in vain
Came here, to drink the healing gales which blow
In southern skies, but ne'er went home again.

Poor child ! from kindred and from friends removed,
A lily in a distant garden dying,
Untimely snapped in twain ! and those she loved
Know scarcely where their withered flower is lying.

Her northern heart loved well its mother earth,
The vallies where she drew her earliest breath ;
Her eye turned ever to its place of birth,
And sought the Pole-star till it closed in death.

So young, so fair, so formed for earthly bliss,
 Now only dust, and in a foreign land ;
 Not even allowed in death once more to kiss
 A mother's lip, to press a father's hand.

'Tis said, within the royal halls they live
 Of our great countryman, the Northern King :
 He loves and honours them, and fain would give
 Some comfort to the parents sorrowing.

Who can give comfort ? neither kings nor slaves,
 Thou mother heart ! to sorrow such as thine ;
 Which, like the quenchless lamp in Roman graves,
 Burns undiscovered in its secret shrine.

Bind a green wreath, upon her grave to lay,
 From the majestic oaks, which round us stand ;
 She knows the leaves, and, in a happier day,
 Has twined such garlands in her fatherland.

Not so ; of lilies will I bind the wreath,
 White as the snow upon her mountain home ;
 White as the marble of her cheek in death ;
 White is death's hue, green speaks of hope to come.

Yes ! green belongs to hope ; let both unite ;
A Christian mourner cannot know despair :
The green oak-garland and the chaplet white
Lay side by side. How sad, and yet how fair !

Come, southern flowers, and twine above her grave
Emblems of pity, which to grief are dear ;
Stand here, wild briar ! and thy pale blossoms wave ;
Forget-me-not ! stand thou, and sorrow here.

Ye winds of Heaven, breathe a gentle sigh
Above the tomb, where now she rests from pain ;
And let the murmuring billows softly die,
Upon the shore they bore her to in vain.

BIRD-PAIRING.

GREEN hunter ! load
 Your rifle now :
 Your stealthy road
 Winds o'er the mountain's brow
 To yonder swamps.
 Yet is it time : night's starry lamps
 Smile on the earth ; young love lies warm
 Cradled in Spring's fond arm.

Hush ! hush ! hush !
 Birds, like joy, are full of fear,
 Wakeful love can danger hear :
 Creeping, slow,
 Softly go :
 Hark ! they are stirring in the bush.

See, how the night
 Fades, dies away
 In morning grey ;
 While streaks of light

Land and sea are calling up ;
 Day is red on the hill-top :
 But underneath,
 The dales, the groves, are dark as death.
 Seest thou yonder pine-clad isle
 Dimly smile,
 In the light :
 Now the tree-tops are faintly bright
 In the twilight cold and clear :
 Birds to-day are pairing there.

Hark ! how their tender lay
 Salutes the day,
 Salutes the mate, already seen
 Perched on the branches green ;
 How lovingly the strain
 Pours forth, to gain
 The bashful bride, as coy as though
 She the courtship did not know.
 Hark ! how in murmurs sweet,
 They the old tale repeat ;
 Love, which must eternal be,
 Endless truth and constancy ;
 All that fondest longing feels,
 All that brightest hope reveals :

There is sorrow's gentle sigh,
 There is joy's exulting cry,
 Mingling in one ;
 And not a tone
 Discordant from a single bush or tree ;
 All is delicious harmony.

How eloquent thou art,
 Eternal voice of Nature's heart !
 Thou holy flame,
 Ever changing, still the same ;
 Life's endless spring,
 Soul of every living thing,
 Height of joy and depth of pain
 Known in Heaven, or felt on earth ;
 Love ! love ! no song to which my art gives birth
 Speaks the wild joy of thy tumultuous strain.

Louder swell the notes
 Gushing from their throats,
 Murmuring, thrilling through the grove :
 Songs of rage as well as love,
 Love and rage and rivalry.
 Chased must the hated rival be
 O'er hill and dale, far from the trysting tree.

What can assuage
 Their jealous rage ?
 War, and warlike songs.
 The prize, the struggle, is the same
 As before Troy, whose deeds of fame
 In many a battle song are shown :
 To the forest strife belongs
 Rightly an Iliad of its own.

The squadrons stand aside,
 While Paris forth is gone
 With Menelaus to contend alone,
 And battle for the beautiful bride.
 There Helen sits, not upon Ilion's wall,
 But on a pine-tree tall ;
 Thence she beholds the strife,
 Destined to be the conqueror's wife.

With fierce delight
 The Greek and Trojan fight ;
 They clap their wings,
 With eager springs
 Breast against breast they rise ;
 And the red ring swells round their fiery eyes.

Claw and crooked beak
 Their hate and rage bespeak.
 Feathers fly ; the life blood drops,
 Spattering the green grass tops ;
 Till, weary of the fight,
 Paris turns to flight.
 But ah ! a Pandarus is there,
 Already plans his treacherous snare,
 His bow already on the Spartan bends,
 While he struts proudly through his Grecian friends.

The victor's song
 Sounds now : he will not triumph long.
 He boasts of deeds of glory done
 For his dear love, while in the tone
 The songster's rage is still expressed ;
 But, in his loving breast,
 Rage cannot last ;
 Already is it past.
 Hark ! how the melody outpouring
 Seems to decay,
 And melts away,
 Sweetly for love imploring ;

And, in complaining longing sighs,
Softly dies.

Hunter ! be quick, observe the tone ;
Steal along,
While swells the song,
Sight and hearing then are gone :
But, when he holds his warbling breath,
Crouch down, as low, as still as death.
Heed not that the swamp is deep,
Through the marshes you must creep ;
If the victor you would win,
Get your rifle's range within.

Fire !
Hushed is the song, dispersed the choir,
And in the warbler's heart the lead.
But he died without a pang,
Fondest loved, and sweetest sang,
Happy dead !

TO NORBERG.¹

CANST thou forget the land thou lovedst of yore,
 The white tower gleaming on the flowery plain,
 Where the Sound's watchful waters guard the shore,
 Circling its green oaks and its golden grain?
 Thy land, thy friends, hast thou forgotten all?
 I come from them, and in their name to thee I call.

Full well I know, around the well known hearth
 Thou yearnedst thy fathers' northern graves to see;
 For, there the heaven is brighter, and the earth
 Is nearer heaven, and may its rival be,
 Glittering o'er sea and land with meteor light;
 Nor sleeps the sun, as here, through the midsummer-night.

¹ Norberg was Professor of Oriental and Greek literature in the University of Lund, and was one of Tegnér's earliest and best friends. This poem, which should have been prefixed to the 'Children's Communion,' was accidentally omitted from its proper place.

I know it well ; for, I have often pined
 For my own mountains, and my woods' hoarse sound,
 As poets wish for heaven ; I longed to find
 The birch-trees which my mother's house surround :
 A thought of home in every bosom glows ;
 There are the heavens more blue, and redder there the rose.

Yet, is not also here a Swedish land
 Of liberty, which ne'er gave birth to slaves ?
 Here, on this Northern point, does there not stand
 A beacon, built to light up hills and waves,
 An unquenched flame, with new fire spreading still ?
 Hast thou not watched it too, thyself, with faithful skill ?

What is man's fatherland ? Is it the shore
 Where chance set down his cradle, or the land
 Where he has offered to a mightier power,
 The God of light, all that he can command ;
 His fancy's bloom, his Being's better part,
 The wisdom of his thought, the goodness of his heart ?

The solemn learning of the olden time
To us through forty years thou didst unfold ;
Here stood thy fame in its young glorious prime,
Thy honour's fosterland, thy name's stronghold ;
Then thou wert ours, as now thou art. This day
We claim our right in thee ; we summon thee away.

Return, friend of the East ! pride of the North !
Man of the long forgotten age of gold,
Of simple speech, and patriarchal worth,
In innocence a child, in wisdom old !
Return to Lund's dear well-remembered bowers ;
Sit down, and talk with us through the long winter-hours.

Tell us of all the wonders thou went nigh,
Remembered yet, in the Sun's burning climes ;
Of Hellas, old heir-loom of memory,
Of Rome, the burial-place of perished times.
Tell us of these, while at thy feet we gather,
Like children clustering round a much-loved father,

And sit like them, with clasped hands, listening
 In reverential silence round thy chair ;
 Then seek our homes, where dreams again shall bring
 A vision such as we have looked on there :
 A sage with silver hair, who tells strange tales
 Of morning's rosy gates : then glow the hills and dales,

And Time unseals the sepulchre's dark door,
 And at her feet the veil of Isis lies ;
 Persepolis reveals the mystic lore
 Which the sun vainly pored on from his skies :
 All is disclosed, and even Eleusis seems
 To make her secret ours.— How beautiful are dreams !

Till then, accept a greeting from the land
 Where in each heart a shrine for thee is dressed ;
 Accept an humble offering from the hand
 Which with a father's love thou oft hast pressed.
 Poor is the gift : all we can call our own
 Is penury's now : the golden age is gone.

NOTES.

FRITHIOF'S SAGA. [p. 1.]

The original of the " Lines written in a Presentation Copy of Frithiofs Saga, " which have not yet appeared in print, and which I publish by leave of my friend, Mr. D. Carnegie, to whom they were addressed by Tegnèr, is as follows.

1838.

Jag kan ej skilja mig från Fädren's minne,
Min håg står jemt till denne forntids-werld,
Barbarisk väl, men dock med kraft i sinne
Ock slöpadt stäl i tanka som i svärd. —
Jag vet det val, en annan tid är inne,
Den står för när, — den är ej sången wärd :
Vi tale rent, der Vikingen må stamma,
Men Känslan's grundton är ändå densamma.

En dunkel hågkomst fyller Diktens stunder,
Den rätta Sångmön Minnets dotter är,
Dess werld var det Atlantis som gick under
Med högre Kraft — med ädlare begär.

På hafvets botten susa nu dess lundar,
 Ock höga Andar gå i månsken der,
 Ett folk af vålnader — på våta vingar
 De dyke upp hvarhelst en lyra klingar.

Så tag en bild af gamla' hjelte-lifvet,
 Som Sagan målar det bland Nordens fjäll,
 Ack! matt ock dunkel är det återgifvet,
 Som rustningen på brustna runohäll. —
 På himla hvalfvet står det bättra skrifvet,
 J Stjerneskrift som lågar upp hvar quäll,
 Der Nordens Björner än på fästet jaga,
 En hög, en gudadiktad Frithiofsaga.

SWEDEN. [p. 7.]

The denunciations against luxury in the poem of "Sweden" may appear extravagant; but the same notion of the danger to be apprehended to the character of the nation, from indulging in foreign delicacies, may be found in the history of Sweden, in several royal sumptuary edicts of no very ancient date. The following passage is taken from the Annual Register of 1767: "A counsellor of state, who had neglected to have a velvet border stripped off a cloak, which he had worn for many years, was summoned before the tribunal whose province it is to put the edict against luxury in force, and received a severe reprimand from those grave judges for the misdemeanour. A lady also of the first quality was obliged to appear before the same tribunal, and underwent an equal censure

“for drinking a dish of chocolate in her box at the play-house.”

In the Annual Register of 1770 it is stated that “A new ordinance relative to pomp and luxury has been issued, by which the severity of the former, of 1765, has been much relaxed. All wines, however, except those of France, the Rhine, and Portugal, (these are notable exceptions,) as well as punch, still continue to be prohibited; as are worked ruffles, velvets, and silk laces upon liveries. The use of coffee, tea, and chocolate, is permitted; but every family that use them must pay for a license, in proportion to their rank and number. The importation of windowglass from England and France is permitted, but subject to a duty, of 25 per Cent. By another regulation the expence of funerals is limited, and oak coffins are prohibited; as are heyducs and running footmen.”

Tegnèr’s poem must be considered as addressed to a nation, among whom ideas of this kind were still deemed patriotic.

THE DAYS OF THE ASAS. [p. 67.]

According to the Edda, the Asas, or Scandinavian deities, dwell in Himminborg, the road to which is across the bridge Bæfrost, which mankind call the rainbow. One of the Asas, called Heimdall, remarkable for being born of nine mothers, is its appointed watchman. His horse is named Gulltopp (Gold mane). He carries a trumpet called Gjaller horn (Yellow horn), with which to warn the Asas of the approach of

their implacable enemies, the giants. He needs no more sleep than a bird, and can see one hundred leagues in every direction : he can hear the grass sprout, and the growth of wool on a sheep's back. When Ragnarok, or the universal conflagration at the end of time, is come, he will rouse the Asas by blowing his horn, so that all creation will hear it. Surtur (the black prince of fire), with the mysterious sons of Muspel, will then ride over Bãfrost, enveloped in flames, and destroy it.

Odin, also called Valfader, is the chief of the Asas. His horse, Sleipner, has eight legs, and is the best in the world. Odin is constantly attended by two ravens, who sit on his shoulders, and whisper all that is done throughout the world. Those who die in battle feast with Odin, in Valhalla. Next to Odin, Thor is the most mighty of the Asas. He dwells in Thrudvang. He possesses three wonderful treasures : his hammer, or mace, Mjölнар, which, when thrown from him, is sure to strike its aim, and returns to his hand ; his belt of strength, which, when buckled on, doubles his might ; and his iron gauntlet, without which he could not lift his hammer. Loke is the origin of all evil ; he is descended of the giants, but frequents the company of the Asas, whom he has often brought to great trouble, but has again relieved them by his inventive cunning. When Thor visited Loke in his palace of Outward, he was invited to sundry trials of strength and skill, the result of which greatly astonished and alarmed Loke, although, by his cunning illusions, he contrived for a while to disparage all that Thor could do. Thus, in a drinking match, Loke contrived to set the open bottom of the horn in the sea, so that Thor, with his utmost exertions, could not

drain it dry; nevertheless, the great draught he took produced the first ebb of the tide. Thor also wrestled with Time, in the disguise of an old woman, who could only bring him on one knee; and nearly pulled away the great serpent Midwardworm, which lies curled round the earth; believing at the time, through Loke's illusions, that he was only attempting to raise his cat from the floor. On his journey to Outward, Thor had already fallen in with Loke, and had attempted to smite him dead with his hammer, while asleep; but Loke contrived to set a rock before his head, without its being perceived by Thor, who only split the crags, when he believed he was beating in the giant's skull. In the morning, Loke complained that his rest had been disturbed by the leaves and twigs falling from the tree under which he slept. All these wild stories are told in the Edda at great length, with considerable humour of a peculiar kind; but it is not easy to comprehend the spirit in which they were devised respecting one of the most awful of its deities who, by the side of Loke, is made to appear little better than a simpleton.

The third in dignity among the Asas is named Njörd: he has two children, a son named Frey, and a daughter Freya. Frey has charge of the sunshine and rain, and all grass and corn which grows on the earth. Freya is the most beautiful among the daughters of the Asas: her tears are of pure gold. She is otherwise called Vanadis.

Hertha is the goddess of the earth: she is the wife of Agir, god of the sea. Iduna is the wife of Brage, the most learned and wisest among the Asas, and records all their exploits. She keeps in a box the apples of immortality, by eating which the Asas renew their youth. Once, when

she was carried off by the giant Thjasse, they all became old and greyhaired, until Loke, with the help of Freya's falcon, discovered and brought her home.

Nörve is the name of a giant, whose daughter Night married Delling, of the race of the Asas; their son, Day, was like his father, of a light and ruddy complexion. Odin took Night, and her son Day, gave to each of them a horse and car, and set them in the heavens to drive continually about the earth. The name of Night's horse is Rimfast (Rime-horse): the foam from his bit each morning sprinkles the earth with dew. Day's horse is called Skinfast, (Shine-horse): the whole earth and air are enlightened by his mane.*

In the great battle between the Asas and the Giants of the Frost, which precedes Ragnarok, Thor destroys the great Worm, but is at the same time suffocated by the venom which it vomits. Odin is devoured by the wolf Fenris, which again is destroyed by Vidar, the son of Odin. Loke and Heimdall kill each other: then Surtur darts fire and flame over the whole world, which is consumed. Then fol-

* There is a small fishing-town on the coast of Fife, belonging to Mrs. Bethune of Balfour, called Cellardyke, the etymology of which name has long perplexed the learned. In the old charters in her possession, the place is called Skinfasthaven, which, coupled with the foregoing myth, immediately declares it to have been originally named by believers in the Edda, who probably came from the opposite Norwegian coast. Sailing from the eastward, they might naturally and poetically enough call the western haven at which they arrived, "The place where the Sun stables his steed." This old designation having thus fixed the country of the early inhabitants, we may venture to conjecture that its other name, Cellardyke, is derived from the same source, and is in fact a corruption of Killardyke, or "Herring-pond." This etymology is the more probable, because, to this day, the town is known as one of the best stations for the herring fishery on the eastern coast of Scotland.

low a new heaven and a new earth, with the prediction of which this part of the Edda abruptly concludes.

THE GIANT. [p. 71.]

The Giants of the Edda combine many of the attributes of the Greek Titans, and the Afrites of the Arabians. There is a continual conflict between them and the Asas. The first of whom mention is made in the Edda is called by the Asas Ymer, but by the giants Urgelmer. He was killed by Odin, with the assistance of his brothers Vile and Ve. Tegnèr has given Ymer's history in the version which he has made of part of the Edda, which he has thrown into the form of a dialogue, or sort of questioning match, between a celebrated giant called Vafthrudner, and Odin, who goes to him, disguised under the name of Gangrath. They endeavour to pose each other by different inquiries into the origin of things in general. After Odin has stood his trial, he begins in his turn.

GANGRATH.

First and foremost answer,
If in truth, Vafthrudner,
You can read my riddle,
Knowing giant, say,
If wisdom's gift indeed to you is given,
How was made the earth, and how the heaven?

VAFTHRUDNER.

Of Ymer's body
Was earth created,

And mountains fashioned
 Of Ymer's bones ;
 The bubbling waters from his blood appeared,
 The vaulted heaven from his skull was reared.

I pass over the three next questions and answers, which relate to other matters.

GANGRATH.

Read my riddle deftly,
 The fifth I ask, Vafthrudner,
 Whether did the Asas'
 High celestial line,
 Or the race of Ymer first arise,
 When time's first morning dawned upon the skies ?

VAFTHRUDNER.

Unnumbered winters,
 Ere earth was made,
 Was born Bergelmer,
 Thrudgelmer's son ;
 Urgelmer was his father's ancient name,
 The oldest ancestor the giants claim.

GANGRATH.

Tell me now, Vafthrudner,
 What I sixthly ask you ;
 If you boast your wisdom,
 Cunning champion, say,
 Can you the birth of the old giant trace,
 The first beginner of the godless race ?

VAFTHRUDNER.

From Hell's dark fountains
 Fell streams of poison,
 And after hardened
 To giant form.
 Red lightnings, flashing from the Southern ocean,
 Kindled the frozen mass to life and motion.

The end of the contest is curious. After receiving satisfactory answers to all his other questions, Odin goes on as follows.

GANGRATH.

Widely have I wandered,
 Much have I attempted,
 Many Gods have tested !
 Now Vafthrudner, tell,
 What to Baldur, Odin whispering said,
 When on the funeral pile his son he laid ?

VAFTHRUDNER.

No mortal creature
 Knows what to Baldur
 You that day whispered,
 Ere time began.—
 With lips devoted
 To death, I utter
 The words of wisdom,
 The Asas' fall.
 Wisdom I to Odin have narrated,
 Thou art the wisest, who hast time created.

It thus appears, although Vafthrudner allows himself to be worsted, by his inability to answer the last question, that he had a sort of triumph on his side also; having penetrated the disguise which Odin had adopted, on the suggestion of his wife Frigga, lest he might not come to honour in his contest with the knowing giant, from attempting which she was very earnest to dissuade him.

NEW YEAR'S LAMENT, (imitated from Schiller.) [p. 82.]

The poems of Schiller have exercised a marked influence over Tegnèr. The poem here paraphrased is entitled "Der Antritt des neuen Jahrhunderts."

HYMN TO THE SUN. [p. 112.]

In this poem I have entirely departed from the metre of the original, which consists of short lines, often of wonderful strength and beauty, but which I found extremely difficult to imitate effectively in English. The few following lines will give some idea of their structure.

THEE I hail in my song,
Proud, far-glittering Sun!
Round the imperial throne,
Where thou sittest alone,

Worlds, thy worshippers, run.
 Deep in desolate night
 Go the suppliant throng;
 But thy path is in light.

As this change has made my version rather a paraphrase
 than a translation, I subjoin a literal prose translation.

HYMN TO THE SUN.

To thee I sing a song,
 Thou high-streaming sun!
 Round thy kingly seat,
 Deep in the livid night,
 Hast thou worlds set
 As vassals. Thou lookest
 Down on the worshippers,
 But thy path is in light.

See, Nature is dead;
 Night, the phantom's friend,
 On her bleak magnificence
 Has laid his pall.
 Many a night-lamp looks
 Down into the house of sorrow.
 But thou risest again
 Out of the East in a glow;
 Like a rose out of its bud
 Grows up creation.

It gets life, it gets colour ;
 But thou lookest down glad
 On the glistening leaf,
 On the flaming mountain.
 The running stream of life
 Which was frozen, and stopped,
 Now gently murmurs on,
 With thy flickering image ;
 Till thou glancest down cool
 Out of the western hall,
 Where for foreboding hope,
 Where for wearied virtue,
 To the dwelling of the blessed
 The gates fly open.

O thou son of Heaven !
 Whence comest thou ?
 Wert thou by, wert thou by,
 When the Eternal sat,
 And in the flashing night
 Sowed flaming seed ?
 Or stoodest thou perhaps
 By his unspeakable throne,
 (It stands above the worlds),
 As an angel to worship :
 Until thou, proud one, wouldst not bear
 What from the throne was commanded :
 And He, incensed, took thee
 By thy radiant throat,
 And threw thee with contempt

Like a ball into the blue,
 To proclaim still
 His disowned power.
 Therefore thou hurriest on,
 So restless, so swift ;
 No comforting friend
 Bids the wanderer hold.
 Therefore still in the midst
 Thou drawest the covering of the clouds
 Over the burning of thy cheeks.
 For, thou mournest the day,
 When the Avenger rejected thee
 Out of his holy law ;
 And thou fellest from his knees
 Hither into the desolate places.

Tell me, art thou not weary
 On thy lonely way ?
 Does the road not seem long to thee
 Which thou hast trod so often ?
 For many thousand years
 Hast thou come again,
 And not yet turns grey
 Thy golden-yellow hair.
 Like a hero thou goest
 Upon thy glittering path ;
 Thy armies still
 Wheel safely round thee.
 But there comes an hour,
 When thy golden ring

Flies asunder : its clang
 Warns the world of its fall ;
 And, like a crumbling house,
 Sink down the corners of Creation,
 After thee in ruins.
 And flying time,
 Like a wing-struck eagle,
 Falls dead beside thee.
 An angel then comes forth,
 Where yesterday thou swamdest,
 Like a golden swan,
 Through the blue ocean.
 See, there he looks silent
 Round the deserted space ;
 But thee he finds not.
 For, thy trial has ended,
 And, reconciled at last,
 The Eternal has taken thee,
 Like a child in his arms ;
 And now thou dwellest
 In his fatherly bosom.

Well ; so roll thy globe
 In light, and go glad
 Toward thy transfiguration.
 After long weary night,
 I shall see thee again,
 In a more beautiful blue ;
 I shall hail thee there
 With a more beautiful song.

FIRE. [p. 116.]

The literal translation of this poem is as follows :

DARK lay the Deep in dead petrification,
 Unfathomable, like the will of All-father ;
 Formless, without spirit, without body.
 No soul took up in its mirror
 The images of things. Creation's seal
 Was not broken open.

Eternity, like a serpent in coils,
 Lay, and brooded with swart wings
 Upon worlds, not yet forthcoming.
 The tent of space lay unspread. For time
 Was not yet any hour gone by,
 And its hour-glass stood still.

See ! it lightens ! See, how night shrinks !
 Life wakens, knows itself, and breathes,
 In the grave where formerly death froze.
 Things are pictured, and may be distinguished.
 The heaven raises itself to a vault. In flame
 The sun starts loose.

The East tears itself with might from the West ;
 Right against the North the South fixes its dwelling :
 Heaven's roses burst out of their bud :
 Day shifts over land and water.
 The moon, reddening and shy, in the night
 Lifts up her eye.

Plants shoot out of the warmed soil,
 The forest's crowns rustle over the hill,
 Flowers stand at its feet,
 Beasts play. Alone, without peer
 Stands forth man, and for a double kingdom
 Takes earth and heaven.

Pulse in the veins of Nature,
 Growth in plants, and life in beasts,
 Heavenly flame! who has kindled thee?
 Yea, All-father, as yet known of none,
 Willed once to image himself in things,
 And his mirror burned.

No harp is tuned to thy honour,
 Time smiles at the solemn doctrine of Zenda,
 Vesta's altar flames no more;
 But one mighty temple yet holds thee,
 And thy abandoned altar shines
 Down from the sun.

Over all art thou, like a heavenly spirit:
 Without food thou livest in atoms;
 Thou devourest worlds, and hungerest yet.
 In vain will the inquirer seek thy essence;
 He explains not thy heavenly flame;
 But he is warmed by it.

Tell us, tell us, art thou not the same,
 Known as the flame of Genius, or the sun,

In the lay of the poet, in the glory of the spring ?
 When a volcano or a hero rages,
 Is it not the same fire, which bursts out
 With the same power.

The moon looks on the desolate tower
 Down in the night, oh, so looks sorrow
 Down on the grave of a friend of our youth.
 The evening is announced by Freya's star,
 Oh, so looks many a Northern maid
 On her bridal throne.

Heavenly flame ! when the tired spirit
 One day flies to the blue lands,
 Where perhaps it dwelt long ago,
 Welcome the wandering guest ;
 And make it, as thou makest asbestos,
 More beautiful and pure.

THE STRANGER. [p. 124.]

I have made two translations of this poem. I have given in the body of the book that which is closest in both substance and form to the original, but one or two thoughts are better preserved in the other, which, therefore, I add also. In both I have substituted the nightingale for the quail, at the risk of introducing a bird, perhaps unknown to the ornithology of Sweden.

Far in the sunny South, beyond the sea,
 A lonely mother mourns, and tearfully
 Looks up in silence to that Northern shore,
 Where dwells the child she dreads to see no more.

She waits in sorrow for those words of love,
 Descending on her spirit like a dove,
 The kindly greeting, traced by his dear hand,
 To tell his freedom from that foreign land.

Desolate mother! all thy hope is past :
 Tidings, but not from him, are come at last.
 Thy trembling hands unfold them, and find there —
 Of him nought, save a ringlet of his hair.

He hears no longer now the busy strife,
 He looks not on the giddy whirl of life ;
 He sleeps upon the northern mountain's breast,
 Whose giant peaks watch round his place of rest.

And Freja's star, dear to the wretched, streams
 Upon his grave her melancholy beams :
 Oh, thou poor mourner! in thy Italy
 Does the same mournful star look down on thee?

Young friend! the birthplace of the Runic rhyme
 Shall keep thy dust till Heaven's appointed time ;
 But friendship shall the power of death withstand,
 And bear thy name back to thy native land.

Dost thou in death desire once more to see
 The happy haunts of thy glad infancy ?
 Where the rich vineyard clothes the fertile hill,
 And golden fruits the glowing vallies fill ?

Thy glance is mournful, as when stars are shining,
 And like the tone of nightingales repining
 Is thy low voice : I hear its dying swell
 Whispering to thine own its last farewell.

“ Mourn not for me, though my brief summer ends,
 “ Though no ripe autumn on my life descends,
 “ The flower too quickly forced must needs decay,
 “ And, by as early ruin, fall away.

“ And do not hate the chilly north, although
 “ Your cherished blossom withered beneath her snow ;
 “ All man can earn on earth to me she gave ;
 “ In life affection, and in death a grave.

“ The silent tears of noble hearts shall tell
 “ That I was loved, how dearly and how well !
 “ The pitying hands of fair young girls shall braid
 “ The wreath of death that on my grave is laid.

“ And on the tomb, which these true friends will rear,
 “ Dark lines to tell their love shall long appear ;
 “ There shall pale roses glisten round the stone,
 “ With the blue flower which memory names her own.

"There, too, the hospitable elm shall spread
 "Her mournful arms to guard the stranger's bed :
 "And in their shade the nightingale shall be,
 "And warble to the night my elegy.

THE GRAVE. [p. 129.]

In the tenth stanza of this poem, I have ventured to change the thought contained in the second line, which is

En dotter lefver, klädd i hoppets grönt.

A daughter lives, in hope's green livery clad.

It seemed to me that the poor infant orphan, in a foreign land, hardly furnished a topic of consolation.

BIRD-PAIRING. [p. 132.]

In introducing a literal version of this very singular poem, I wish to take the opportunity of protesting against the villainy of its felon sportsman, who goes out to shoot in pairing-time.

Load thy tube,
 Green-clad hunter !
 The mountain-ways
 Creep through,
 Down to the marsh :
 Yet is it time : the nightly lamps

Look on the earth, while the loving swarm
Sleep in the bosom of Spring.

Take heed, heed :
A bird is as gladness shy,
Love is watchful ; is never secure ;
Creep softly,
Silent, on your toe ;
Just now begins the birds' carol.

Seest thou, the night
Pales, flies,
Morning grows grey :
Land and water
Light up ;
Day is red on the mountain top :
But underneath
It is yet dark in dale and groves.
Seest thou the island, crowned with pines,
Faintly appear
Through the dawning haze ?
Seest thou how their tops swim
In a twilight yet pale ?
There is the bird-pairing.

Hark ! how the tender race
Hails the day,
Hails the fair one, who already
Wakes on the green.

How the yearning songs
 Seek the bride,
 Court the coy one,
 Who makes as if she knows it not.
 Hear how they complain,
 And tell the heart's old tale
 Of deathless desire,
 Of faith which is everlasting.
 All that longing says most tender,
 All that hope knows most glad,
 Sighs and cries of joy,
 Are mingled there
 One with another ;
 None can blame the forest-bard.
 Eternal Nature,
 How thou speakest thence !
 Holy flame,
 Ever changing, and yet the same !
 Life creative word,
 Heart of things,
 Highest joy and highest pain
 In heaven or on earth,
 Love, love, when thou singest in thy free revelry,
 No art can match thy tones.
 But wilder at once becomes,
 The bird's song ;
 It warbles, it murmurs.
 Hark ! how it threatens
 The hated rival.

He shall forth, he shall forth, over mountain and dale.
 Who can quiet the wrathful one?
 War-song, strife,
 The same strife, the same prize,
 As at the much-sung Troy.
 The strife were worthy of its page
 In the forest Iliad.

The armies go asunder ;
 Menelaus is to fight
 With Paris now :
 The prize is the fair bride.
 Helen sits—not on the wall,
 She sits in a pine-tree,
 She looks on the contest ;
 As that goes she gains a husband.

Bloody is the fight
 Between the Trojan and the Greek :
 They two oppose each other, breast to breast ;
 The wings strike,
 And the red ring
 Swells round the glowing eyes.
 Crooked beak and claw
 Give no rest, no pause ;
 The feathers fly, the blood drops
 Down on the grass tops :
 Till, weary of his adventure,
 Paris flies.

Ah ! but soon a Pandarus bends
 His ambushed bow,
 Aims at the conqueror,
 As he struts among the Achæans.
 The victor-song
 Rings now ; it lasts not long :
 It tells of deeds of glory,
 For the fair one, for the dear one.
 Rage is yet in the songster's voice ;
 But, in his loving breast,
 Harsh anger
 Dwells not long.
 Hark ! how the tone changes ;
 By little and little,
 Sinks down,
 Decays, implores,
 And shortly in longing sighs
 Melts away.

Haste thee, hunter ! when the bird sings,
 His sight fails,
 His hearing fails : spring ; give heed
 To the strength of the song.
 But, when the warbling song falters,
 Crouch down like a death's head.
 The marsh is deep, what matters that ?
 The water goes only to your knee :
 Will you win the conqueror,
 Your range, your range you must reach.

Fire !

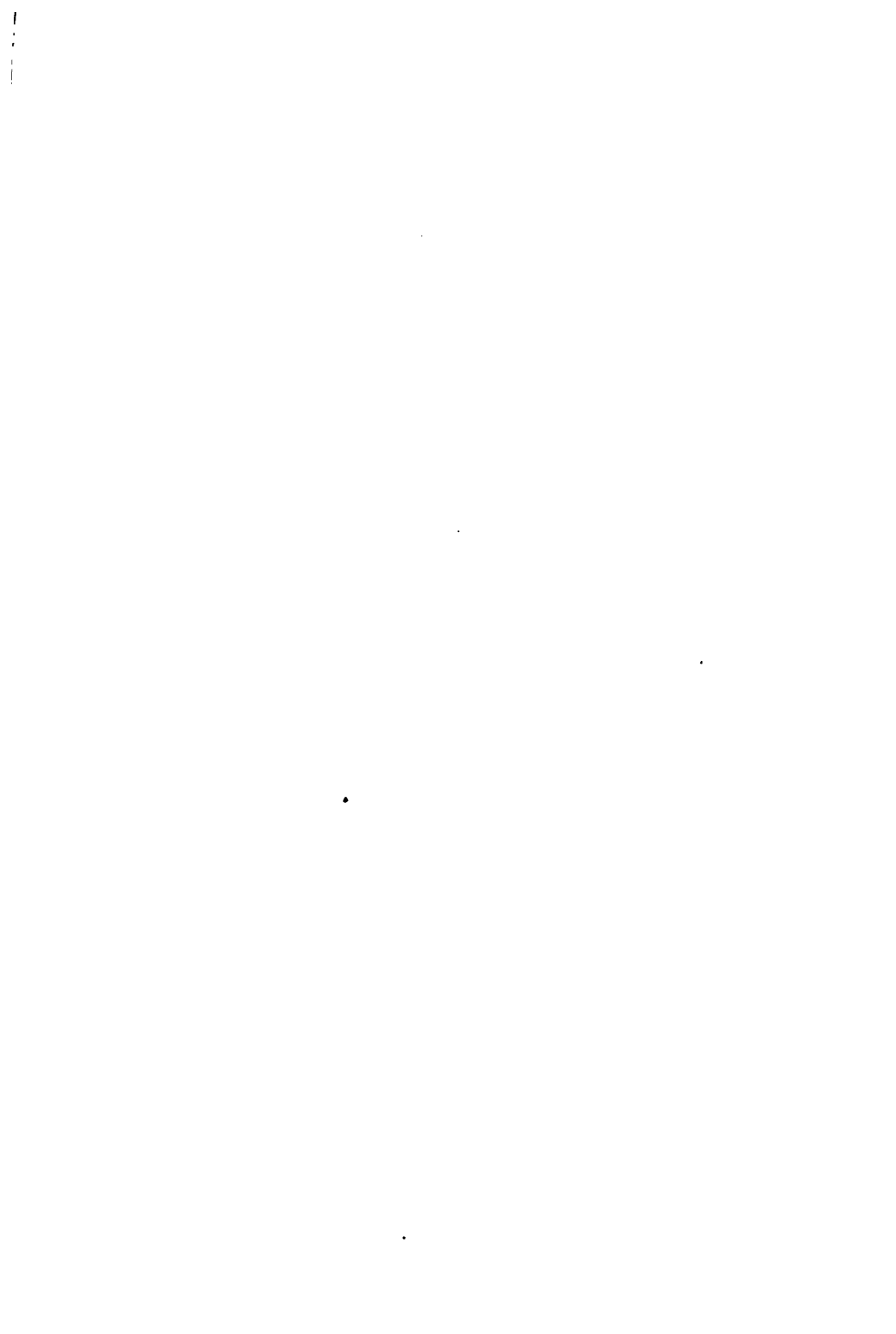
The song is silent ; the flock flies :
The lead is in the middle of the singer's heart.

But he died without pain ;
He sang best, and he loved best :
Happy he !

THE END.

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THE
MAID OF ORLEANS,

BY
FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.



P R E F A C E
TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THIS translation was begun nearly seventeen years ago, but other pursuits interfered to prevent its completion at that time. An accident recently brought to my remembrance my early attempt, of which I had preserved no copy; and I began to write down as much as I could recollect, supplying vacancies as I proceeded. My aim has been merely to give the spirit of the original; and, when I thought that this was gained, I took no great pains to make a strictly literal version. I believe, however, that there are few passages in which I have departed very widely from the original, unless in one or two, which I have purposely altered or omitted. I shall be satisfied, if the friends, for whom alone I have printed this volume, derive from its perusal only a small part of the gratification which I have found in its composition.

London, 1835.

ERRATA.

Page 24, line 6, for "my" read "thy."

Page 100, line 1, for "you" read "your."

PREFACE.

“ It appears necessary that a man should be a nice
“ critic in his mother-tongue before he attempts to
“ translate in a foreign language. Neither is it sufficient
“ that he be able to judge of words and style, but he
“ must be a master of them too : he must perfectly
“ understand his author’s tongue, and absolutely com-
“ mand his own ; so that, to be a thorough translator,
“ he must be a thorough poet. Neither is it enough to
“ give his author’s sense in good English, in poetical
“ expressions and in musical numbers : for, though all
“ these are exceeding difficult to perform, yet there re-
“ mains a harder task : and it is a secret of which few
“ translators have sufficiently thought,—that is, the
“ maintaining the character of an author, which dis-
“ tinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear
“ that individual poet whom you would interpret. It
“ was objected of a late noble painter that he drew
“ many graceful figures, but few of them were like.

“ And this happened to him, because he always studied
“ himself more than those who sat to him.” *

Such was Dryden’s idea of the qualities necessary to a translator, which is but ill fulfilled by many, who nevertheless do not seem afflicted by any distressing consciousness of their own deficiencies. I have ventured to prefix this passage to the following attempt at rendering one of Schiller’s most beautiful dramas ; because, being aware how imperfectly I have succeeded in reproducing the beauty and spirit of the original, I had rather it should be attributed to want of power to do better, than want of perception of what is needed for excellence.

My work has grown upon me unawares, and was almost completed before I had distinctly formed the plan of undertaking it. Nor have I been hasty in bringing it before the public. Most of the principal speeches were translated, nearly thirty years ago, while I was a student at the foot of the Harz Mountains, when, in the course of many a lonely ramble over the hills between Osterode and Clausthal, I amused myself with repeating in English the passages of German authors which it was my daily exercise to commit to memory.

* Dryden, Preface to the second Miscellany.

Seventeen years later an accident reminded me of my early attempt, and I began to write as much of it as I could remember, supplying vacancies as I went on.

The translation, thus completed, was privately printed in 1835, for the amusement of my friends. I believe this to have been the earliest English version of "The Maid of Orleans." It was favourably received by those who read it, and thus I was encouraged to bestow some pains, at leisure hours, in correcting and improving it; with a vague notion, rather than a settled purpose, that it might at some time be published. In the interval, four other translations have appeared. The first of these was published in 1836, as one of a series of translations of German Classics, by Egestorff.* Viewed as the unassisted work of a foreigner, (which from internal evidence it seems to be,) it shews much knowledge and command of the English language, but it is occasionally defective in both force and harmony. These faults are most conspicuous, as might be expected, in the lyrical soliloquies, at the end of the Introductory Scene, and in the beginning of the fourth act. I abstain from selecting passages to

* The Maid of Orleans, translated from the German of Schiller, by Egestorff; London, Black and Young, 1836.

justify this opinion, lest I should seem to wish to throw ridicule on a work which, with all its faults, I consider highly creditable to its author.

Another translation, by Mr. Lucas, was printed at Bremen in 1841.* The forbearance, which is due to Mr. Egestorff's attempt, cannot be fairly claimed in this case; and, wanting such allowance, it is impossible not to pronounce this work to be thoroughly worthless. It might almost be suspected that Mr. Lucas had dwelt so long out of England that, by disuse of his mother-tongue, he had become unable to discern the faults of his versification, which grates harshly on the ear, and is clogged and weakened by trivial endings and trailing expletives, and deformed by awkward inversions.

But this supposition is somewhat impugned by his preface, which proves that he has not forgotten how to write correct and forcible English, *in prose*. The language in which he has there explained his views of the right aim of a translation is so strong and clear, and expresses so completely my own opinions, that I shall

* The Maid of Orleans, from the German of Friedrich von Schiller, by Newton Ivory Lucas, Bremen; London, Black and Armstrong, 1841.

presently use the freedom of employing it, as introductory to my own work, which perhaps might not have appeared, if the performance of Mr. Lucas had not seemed to me to fall so far short of the promise of his excellent theory.

The third translation, which I have to notice before my own, was published in 1842, and is the joint production of two accomplished sisters.* This work is almost wholly free from the faults of its two immediate predecessors. The versification is for the most part flowing and easy; it represents faithfully the sense of the original, which it renders in pure idiomatic English. Indeed, it seems to me so well done that, if I had met with it before my own version was attempted, I should not have thought myself capable of producing one worthy of being compared with it. I trust that the simple honesty of this declaration will not be wrested into a proof of vanity, in now venturing on comparison with that which I praise so unreservedly. A man may be forgiven for not abandoning his earlier claim, who finds another courting his own affianced bride, though

* The Maid of Orleans, and other poems, translated from the German by E. S. and F. I. Turner; London, Smith, Elder and Co., 1842.

he might have been too modest for rivalry, had he not been first in the field. A translator learns to look upon the author, whose thoughts and words he seeks to make his own, with a kindly feeling, which every one will acknowledge who has once felt it; and which, probably, those who have not will have no difficulty in understanding. This makes the foregoing metaphor not altogether inapplicable, and would alone be enough to explain why I should be unwilling not to be also known as one of Schiller's admirers. But, apart from such considerations, I should be uncandid, if I were not to admit that I like my own translation better than that, on which I have so freely bestowed the praise to which I deem it entitled. My judgment in this matter may be tersely expressed, in the same terms in which a lively Frenchman once endeavoured to compliment two young friends of mine in the same breath :

"Votre sœur est charmante ; mais, je vous préfère."

Having endeavoured to examine both impartially, I have come to the conclusion that the Miss Turners' translation is more literally accurate, and mine more thoroughly English. If this be so, we have each succeeded best in the kind of excellence at which each has chiefly aimed.

The Miss Turners have announced their creed in a quotation from Hooker, which appears in their title-page.

“ Of translations, the better I acknowledge that, which
“ cometh nearer to the very letter of the very original
“ verity.”

Having apparently to oppose such high authority, I might perhaps surmise that the judicious Hooker, when using these words, had in his thoughts a doctrinal epistle or legal instrument, rather than a work of poetical fancy. But I will content myself with merely quoting the opposite opinion, to which I subscribe, in the words of Mr. Lucas.

“ The object of the translator of a poetical work is,
“ or in my opinion should be, to convey the *thought*,
“ not the *letter*, of the original writer. In many cases,
“ a strict adherence to the letter or style is calculated to
“ misrepresent the original thought; or, more properly
“ speaking, to convey it in a language which does not
“ fully express it, or implies more than the original
“ thought was intended to express. The cause of this
“ seeming paradox lies in the peculiarity of the languages
“ themselves. Every nation has its own peculiar way of
“ conveying one and the same idea; and the picture,

“ which in one language is looked upon as almost perfect, would, if literally translated, be deemed by another, either deficient or overwrought. In rendering the following poem into English, I have endeavoured to give my author that language, in which, had he been an Englishman, he would, in my opinion, have expressed his thoughts.”

This theory expresses my opinions exactly, unless that, while careful to preserve the substance of the thoughts, and characteristic style of my original, I should be inclined to make also some allowance for certain differences in the turn and habits of thought of the two nations. Sometimes too, associations of ideas, arising from accidental causes, are to be shunned on the one side, which have no danger on the other.

It may often become a matter of great nicety to determine how far this freedom is to be used ; it is a question of feeling, rather than one which admits of strict definition ; and the critic must, in each case, judge for himself how far the spirit of the intention is preserved, which is to excite in one set of hearers, by the translation, corresponding emotions to those which the original produces in others. I have endeavoured to produce an

English poem ; and, in one word, which both explains and illustrates my meaning, to *translate* Schiller's work, not to *overset* it. But I believe that, while keeping this principle steadily in view, I have not wandered far from "the very letter of the very original verity ;" and this will perhaps appear, on comparison of my translation with that of the Miss Turners, who declare their chief aim to have been "to render the German into English as literally as possible ;" and who, as I think, have succeeded in doing so very smoothly ; though it seems to me that this course has led them to overlook a higher principle of poetical truth and beauty.

Nevertheless, the resemblance between many parts of their translation and that which I printed in 1835, is so close, that a casual reader might easily be led to believe, as at first I did, that one of them had been modelled on the other. Striking as many of these coincidences are, they are readily accounted for by the strong resemblance, in both expression and structure of language, which exists between the German and English tongues : so that it might well enough happen that two persons, working independently on the same German

original, with something like an equal appreciation of its spirit and beauty, should often translate it in almost identical English words. Having communicated to the Miss Turners' respectable publisher my original misapprehension, at the time when it arose, I think it due to him and to them to repeat the acknowledgement of my mistake, which, as soon as I learned to know them, and the truth of the matter, I hastened to offer to themselves.

The fourth translation, which I did not see until after the foregoing remarks were written, is by a gentleman named Thompson, and forms part of a series published as "Burn's Fireside Library."*

Mr. Thompson has examined his subject critically and philosophically, no less than poetically, and has produced a work of higher pretension, in some respects, than those on which I have already commented. They, as well as mine, seem to have been all unknown to him, as in his preface he describes his own as the first English translation of Schiller's poem. His preface and notes well deserve perusal, although he looks on deviation

* "The Maid of Orleans, a romantic tragedy, translated from the German of Friedrich von Schiller; London, James Burns," n. d.

from what it pleases him to term historical truth as a matter of more moment than, in my opinion, it deserves. Surely, in a work of art, if not generally, we may say with Tegnèr,

“ Hvarför icke? Hvad är verkligheten?

Hvad J kännen, hvad J veten,

Det är verkeligt, det lefven J.

Låt blott konsten lyfta Er ur gruset!

Vidsträckt är hon, såsom himlaljuset,

Och som hafvets våg så fri.”*

In Mr. Thompson's analysis of the character of Johanna, and his idea of the conception which Schiller had formed of his work, I for the most part concur. It seems to me however that Mr. Thompson has failed to perceive fully, or at least to express clearly, the obvious contrast which was intended between Johanna, as personifying the spirit of faith and its final triumph, and Talbot, embodying the principle of incredulous reason.

* Wherefore not? for, what is truth or seeming?

What you feel, and know, awake or dreaming,

That is life's reality.

Trust but to Poesy to wing your flight;

It may be boundless as the Heaven's own light,

And as ocean's waters free.

Mr. Thompson agrees with most other commentators in considering the apparition of the Black Knight as that of Talbot's spirit, and points out how, by this appearance, he is made to "confute his own error." I entertain no doubt that this was Schiller's idea in imagining this scene, and incline to think further that, by bringing it into strong contrast with the scene with Lionel, which immediately follows, the former exhibiting the maiden's unshaken faith, and the latter her lamentable weakness, he might possibly have intended an illustration of the warning text, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." On any supposition but this, the immediate connexion of these scenes is difficult to account for. As they comprise the main part of what have always appeared to me two capital defects in this drama, I will take occasion from having referred to them to explain, as reverently as I may, what I have ventured to think and to call errors in its idea and construction.

The first is in the representation of Johanna as unquestionably acting with supernatural powers. I think the tragic interest of the character would have been greatly increased, if that were not placed entirely beyond question,

which necessarily precludes all doubt of the final success of her mission. For, it is to be observed, that Johanna's soliloquy, at the end of the introductory scene, leaves no room for doubt of the source of her power, if it is once admitted to be supernatural. Enough might have been left of wonderful and incomprehensible; the actors in the drama might have been supposed under any degree of influence or delusion : all that it was necessary to avoid was what must appear impossible to the audience, unless on the supposition of supernatural intervention. For instance, the whole of Johanna's early history is equally compatible with the working of a strong imagination as with miraculous revelation. The mysterious helmet passes through so many hands, before it reaches Johanna, that the spectators of its delivery to her are not necessarily obliged to receive it as a divine token with the same faith as herself. The defeat of the English, the detection of Dunois when personating the King, the break out of prison, even the description of St. Catharine's sword, especially as we do not witness the finding, as well as the announcement of it, are none of them, in my judgment, mysteries which admit no possible natural solution; although they are extraordinary enough to

allow the notion of a miracle to be easily attached to them. Even Johanna's prophecy of the future fate of France and Burgundy belongs to the same class; because the audience are supposed to live in the scene before them, and have consented for the time to know no more than it teaches them: consequently, they are in no better condition than the actors themselves, for testing the truth or inaccuracy of the prophecy.

If any one comes to a different conclusion from mine, with respect to any of these incidents, it will only be necessary for him to class it with those few, which I consider inadmissible. For instance, when Johanna undertakes to tell the king the substance of his private prayers, and openly does so, not in general phrases, which she might easily have guessed, but with minute particularity, which Charles obviously admits to be true, the audience cannot attribute this to anything but supernatural information, unless they suppose the king to be in league with her to deceive his court; and this, although possibly it may not be very far removed from the real historical truth of the matter, is at variance with the whole construction of the drama, which, as I have already said, is the only history which they are bound to believe.

If this passage were slightly modified, and the apparition of the ghost of Talbot in the third act were removed, every other part of the drama might be easily adapted to the view here taken, and the theoretical uncertainty would be produced which would heighten the tragic interest. The apparition serves no very necessary purpose, and might at all events be omitted without much loss, although the scene has some fine lines.

What I have presumed to call the other capital fault of the tragedy, is the sudden and extravagant fancy of Johanna for Lionel, on which some of the principal incidents are made to depend. That she should fall in love with him, on a single glimpse of his countenance, when about to put him to death, and that her tender recollection of this weakness should be the crime, under the consciousness of which she should stand silent and motionless, when publickly charged by her father with sorcery from her youth upwards, does not seem the happiest invention for preparing the catastrophe. It appears to me that, instead of introducing this absurd passion, most improbable in any one, but especially revolting in Johanna, and which indeed disappears with almost the same inconceivable rapidity with which it

arose, it would have been more true to her character, if, at the close of her successful warfare, wounded, and with spirits and strength exhausted, her natural repugnance to the cruelty she believed herself called to execute should force her to reflections, in which she might feel and express mistrust of the reality of her inspiration. In the working out of these thoughts, (the gloomy and doubting character of which would supply the place of her interview with Talbot's apparition,) instead of a sudden attachment to a half-throttled stranger, she might be led generally to bewail the lot which had singled her from her sex, and barred her for ever from the common sympathies of her kind. A revulsion of feeling like this would be in nature, and therefore would be effective: she would see, without sharing, as now in the beginning of the fourth act, the gladness of all around her; she would feel that she had renounced her nature, and could not again descend into the common lot of humanity, without losing sight of those visions which alone had sustained her through scenes of blood and slaughter most abhorrent from her calmer thoughts. Hence regrets and complaints, which, in another mood, would appear to her blasphemous;

and from these conflicts between natural feeling, faith, enthusiasm and despair, the temper of mind necessary for the catastrophe of the fourth act would easily arise.

I think too, that most readers will wish that the scene with Montgomery could have been differently turned. A clever critic has said of Scott's "Fair Maid of Perth," that it is the only instance, in which cowardice is rendered interesting. I do not think even that exception made out; but, in the present case, I am quite certain that, if it were attempted to bring this play on the English stage, the audience would not allow Montgomery to depart in peace, without very sensible indications of their contempt for him. Schiller seems to have considered the scene necessary to contrast Johanna's behaviour to him and to Lionel.

In this edition, I have made many changes on the former one. These for the most part have been adopted for condensation, and producing a closer agreement with Schiller's language. I believe most of these to be improvements, although in some places, on comparison of both, I have been led to think of the adage, "*Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien.*" I have also restored two passages, in Act I. Sc. 10 and in Act II. Sc. 2, which I

had purposely suppressed in the private edition, but which I now feel myself bound to insert in their proper places. had in the former edition taken the course, also adopted by Mr. Lucas, of converting the rhymed stanzas at the beginning of the fourth Act into blank verse, corresponding with that in which the rest of the play is written. In a published translation this seems too great a liberty to be taken with the *form* of the original work; and therefore, not without some hesitation, I have now endeavoured to give them in a lyrical form. For the same reason, I also considered the propriety of imitating, in this edition, the Anapæstic verse in which the scene with Montgomery is written; but, after making the attempt, the effect seemed to me so disagreeable, that I finally determined to keep to the common Iambic line, as more familiar to an English ear.

I have yet to observe upon one other liberty which I have taken with Schiller's work, in substituting the names of Clifford and Mortimer for Fastolf and Lionel; and this will afford me the opportunity of mentioning a singular and amusing instance of critical ingenuity at fault, owing to the common mistake of seeking too deeply for that which lies on the surface.

I rejected the name of Fastolf, because, though he was one of Talbot's officers, and distinguished himself by winning the "Battle of the Herrings," with only 600 English, against Dunois and Lahire at the head of 3000 French, yet I feared he might be best remembered in England by Shakspeare's notice of his degradation from the Order of the Garter, and Talbot's denunciation of him, for that

"This dastard, at the battle of Patay,

"When but in all I was six thousand strong,

"And that the French were almost ten to one,

"Before we met, or that a stroke was given,

"Like to a trusty squire did run away."

I thought it advisable that the idea of Clifford's character, "whose pious duty" is honoured, by being allowed "freely to follow Talbot to his grave," should not be disturbed by such recollections. This change serves to illustrate my theory of adaptation, as a German audience would be less likely to be unpleasantly affected by these associations.

I had not so good a reason for cashiering Lionel, being moved thereunto by mere dislike of the name, as too redolent of the English Opera House.

I therefore picked out, *at random*, two good old English names, belonging to families of the period, to which the like objections did not apply. A German friend, to whom I submitted my work on its completion, many years ago, favoured me with an elaborate criticism on the whole, and did not of course overlook these changes. It is not in German nature to suppose it possible that any thing can be done by any body without good and weighty cause; and therefore the reasons for these alterations were discussed at length. As there was a substantial ground for the substitution of Clifford for Fastolf, it is not surprising that the sagacious critic forthwith detected it, and allowed its force; but, it might have been expected that he should be at a loss, when he had to account for the almost gratuitous appearance of Mortimer, *vice* Lionel. From this difficulty he extricated himself in the following masterly manner:

“The third Son of Edward III. was Lionel, Duke of Clarence; whose daughter Philippa married Edward Mortimer, Earl of March; and his son Roger Mortimer is the person intended. *Schiller therefore has mistaken the grandfather for the grandson, and we cannot blame the translator for having corrected this historical blunder.*”

I am very sensible that a mere unsupported protestation, that I was not aware that I was correcting any blunder, historical or other, ought to have little weight, when opposed to such a complete and convincing theory; and that most persons will be ready to agree that, if this was not my reason for the change, it ought to have been. It may therefore be right to mention, that not only Roger, but also his son Edmund Mortimer, whose age would have better corresponded to the time, was dead, five years before the Siege of Orleans. Fortified by this fact, I may venture to repeat that the coincidence has been wholly accidental, and that the apology of my friendly commentator was as great a surprise to me, as it could have been to Schiller himself, who, I venture to surmise, had not in his thought either the Duke of Clarence, Roger, or any other Mortimer, when drawing the character of his fictitious hero.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

INTRODUCTORY SCENE.

PERSONS.

THEOBALD OF ARC, *a rich Farmer.*

MARGARET, }
LOUISA, } *his daughters.*
JOHANNA, }

RAYMOND, }
STEPHEN, } *Shepherds, their suitors.*
CLAUDE, }

BERTRAND, *a Shepherd.*

SCENE.—*The neighbourhood of the Village of Dom. Remi.*

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

INTRODUCTORY SCENE.

A country landscape. On one side a Chapel ; on the other an old Oak Tree.

THEOBALD, MARGARET, LOUISA, JOHANNA, RAYMOND,
STEPHEN, CLAUDE.

THEOBALD.

Yes, friends and neighbours, we are yet to-day
Frenchmen and freemen ; we are masters still
Of the old ground which our forefathers ploughed :
We know not whom to-morrow makes our lord.
For, every where the haughty Englishman
Unfurls his conquering banner ; his proud steeds
Trample and spoil the blooming fields of France.
Paris has welcomed him as conqueror ;

And with the ancient crown of Dagobert
Graces the scion of a foreign stem.
The disinherited offspring of our kings
In his own kingdom must be fugitive ;
His nearest cousin and his noblest peer
Fights in the armies of his enemy ;
Aye ! his unnatural mother leads them on.
Round us our villages, our cities burn ;
And o'er these vallies, which yet rest in peace,
The cloud of desolation rolls more near.
Therefore, dear friends, toward my daughters turn
My careful thoughts, while, with the help of God,
I can provide for them ; for, woman needs
Protection in the miseries of war ;
And grief is lighter which is shared by love.
Stephen, you woo my Margaret : our lands
Lie close ; your hearts are closer still ; that makes
The marriage bond secure.

You are silent, Claude !

And my Louisa looks upon the ground :
Shall I unknit the ties of two fond hearts,
Because you have no wealth to offer me ?
Who now has wealth ? —Our harvests and our homes

Are given to robbers and devouring flames :
Only the stedfast heart of a true man
Can be a shelter in these stormy times.

LOUISA.

Dear father !

CLAUDE.

My Louisa !

LOUISA (*embracing* JOHANNA).

Dearest sister !

THEOBALD.

To each I give a farm of thirty acres,
A flock, and cottage : God has prospered me ;
So may he bless my children !

MARGARET (*embracing* JOHANNA).

Dear Johanna !

Content our father ; imitate our choice ;
And let one happy day unite us all.

THEOBALD.

Make ready for your feast : tomorrow is
The wedding ; all the village must assist
To celebrate the day.

[*Exeunt* STEPHEN, MARGARET, CLAUDE, *and* LOUISA.]

Thy sisters hold

Their marriage feast, Johanna, and their joy
Glad my old age, but thou, my youngest born,
Art but a grief and pain.

RAYMOND.

What mean you ? why
So harshly blame your child ?

THEODALD.

This gallant youth,
Whom all our dalesmen readily allow
Their best and boldest, has made choice of thee,
And three long years has wooed thee for his bride,
With earnest hope, with cordial constant love :
But thou, with cold indifference, dost deny
His suit ; and in the village there is none
Who wins from thee a look, or kindly smile.
I see thee in the fulness of thy youth,
Thy beauty blossoming in life's early spring :
It is the time of hope, but still in vain
I watch to see the tender bloom of love
Burst from the bud, and with its golden fruit
Fulfil the promise of thy ripening years.
Oh ! this can never please me ; it reveals
The natural feelings fearfully astray,

If, in the kindly years of generous youth,
The stern cold heart lives for itself alone.

RAYMOND.

Speak not of this : or let me answer you.
The costly treasure of Johanna's love
Is like the tenderest, richest fruits of heaven ;
And that, which is most precious, ripens slow.
She loves to dwell upon the mountains now,
Over the boundless heath to wander free ;
And dreads to venture down, where narrow cares
Are pent beneath the lowly roof of man.
Oft from the valley have I watched with awe,
When she has stood amid her grazing herd,
On the steep summit of some mountain's brow ;
With noble bearing, and her thoughtful eye,
Cast downwards on the far-diminished fields ;
Like some dread spirit of superior power ;
Some mighty creature of the olden time.

THEOBALD.

You speak my sorrow ; this is worst of all.
She shuns the happy company of home ;
She haunts the barren mountains ; she forsakes
Her nightly couch before the dawn of day ;

And, in the hour of darkness and of fear,
When man seeks gladly fellowship with man,
She steals away, most like the hermit bird,
Into the shadowy kingdoms of the night,
Where spirits and things unholy are abroad.
She loves to wander where the cross-ways meet,
And holds mysterious converse with the air.
Why should she always seek this gloomy spot,
And love to drive her flock to pasture here ?
I, too, have watched her dream the hours away,
Seated beneath yon oak, the Druid tree,
From which good Christians shuddering turn aside.
For, it is haunted ground : an evil power
Hath dwelt among its melancholy boughs
From the old darkling times of heathendom.
The old men of the village can tell tales,
Full of strange horror, of this ancient tree :
Unearthly voices have been often heard
To moan and rattle in its hollow limbs.
I once, myself, when passing home this way,
Saw, by the dusky evening's latest light,
A shadowy creature sitting on the ground,
Clothed in wide flowing garments ; it stretched out

A lean and withered arm, and beckoned me ;
But, with a hasty prayer, I hurried home.

RAYMOND (*pointing to the Church.*)

This holy symbol sheds a blessing round,
And heavenly peace ; this draws your daughter here,
And no communion with unholy powers.

THEOBALD.

No, no ! not fruitlessly have I been warned
In nightly visions and ill-boding dreams :
Three times have I beheld her in my sleep,
Seated at Rheims upon a royal throne ;
A sevenfold diadem of dazzling stars
Glittered upon her brow ; a golden sceptre,
From which three lilies blossomed, in her hand :
While both her sisters, and I too, her father,
The princes and the prelates of the realm,
The king himself, bowed down to honour her.
How comes such splendour to my humble home ?—
Oh ! it forbodes a deep and dreadful fall.
These warning visions faintly shadow forth
The idle dreams of an insatiate heart.
She thinks with shame upon her lowly state ;
Since God hath dressed her body in rich beauty,

And wondrously bestowed his gifts on her,
Above the shepherd maidens of these dales,
She fosters in her bosom sinful pride:
And it was pride by which the angels fell ;
By which the fiends of hell seduce mankind.

RAYMOND.

Where is a holier, humbler spirit found,
Than in your pious daughter ? does she not
Obey her elder sisters cheerfully ?
She is more highly gifted than they are ;
But, like a household drudge, I see her toil
In irksome service to perform their will ;
And, in her charge, with wonderful increase,
Your flocks, and herds, and harvests multiply.
On all things which concern her seems to come
An overflowing and mysterious blessing.

THEOBALD.

Yes ! too mysterious ; I shrink from it.
No more ;—I cannot, will not, speak of this :
Can I lay infamy on my dear child ?
I can do nought but warn and pray for her.
But, I will warn her. Shun this fearful tree ;
Wander no more alone, nor dig for roots

In the dark midnight hour ; prepare no potions ;
And write no magic symbols in the sand.
Lightly the spirit world is conjured here ;
Hovering, they float among us, ill concealed ;
And, listening every whisper, swarm around.
Stay not alone, for, in the wilderness,
Satan had power to tempt the Lord of Heaven.

Enter BERTRAND, carrying a helmet.

RAYMOND.

Hush ! here comes Bertrand back from Vaucouleurs.
See what he bears.

BERTRAND.

You look on me surprised ;
And the strange merchandise I bring with me.

THEOBALD.

We do ; say where you had the helmet ? why
Bring an ill-omened emblem of the war
Into this neighbourhood of peace ?

[JOHANNA, *who hitherto has stood apart, and inattentive,*
shews signs of interest, and comes nearer.

BERTRAND.

How first
I came by it, I scarce myself can tell.

I had been purchasing at Vaucouleurs
Some iron tools I needed ; there I found
There was a throng upon the market-place ;
For, fugitives from Orleans had come in,
Bringing bad tidings, and the city rang
With hum of voices hurrying to and fro.
And, as I forced my way amid the crowd,
A gipsy woman took me by the arm,
And offered me this helmet. On my face
She rivetted a searching look, and said,
“ You seek a helmet, friend ; here I have one :
It shall not cost you dear.” But I replied,
“ I need no helmet : ask the men at arms ;
I am a countryman.” She followed still,
And still she urged me. “ None can know,” said she,
“ How soon he needs a helmet : in these days,
A roof of iron is safer than of stone.”
So she persisted, following street by street,
Offering the helmet, which I still refused.
I saw its beauty, worthy to adorn
The brow of some good knight ; and doubtfully
I poised it in my hand, admiring much
The strangeness of her importunity.

I had scarce touched it, when the rushing throng
Forced suddenly the woman from my sight,
And with the helmet I was left alone.

JOHANNA.

Give it to me !

BERTRAND.

What fancy seizes you ?
This is no gear for a young maiden's head.

JOHANNA (*snatching it from him*).

Mine is the helmet—it belongs to me.

THEOBALD.

What ails the girl ?

RAYMOND.

Nay, let her have her wish ;
The warlike ornament becomes her well ;
For, in her bosom beats a manly heart.
Remember when she slew the fierce wild beast,
The wolf that thinned our folds, the shepherd's dread :
But she, alone, the lion-hearted maid,
Dared to encounter him, and saved the lamb
Which he was bearing in his bloody jaws.
If such a prize be worn in valour's right,
The helmet cannot grace a worthier brow.

THEOBALD (*to* BERTRAND).

What is the new disaster: what bad news
Came by those fugitives?

BERTRAND.

God help the king,
And spare this land! we have been overcome
In two great battles; in the midst of France
The enemy is encamped: and all is lost
Beyond the Loire. Now his whole power is brought
In preparation against Orleans.

THEOBALD.

God shield the king!

BERTRAND.

From all ends of the earth
Are furnished countless implements of war;
And, as the bees cluster in dusky swarms
In the hot days of summer round their hives,
Or, like a blight which heavily drops down
In darkness from the thick and mildewed air,
While insect myriads blacken all the land,
The cloud of war spreads over Orleans.
The hum of unintelligible tongues
Murmurs in hoarse confusion through the camp

For, mighty Burgundy has summoned all
Who own allegiance to his name. They come
From Liege, from Hainault, and from gay Brabant :
The people of Namur, and Luxemburg :
The upstart citizens of Ghent parade
Their silken pride : the Zealanders are there,
Whose cities rise out of the booming sea :
The cow-feeders of Holland, and the men
Of Utrecht, and West Friesland, far away
In the cold North : all are assembled there,
Beneath the lordly flag of Burgundy,
And bent against devoted Orleans.

THEOBALD.

Oh, most unholy, miserable strife,
That turns the arms of France against itself !

BERTRAND.

And the old queen, proud Isabel, is there,
The princess of Bavaria ; through the camp
She rides in armour, breathing poisonous words
Of hate against her son, and so inflames
The fury of the raging multitude.

THEOBALD.

A curse be on her ! May her fate be such

As fell upon the haughty Jezebel !

BERTRAND.

The dreadful Salisbury, the wall-shatterer,
With the young lion Mortimer, and Talbot,
Whose sword mows down the nations, leads them on.
In insolence of triumph they have sworn
To give the maidens up to violence,
And to the sword all who the sword have drawn.
They have built four watch towers round the citadel
Which overlook the town : Earl Salisbury
Scowls sternly thence with his bloodthirsty eyes,
And counts the hasty wanderers in the street.
Already, many thousand massy halls
Are hurled into the city ; churches lie
In ruins ; the royal tower of Notre Dame
Bows her majestic head : they have mined the wall ;
And, standing on a fearful store of fire,
The quaking city listens for the thunder,
When all the flaming Hell shall burst asunder.

[JOHANNA *listens with eager attention, and puts on the helmet.*

THEOBALD.

Where were the swords of Saintrailles and La Hire ?

Where was the Bastard, brave Dunois, the shield
Of France, that thus without impediment
The daring enemy could hurry on ?
Where is the king ? can he behold unmoved
His cities' ruin, and his realm's decay ?

BERTRAND.

The king holds court at Chinon on the Loire :
He has no force ; he cannot keep the field.
What serve the leader's heart, the hero's arm,
When pallid fear unmans their followers ?
A panic terror, as if sent from heaven,
Has quelled the courage of the boldest hearts.
Vainly is heard their prince's gathering cry :
And, like a timorous flock of startled sheep,
When the wolf's howlings have disturbed the night,
Frenchmen, forgetful of their old renown,
Look now for safety only to their walls.
One knight alone, they say at Vaucouleurs
Has raised a scanty force of sixteen pennons,
• And marches toward the king.

JOHANNA (*quickly.*)

Who is he ?

BERTRAND.

His name

Is Baudricour; but hardly unobserved
Could he set forth, and closely in pursuit
The enemy follows him.

JOHANNA.

Where holds he now?

Say, if you know!

BERTRAND.

He lies a short day's march
From Vaucouleurs.

THEOBALD.

What boots it, girl, to thee?

Thy questions are unseemly.

BERTRAND.

Now, because

The foe is grown so mighty, and the king
Cannot protect us, they at Vaucouleurs
Are of one mind, to send to Burgundy
A message of surrender, and so yield
To one whose blood is that of our own kings;
And thus we shall not bear a foreign yoke,
And may perchance come back to the old crown,

When France and Burgundy are reconciled.

JOHANNA (*with enthusiasm*).

No messenger ! no message ! no surrender !
The saviour is at hand, and armed for battle.
The enemy's fortune shall be wrecked at Orleans ;
His time is full, and he is ripe for harvest.
Soon with her sickle will the Virgin come,
Who shall mow down the blossoms of his pride ;
Who shall pluck down from heaven the warlike fame,
Which he has hung so high among the stars.
Faint not ! fly not ! for, ere the yellow sheaves
Shall glitter in the fulness of the moon,
No English horse shall wet his thirsty lip
In the glad waters of the princely Loire.

BERTRAND.

Alas ! the days of wonders are gone by.

JOHANNA.

Wonders are not gone by ! A milk-white dove
Shall soar aloft, and, with an eagle's power,
Strike down these vultures that devour the land ;
Shall tame the traitorous pride of Burgundy,
The heaven-storming, hundred-handed Talbot,
The shameless, sacrilegious Salisbury ;

And drive before her face, like hunted sheep,
This insolent swarm of reckless islanders !
The Lord will be with her—the God of battles !
For, he will save his sinking people yet ;
And, by the hand of a weak, innocent maid,
Will glorify his own, almighty name.

THEOBALD.

What frantic spirit seizes on the girl ?

RAYMOND.

It is the helmet which inspires her.
Look on your daughter—at her lightning eye—
The glowing fire that burns upon her cheek.

JOHANNA.

Shall this crown fall ? shall this land of renown,
The fairest, which the everlasting sun
Sees in his course, the paradise of lands,
Which God loves as the apple of his eye,
Endure the fetters of a foreign race ?
Here quailed the heathen's power : here first was raised
The cross, the symbol of our holy faith :
The dust of sainted Louis is laid here :
Hence went the conquerors of Jerusalem !

BERTRAND.

Hear what she speaks ! whence is the mighty source
Of her high revelation ? Theobald !
God has bestowed on you a wondrous child.

JOHANNA.

Shall we have no more kings, no native lords ?
Shall the King cease to be, who never dies ?
The guardian of the pasture and the plough ;
Who brings a blessing on the fruitful land ;
Who leads his vassals on to liberty ;
Who builds glad cities round about his throne ;
Who helps the weak, who terrifies the bad ;
Who envies none ; for, he is first of all ;
A gracious angel in the form of man,
Sent to a suffering world ?—Our monarch's throne
Glitters with gold ; but, there is more than gold :
It is the shelter of the shelterless ;
The resting-place where power and mercy meet :
The guilty tremble, while the just draw near,
And fondle with the lions round the throne.
The stranger prince, bred on a foreign shore,
Whose fathers' graves are not digged in this land,
How can he love it ? He was never young

Among our youth ; to us his tongue is strange ;
Our accents wake no echo in his heart ;
How can he be our father and our king ?

THEOBALD.

May God preserve the king and kingdom too !
But, we are peaceful peasants, and unskilled
To wield the sword and tame the fiery steed ;
Then, let us patiently await the end,
And take the king proclaimed by victory.
The fate of war is in the hand of God ;
But, he is lawfully our king, whoe'er
Receives the crown and holy oil at Rheims.
Come to our daily toil ; let every one
Think only on those things which him concern :
And leave the cares of power to powerful men ;
The princes of the earth cast lots for it :
But calmly we may watch the wild uproar ;
The earth we plough is steadfast as of yore.
Our villages may blaze with midnight fire,
Our harvests rot beneath their reckless ire ;
New summers bring new crops of waving grain,
And our frail dwellings lightly rise again.

[*Exeunt all but* JOHANNA.

JOHANNA.

Farewell, ye mountains, and ye much loved paths,
Ye silent peaceful vallies—fare ye well !
Johanna now will wander here no more ;
Johanna bids you now a long farewell !
Ye meadows, that I watered, and ye trees,
That I have planted, still be fresh and green !
Farewell, ye caves, cool springs, and mountain air ;
And thou too, gentle spirit of the dale,
Echo ! who loved my lonely songs to learn,
Johanna goes, and never will return.

Home of my quiet childhood's early joys !
I lose you,—I shall never find you more.
Stray forth, my lambs, my own familiar charge ;
Your shepherdess has now abandoned you.
For, I have now another flock to guard,
Amid the bloody fields and din of war.
A mighty spirit hath o'ershadowed me ;
It is no idle earthly vanity :

He who to Moses once on Horeb's height
Flaming descended in the bush of fire,

Who bade him stand unawed by Pharaoh's throne,
Who strung the heart of Jesse's shepherd son,
Who to the shepherds brought glad news by night,
Hath whispered to me from this holy tree,
"Go forth, for thou shalt testify for me.

"Thou shalt gird armour on my youthful limbs,
And clothe thy tender breast in angry steel;
No earthly passion shall debase thy soul,
No human ties thy destiny control:
The bridal wreath shall never bind thy hair,
No laughing child hang cradled on thy arm,
But, in the field of victory and fame,
Thou shalt achieve a never-dying name.

"For, when the mightiest men of war give way,
And ruined France seems tottering to her fall,
Then shalt thou bear aloft the Oriflamme,
And, like a hasty reaper through the corn,
Thou shalt cut down the haughty conqueror:
Thou shalt roll back the fortune of the war;
Salvation to the sons of France shalt bring,
Deliver Rheims, and crown thy lawful king."

I asked a sign from heaven ; and now, behold,
Here is the expected sign, the helm of gold.
My kindling spirit owns the high command,
The strength of angels nerves my feeble hand ;
And, like a whirlwind, with resistless sway,
Bears me amid the storm of war away :
The sounds of battle ringing round me go,
The war-horse stamps, the brazen trumpets blow !

[She rushes out.]

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CHARLES THE SEVENTH, *King of France.*

QUEEN ISABELLA, *his Mother.*

AGNES SOREL, *his Mistress.*

PHILIP THE GOOD, *Duke of Burgundy.*

DUNOIS, *Bastard of Orleans.*

LAHIRE,

DU CHATEL, } *French Knights.*

RAOUL,

CHATILLON, *a Burgundian Knight.*

Archbishop of Rheims.

TALBOT, *General of the English Army.*

MORTIMER,

CLIFFORD, } *English Knights.*

MONTGOMERY,

Councillors of Orleans.

An English Herald.

THEOBALD, *A rich Farmer.*

MARGARET,

LOUISA, } *Daughters of Theobald.*

JOHANNA,

STEPHEN,

CLAUDE,

RAYMOND,

BERTRAND,

Charcoal-burner, his Wife and Son.

Apparition of a Knight.

*Soldiers — Citizens — Officers of State, &c. — Mutes in the Procession
of the Coronation.*

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *The Camp of King CHARLES at CHINON.*

DUNOIS, DU CHATEL.

DUNOIS.

No ! I will bear no more ! I will renounce
This king, who shamelessly forsakes himself.
My heart bleeds : I could weep hot tears of rage,
That robbers, in the midst of royal France,
Carve out their portion ; that the stately cities,
Which are grown old with the old monarchy,
Give up their rusty keys, while we lie here,
And waste the precious irredeemable hours
In helpless, heartless inactivity.
I heard that Orleans was beset, and came
In haste from distant Normandy ; I hoped

To find the king, busied with warlike cares,
Leading his army ; and I find him, here,
With mountebanks, and tinkling troubadours,
Unravelling riddles, giving festivals,
To pleasure Agnes Sorel, as if peace
Were brooding o'er the land. The Constable
Is gone, no longer can he bear to look
On this foul scandal. I will leave him too :
I yield him to his fate !

DU CHATEL.

Here is the king !

Enter King CHARLES and Attendants.

CHARLES.

The Constable returns his sword of state,
And has renounced our service ;—be it so.
Thus are we rid of a sour, moody man,
Who loved to thwart our will.

DUNOIS.

In these dear times,
A man is precious ; not so easily
Could I have borne to lose him.

CHARLES.

You speak thus,

From love of contradiction ; you were not
His friend while he was here.

DUNOIS.

He was indeed
A pompous, peevish, and provoking fool,
Who never ended. He has ended now :
He has discerned a fitting time to go,
When honour is not gained by those who stay.

CHARLES.

Cousin, to day you are in your pleasant mood,
We will not cross you in it.—Du Chatel,
Here are some minstrels, sent by King René,
Great masters in the joyous science. See
That they are entertained befittingly,
And give to each a golden chain.

(To DUNOIS.)—You smile !

DUNOIS.

That from your royal lips so readily
You can drop chains of gold.

DU CHATEL.

Thy treasury
Is empty, Sire ! I have no present means.

CHARLES.

Provide some ! noble minstrels must not go
Unhonoured, unrewarded from my court :
They make the withered sceptre bloom, and twine
Unfading wreaths about the barren crown.
Lordly they stand among the lordliest :
Their throne is built on fancy's airy dreams ;
Their harmless kingdom is not of this world.
Therefore with monarchs minstrels fitly rank ;
They dwell above the sphere of common men.

DU CHATEL.

My royal master, I have spared thine ear,
While yet the means of help or hope remained :
Necessity unties my faltering tongue.
Thou hast no more to give !—alas ! no more
From which thy daily wants can be supplied.
The full tide of thy bounty has flowed on,
And now the ebb is come. The troops demand
Their long arrears, and threaten sullenly
To leave thy service. Scarcely can I keep
Thy royal household : it has long since lost
Befitting state.

CHARLES.

Engage my royal dues,
And borrow from the Lombard merchants.

DU CHATEL.

All

The imposts, dues and customs of the crown,
Are pledged already for the three next years.

DUNOIS.

Aye ! and meanwhile we lose both loan and land.

CHARLES.

Many rich fruitful lands remain our own.

DUNOIS.

Yes, while it pleases God and Talbot's sword.
When Orleans has fallen, you may go
And learn to pasture sheep with King René.

CHARLES.

You love to try your wit upon this king ;
But it is he, this very landless prince,
Who royally has gifted me to-day.

DUNOIS.

Not with his crown of Naples, for God's sake !
Men say his kingdom is much fallen in price,
Since he has taken to the shepherd's trade.

D

CHARLES.

That is a mirthful game, a holiday,
Which he indulges to his cheerful heart ;
To shew the emblem of an innocent world,
In these hard times of sad reality.
But, his great aim, his princely thought, is this :
He would restore the good old times, the soft
Supremacy of love, when valour's nurse
Was the devotion of a noble heart ;
When highborn ladies judged each knightly deed,
And tempered all with graceful courtesy.
The blithe old man dwells in those early days,
Which, as they still survive in minstrels' songs,
He, like a heavenly city, would recall,
Wreathed round with golden clouds, on earth again.
He has established a fair court of love,
Where noble knights are nobly entertained,
Where, throned in honour, virtuous ladies reign,
Where love and purity are reconciled ;
And he has chosen me the Prince of love.

DUNOIS.

I am not so uncouth, so unrefined
As not to honour love's supremacy ;

I am the child of love, and love bestows
The only heritage which I can claim.
My father was the Prince of Orleans ;
For him, no female heart was found too hard,
Neither was foeman's castle found too strong.
Wilt thou be worthily the prince of love,
Be bravest of the brave ! for, I have read
In those old books, that love and chivalry
Went ever hand in hand ; the knights, who sate
By the round table, were no shepherd-swains.
He has no claim to beauty's rich reward,
Who cannot guard it in the hour of need.
Here are the lists ; fight for thy father's crown ;
Maintain thy birthright and thy lady's fame,
With knightly sword and knightly enterprise ;
And when, amid the streams of hostile blood,
Thou hast reconquered thy inherited crown,
Then is the time, then will it grace thee best,
To twine love's myrtles round thy royal brow.

Enter a Page.

CHARLES.

Who waits ?

PAGE.

Some messengers from Orleans,
Who crave an audience.

CHARLES.

Let them enter now.

[*Exit* PAGE.]

What can I do ? They come to ask for help :
How can I help them ?—I am helpless too.

Enter three Councillors.

Welcome, my trusty men of Orleans !
How fares my faithful city ? Does she yet
With wonted courage brave the enemies
Around her walls ?

COUNCILLOR.

Ah Sire ! our misery
Utterly weighs us down ; and, every hour,
The deepening tide of ruin flows more near.
The outer works are spoiled ; with each assault
The enemy makes good some vantage ground.
The walls are scanty manned ; for, ceaseless toil
And fruitless sallies sweep away our strength ;
And the dread plague of famine threatens us.
Therefore, in this extremity of need,

Noble count Rochepierre, who now commands,
Has made capitulation with the foe.
He has consented to give up the town,
If in twelve days no succour shall appear
To keep the field, and to prevent its fall.

[DUNOIS *makes a violent gesture of anger.*

CHARLES.

The respite is but short.

COUNCILLOR.

Now we are here,
Escorted by the enemy, to implore
Thy princely nature : be compassionate
Toward thy city : send us timely aid,
Or, in twelve days, farewell to Orleans !

DUNOIS.

And could Saintrailles consent to such base terms ?

COUNCILLOR.

No, Sire ; while Saintrailles lived, none dared to speak
Of terms or of surrender.

DUNOIS.

Then Saintrailles
Is dead ! —

COUNCILLOR.

Upon our walls in the king's cause
He fell.

CHARLES.

Is Saintrailles dead?—In him alone
I lose a host!

Enter a Knight ; he whispers DUNOIS.

DUNOIS.

That, too!

CHARLES.

What happens now?

DUNOIS.

Earl Douglas sends word, that the Scottish troops
Are mutinous, and will forsake the camp,
If they receive not their arrears to day.

CHARLES.

Du Châtel?

DU CHATEL.

Sire, I know no remedy.

CHARLES.

Pledge, promise what thou canst, to half my realm.

DU CHATEL.

It is in vain ; they have been tried too long.

CHARLES.

They are my army's choicest veterans :
Not now, they must not, shall not leave me now.

COUNCILLORS (*kneeling*).

Oh ! help us, sire ! have mercy on our need !

CHARLES (*in a tone of despair*).

Can I stamp armies from the earth, or shake
A harvest from my hand ? tear me piecemeal ;
Have out my heart, and coin it : I have blood
For you, but gold or soldiers I have none.

*Enter AGNES — He hastens toward her —**She carries a casket.*

My Agnes ! my beloved life ! Thou comest
To save me from despair ; I have thee still :
I fly to thy fond heart ; nothing is lost ;
For, thou art always mine.

AGNES.

My gracious king !

[Looking round her anxiously.

Is it then true, Dunois ? Du Châtel ?

DU CHATEL.

True !

AGNES.

Is there such need ? The troops are mutinous

For want of pay !

DU CHATEL.

Even so.

AGNES (*offering him the casket*).

Here, here is gold,

And here are jewels : melt my silver down ;

Sell all my castles, lay my lands in pawn ;

Raise gold on my possessions in Provence :

Turn all to money, and content the troops.

Away, time flies.

CHARLES.

Now, Dunois, Du Châtel,

Do I still seem so poor, while I possess

This pearl of women ? She is nobly born

As I ; not purer is the royal blood

Of Valois than her own ; she would adorn

The first throne of the world, which she disdains,

And only my beloved one will she be.

What costlier gift of mine will she accept

Than some rare fruit, or early winter flower ?

She will have nought from me ; she gives me all,

And, with magnificent bounty, offers up

Her fortune to sustain my sinking state.

DUNOIS.

Yes ! she is raving : fitter mate for thee !
She casts her all into a burning house,
And pours into the Danaids' leaky jar :
She will not save thee ; she will plunge herself
With thee into destruction.

AGNES.

Heed him not :

Has he not risked his life ten times for thee ?
And now is wroth that I should peril gold.
What ! I have given thee more than gold or pearls,
And shall I keep these toys to deck myself ?
Nay ! let me cast aside superfluous pomp,
And teach thee lessons of denial ; change
Thy courtly followers for men-at-arms,
Thy gold for iron ; all thou canst command,
Venture it manfully upon thy crown.
Come, come, your danger, your distress are mine :
Together we will mount the warlike steed,
Together will endure the burning sun ;
Worn out with toil, unsheltered we will lie,
The earth our couch, the clouds our canopy.
The rudest soldier will not dread to bear

The hardships of his lot, when of good cheer
He sees his monarch share them by his side.

CHARLES (*smiling*).

Why, now the old prediction is fulfilled ;
The mystic rhyme, which, in prophetic mood,
The abbess of Clermont pronounced on me :
For, thus it ran : My fortunes should wane low,
Until a woman's arm should rescue me,
And make me master of my father's crown.
I sought the riddle in the hostile camp,
And hoped to reconcile my mother's heart.
But here stands forth my conquering heroine,
My Agnes' love will lead me on to Rheims.

AGNES.

The swords of your brave friends will lead you there.

CHARLES.

I have hopes, too, from strife among my foes ;
For, as I learn, my cousin Burgundy
And these proud lords of England seem no more
The friends they lately were. Lahire is gone
To sound the Duke, and haply win him back
To his old sense of honour. With each hour
I look for his return.

DU CHATEL (*at the casement*).

He has returned :

He is dismounting now.

CHARLES.

He is welcome.

Now we shall learn our fate.

Enter LAHIRE.

Good hope or none ?

Lahire ! say quickly, what may I expect ?

LAHIRE.

Nothing : thy hope is only in thy sword.

CHARLES.

The haughty duke will not be reconciled ?

Oh ! say how he received my message ?

LAHIRE.

First

The Duke insists, before he can consent

To listen to thy offers, Du Châtel,

Whom he denounces for his father's murder,

Must be delivered to him.

CHARLES.

And if we

Refuse this shameful article ?

LAHIRE.

Then is
The treaty ended ere it is begun.

CHARLES.

Didst thou defy him, as I ordered thee,
To meet me at the bridge of Montereau,
On which his father died ?

LAHIRE.

I threw thy glove
Before him, and declared, thou would'st descend
From thy exalted state, and for thy crown,
In knightly fashion, fight. Then he replied,
He had no need to fight for what he held
Already in his grasp : but, if thy lust
Of combat were so hot, he would be found
At Orleans, where he was bent to go
Upon the morrow : and so scoffingly
He turned away.

CHARLES.

And in my parliament
Did none uphold the justice of my cause ?

LAHIRE.

Justice is dumb when party rage prevails :

The parliament has solemnly decreed
The forfeiture, by thee and by thy race,
Of France's Crown.

DUNOIS.

Ha ! monstrous insolence
Of overweening citizens !

CHARLES.

Didst thou
Make no attempt to touch my mother's heart ?

LAHIRE.

Thy mother !

CHARLES.

How did she behave ?

LAHIRE (*after a pause*).

It was

The appointed coronation day, on which
I came to St. Denis ; where, all adorned,
Paris poured forth her gay inhabitants.
Triumphal arches rose in every street,
Through which the English monarch passed along.
The way was strewed with flowers ; and, shouting loud,
As if her fairest triumph France achieved,
The populace ran crowding round his car.

AGNES.

The people shouted! shouted, while they trod
Upon the heart of their good, gracious king!

LAHIRE.

I saw the boy, young Harry Lancaster,
Sit on St. Louis's royal seat; by him
Bedford and Gloucester, his proud uncles, stood,
And there Duke Philip kneeled before the throne,
Swore fealty, and did homage for his lands.

CHARLES.

Unworthy cousin; faithless perjured peer!

LAHIRE.

The child was shy, and stumbled on its way
To mount the high steps leading to the throne;
The people murmured, "an unlucky omen,"
With jibes and laughter, but thy mother came,
The queen,——It angers me to speak of it.

CHARLES.

Say on.

LAHIRE.

The boy she lifted in her arms,
And herself placed him on thy father's throne.

CHARLES.

O mother ! mother !

LAHIRE.

Even the murderous bands
Of reckless Burgundy glowed red with shame.
The queen perceived it, turning to the crowd,
And said aloud, " Frenchmen I claim your thanks,
That thus I graft upon a cankered stem
A nobler branch, and from your throne depose
The spurious son of a distracted sire."

[*The King hides his face.*

DUNOIS.

The wild she-wolf ! the furious raging fiend !

CHARLES (*after a pause, to the Councillors*).

You see and hear how fortune stands with me.
Delay no more, return to Orleans,
And bear this message to my faithful town.
From their allegiance I pronounce them free :
Let them consult their safety ; let them trust
The mercy of the Duke of Burgundy ;
He is the Good ; he will be merciful.

DUNOIS.

How, sire, wilt thou abandon Orleans ?

COUNCILLOR (*kneeling*).

My royal lord, draw not thy hand away
From our distress ; give not thy faithful town
To the hard sway of pitiless England !
It is a noble jewel in thy crown ;
And none more sacredly has kept its faith
To thee and to thy royal ancestors.

DUNOIS.

What, are we beaten ? can we quit the field
And lose the city ere one blow is struck ?
Wilt thou abandon with a little word —
Without one drop of blood, wilt thou give up
The noblest city in the heart of France ?

CHARLES.

Blood has been spilled enough, and spilled in vain :
The hand of heaven weighs heavily on me.
From each assault my troops are beaten back ;
My parliament is false ; my capital
Welcomes my rival with loud shouts of joy.
Forsaken by my kindred and betrayed,
Even my mother has renounced me now,
And to her bosom clasps my foeman's child.
We will go over Loire, we will submit

To Heaven's decree, which is for England's cause.

AGNES.

Now, God forbid that we despairingly
Should turn our backs upon this fruitful land !
That thought came not from thy intrepid soul.
Thy mother's cruel and unnatural deed
Has momentarily unmanned my hero's heart.
Thou wilt revive, wilt be thyself again,
And bravely strive against the destiny,
Which lowers so gloomily above thee now.

CHARLES (*lost in thought*).

Is it not true?—a fearful destiny
Broods darkly o'er the race of Valois :—God
Rejects it : through my mother's shameful deeds
The furies enter our devoted house.
For twenty years my father lay insane ;
Three elder brothers death has swept away
Before their time : it is the will of God :
The house of the sixth Charles is near its fall.

AGNES.

No : it shall rise again in thee, shall bloom
With renovated youth ; trust but thyself.
Oh! not in vain a gracious Providence

Has spared thee from thy brothers' early fate,
And called thee to the unexpected throne.
Thy gentle spirit is ordained of heaven
To heal the wounds which party rage has made.
Thou wilt tread out the flame of civil war :
My heart foretells thou wilt establish peace,
And found the monarchy in France anew.

CHARLES.

Not I : this rough and weather-beaten time
Demands a sterner guide. I could have made
A peaceful people glad ; I cannot tame
A wild tumultuous one ; nor with the sword
Open the hearts by hate and passion closed.

AGNES.

The people are beguiled, bewildered, blind ;
But soon the whirlwind will have passed away.
The reverence for their own legitimate king,
So deeply rooted in a Frenchman's heart,
Will spring, ere long, within their breasts again :
And jealousy will wake the ancient hate,
Which parts the nations everlastingly.
In his proud conquest shall the conqueror fall.
Be of good cheer ; quit not the field too soon

But struggle there for every inch of ground.
Guard Orleans as thou wouldst keep thy life;
Destroy the boats behind us; burn each bridge,
Which leads thee o'er the threshold of thy throne,
Across the Stygian waters of the Loire.

CHARLES.

I have done what I could do: I staked my life
Upon the crown; the combat is refused.
In vain for me my subjects waste their blood,
And fruitlessly my cities are destroyed.
Like an unnatural mother, can I see
My child divided? rather let it live,
And I will give it up.

DUNOIS.

How! sire: is this
The language of a king? so easily
Can one renounce a crown? Thy meanest serf
Ventures both life and land, with stern resolve
To gratify his hatred or his love.
Party is all in all, when once abroad
Is flung the bloody sign of civil war.
The ploughman quits his plough, the wife her wheel;
Children and feeble grandsires arm themselves;

The reckless citizen burns down his home,
The peasant fires his fields, for help or harm,
And to maintain his fixed and obstinate will :
Himself he spares not, looks not to be spared,
When honour bids him suffer, when he fights
Or for his idols or his deities.
Away with this weakhearted tenderness,
Ill suited to a king ; let this war storm
As fierce as it began : not by thy hand
Was the flame lightly kindled. For their king
Still must the people suffer ; 'tis the law
And order of the world : Frenchmen know nought,
And wish nought else. No nation is so vile,
But for its honour freely risks its all.

CHARLES (*to the Councillors*).

Expect no other answer : God protect
Those whom I cannot.

DUNOIS.

Now may victory
Turn ever from thy side, as thou wilt turn
From thy inherited kingdom ! I forsake
Thy fortune, since thou wilt thyself betray.
England and Burgundy have not uncrowned thee,

Thy spiritless heart unseats thee from the throne.
The kings of France are heroes from their birth ;
Thou wert not born to win a warrior's name.

[To the Councillors.]

The king abandons you, but I will go
To Orleans, to my father's faithful town,
And bury me beneath its broken wall.

[He offers to go : AGNES detains him.]

AGNES.

Let him not part in anger from thee thus :
His tongue is bitter, but his heart is true,
Is true as gold. He is the same Dunois,
Who loves thee warmly, who has bled for thee.
Come, Dunois, own you have been urged too far
By heat and noble passion ; and do thou
Forgive thy well-tried friend his rough rebuke.
Oh ! come, let me unite your hearts again,
Before the anger of one hasty word
Inflames unquenchable, destructive hate.

*[DUNOIS fixes his eye upon the king, and
seems to expect an answer.]*

CHARLES (*to DU CHATEL*).

We go without delay across the Loire :
Bring my effects on board.

DUNOIS (*quickly*).

Agnes, farewell.

[*Exit, the Councillors follow.*]

AGNES.

Oh ! if he goes, we are forsaken quite ;

Follow, Lahire, and seek to soften him. [*Exit LAHIRE.*]

CHARLES.

Is, then, a crown the first and only good ?

Is it so hard and bitter to renounce ?

I know one thing much harder to endure :

To be o'ermastered by these fiery lords,

To live upon the bountiful obedience

Of these proud, self-willed, domineering vassals.

That is the hardest for a noble heart,

A bitterer lot than evil fortune brings.

[*To DU CHATEL, who lingers.*]

Obeys my orders !

DU CHATEL (*kneeling*).

O my royal master !

CHARLES.

We are determined : speak not one word more !

DU CHATEL.

Make peace, Sire, with the Duke of Burgundy :

I see no other way.

CHARLES.

Dost thou advise

A treaty which thy blood must ratify ?

DU CHATEL.

Here is my life : in many a well fought field

I have perilled it for thee, and willingly

For thee upon the block I lay it down.

Content the duke : deliver Du Châtel

Unto the sternness of his wrath, and quench

The quarrel in my blood.

CHARLES (*gazing some time on him in silence*).

Can this be real ?

Am I then sunk so low, that even my friends,

Who read my inmost soul, find out for me

A shameful way of safety ? not till now

Did I perceive how deep has been my fall ;

Faith in my faith is gone !

DU CHATEL.

Think ——

CHARLES.

Not a word !

Urge me no more : if I must turn my back

Upon ten kingdoms, with so dear a life
I will not buy them. Let my armament
Be shipped as I gave order.

DU CHATEL.

Ah ! too soon

Can it be done.

[*Exit DU CHATEL, AGNES weeps bitterly.*]

CHARLES (*taking her hand*).

My Agnes, be not sad !

There is another France beyond the Loire :
We hasten to a happier land : there smiles
A mild, unclouded heaven ; gentle gales
Breathe there and gentler manners welcome us ;
It is the home of minstrelsy and song,
And life and love bloom there more beautiful.

AGNES.

Why am I spared to see this bitter day ?
The king goes into banishment—the son
Must wander from his father's home—the child
Forsake its cradle ! O thou pleasant land !
Which we abandon now, never again
Shall we return in joy !

Enter LAHIRE.

You come alone—

You bring him not! Lahire! what mean your looks?

What new misfortune have we yet to learn?

LAHIRE.

Misfortune is exhausted, and at length

Sunshine appears again,

AGNES.

Oh! what has chanced?

LAHIRE (*to the king*).

Call back the messengers from Orleans.

CHARLES.

Why?

LAHIRE.

Call them again, there is a shift of fortune:

A battle has been fought, which thou hast won.

AGNES.

Won! Oh! what heavenly music in a word!

CHARLES.

Lahire, some groundless rumour thou hast heard:

Won! I have lost my faith in victories.

LAHIRE.

Thou wilt have faith 'ere long in greater things,

Here the Archbishop comes ; back to thy arms
He brings Dunois.

AGNES.

Fair blossom of success,
Ripening rich fruits of pardon and of peace !

Enter the Archbishop of Rheims, DUNOIS,

DU CHATEL, and RAOUL.

ARCHBISHOP (*leading DUNOIS to the King*).

Princes, embrace ; let bitterness and wrath
Be stilled, since heaven declares upon our side.

CHARLES.

Dispel my doubting wonder ! what may mean
This solemn adjuration ? What has wrought
This sudden change ?

ARCHBISHOP (*bringing forward RAOUL*).

Speak to the king !

RAOUL.

We were

Marching to join the army from Lorraine ;
Of sixteen pennons was our company,
Led by a valiant knight of Vaucouleurs,
Named Baudricour ; but, when we passed the heights
Near Vermanton, and were well nigh come down

Into the valley watered by the Yonne,
The enemy lay posted in the plain,
And weapons gleamed upon the hills behind.
We saw ourselves encompassed on all sides,
And without hope of victory or escape.
Then sank the boldest heart, and in despair
We all had fain thrown down our arms. But, while
Our leaders sought for council, and found none,
A mighty miracle was revealed to us :
Out of the tangled forest suddenly
A maid came forth ; her head was helmeted,
Her countenance was fair, but terrible ;
In ringlets round her neck her dark hair fell.
A light from heaven glowed round her lofty form,
As she uplifted her clear voice, and cried,
“ Upon them, and fear not, brave sons of France !
If they were more than sand on the sea-shore,
God and the blessed Virgin are with you ! ”
And with these words, from one who bore a banner,
She rashly snatched it, and before our line
Fearlessly and majestically strode.
We, dumb with wonder, and scarce willingly,
Followed the banner in the maiden’s hand,

And, like a tempest, rushed upon the foe.
They stood awhile, perplexed and motionless,
Awe-struck and staring on the miracle,
Thus visibly revealed before us all ;
Then, smitten suddenly with panic fear,
Turned round to flight, cast spear and shield away,
And their whole force was scattered o'er the plain.
No leader's voice availed, no shout of war,
But, mad with terror, without looking back,
Plunged man and horse into the foaming flood,
Or unresistingly were sacrificed.
It was a butchery, rather than a battle :
Two thousand English lay upon the field,
Beside the fugitives swallowed by the Yonne,
And not a single man of ours was lost.

CHARLES.

'Tis strange, by heaven : most wonderful and strange.

AGNES.

And did a woman work this miracle ?
Whence comes she, and who is she ?

RAOUL.

Who she is
She will declare to no one but the king.

She calls herself a holy prophetess,
The messenger of God, and promises
Orleans to save before the moon shall change.
The troops believe in her, and thirst for battle.
She follows me : she quickly will be here.

[Distant shouts are heard, ringing of bells, &c.]

Hark to the shouts, the sounds of joy! 'tis she!
The people greet the heavenly messenger.

CHARLES (*to DU CHATEL*).

Bring her before me !

[Exit DU CHATEL.]

(To the Archbishop).

What am I to think
Of this ? a maiden brings me victory,
When nought can save me but a miracle.
That is not in the common course of things ;
And bishop, may I trust in wonders ;

Several voices behind the scenes.

Hail !

Hail to the maiden, the Deliverer !

CHARLES.

She comes : take thou my royal seat, Dunois :
We will prove this wondrous maiden : if indeed

Her mission be from heaven, she will know how
To find the king.

[DUNOIS *seats himself*, the King stands on his right-hand,
leaving the centre clear. Enter JOHANNA, followed by
DU CHATEL, the Councillors, Knights and Soldiers,
who fill up the background. She comes forward and
gazes on the King's circle.

DUNOIS.

Art thou the wondrous maid——

JOHANNA (*interrupting*).

Bastard of Orleans, why wilt thou tempt God ?
Stand up and leave that place, which is not thine :
Here stands one greater ; I am sent to him.

[*She walks toward the King ; drops on one knee, rises*
instantly, and goes back a few paces. Signs of
astonishment among the others. DUNOIS rises.

CHARLES.

To-day thou seest my face for the first time ;
Whence is thy knowledge ?

JOHANNA.

When God's eye alone
Looked on thee, I beheld thee. Yesternight,
Remember when around thee all was sunk

In heavy sleep, thou didst forsake thy couch,
And fervently put up thy prayers to Heaven.
Bid these go forth, and I repeat to thee
The sum of thy petition.

CHARLES.

What I spoke
To heaven I have no need to hide from man.
Declare to me the purport of my prayers,
And I believe thou art inspired of God.

JOHANNA.

Three supplications thou didst offer up ;
Dauphin, give heed if I repeat them true.
First, thou didst pray to heaven, if wrongful gains
Enriched the crown, if there were heavy guilt
Done in the olden time, which, unatoned,
Had drawn this tearful war upon the land,
To take thee as thy people's sacrifice,
And pour the cup of wrath on thee alone.

CHARLES (*starting back with terror*).

Who art thou, and whence comest thou, mighty one ?

[*All shew signs of astonishment.*]

JOHANNA.

This was the second prayer thou didst put up :

Were it the high decree and will of God
To shake the inherited sceptre from thy hand,
To leave thee bare and unpossessed of all
Which in this realm thy royal fathers held ;
Three blessings thou didst pray might still be thine :
Content, and friendship, and thy Agnes' love.

*[The King hides his face ; increasing
astonishment among the others.]*

Shall I yet need to tell thee thy third prayer ?

CHARLES.

Enough ! I believe ; this is no human power :
Thou art sent here by an almighty hand.

ARCHBISHOP.

Who art thou, holy and miraculous maid ?
Where was thy blessed birth-place ? and to whom
Hath heaven vouchsafed the gift of such a child ?

JOHANNA.

Johanna, reverend father, is my name ;
I am a lowly shepherd's daughter, born
In the king's village, Dom Remi, within
The diocese of Toul. There from a child
I kept my father's flock ; and much I heard
Of the strange island-race, who had come here,

Across the sea, to bring us into thrall,
And to set over us a foreign king,
Who does not love the people : I heard, too,
That the great city, Paris, they had won,
And were well nigh masters throughout the land.
Then to the Virgin bitterly I prayed,
That she would turn from us this shameful yoke,
And be the guardian of our native king.—
Hard by the village wherein I was born,
Stands an old shrine, and image of Our lady,
By many a pious pilgrim visited :
And close beside it is a sacred oak,
Renowned for many miracles ; and much
I loved to sit there, and to tend my flock
Under the shadow of the holy tree.
My heart still drew me there, and oftentimes,
If I had lost a lamb on the bleak mountains,
I saw it in my dreams, when I lay down,
And slept beneath the shadow of this tree.
And once, when I had spent a weary night
In lonely thought, and strove with drowsiness,
The Virgin suddenly appeared to me,
Bearing a sword and banner, in all else

A shepherdess like me ; and thus she said :
“ It is I : stand up, Johanna ; leave thy flock :
For other work the Lord hath need of thee.
Take thou this banner, and gird on this sword,
And overthrow my people’s enemies ;
Thou shalt lead on thy master’s son to Rheims,
And crown him with the royal crown of France.”
I answered her, “ how can a helpless girl,
Unskilled in the destructive arts of war,
Perform such mighty deeds ? ” But she replied :
“ To a pure virgin, who withstands the thrall
Of earthly love, all power on earth is given,
All glory. Look on me, a spotless maid
Like thee, I am the mother of the Lord,
And am myself divine : ” Then touched my eyes,
And I looked up, and saw the skies were full
Of angels, who bore lilies in their hands,
And heavenly music floated on the air.
And so three nights successively she came,
And thrice she said, “ Johanna, leave thy flock ;
The Lord hath need of thee : stand up, Johanna.”
But, when the third time she had thus appeared,
She was displeased, and spoke reprovingly :
“ On earth, obedience is a woman’s duty ;

Sorrow and suffering are prepared for thee,
Which thou must purify by zealous service ;
Who serves below shall be made great above.”
And at these words her shepherd weeds fell off,
And, glorious in the majesty of heaven,
She slowly passed away with dazzling clouds
Into the realms of everlasting joy.

ARCHBISHOP (*after a pause*).

Before such supernatural evidence
Each doubt of earthly wisdom must be dumb.
Her acts approve that she has spoken truth,
For God alone can work such deeds.

DUNOIS.

I trust

Her eye, beyond her miracles ; her soul
Speaks in her innocent look.

CHARLES.

And is such grace
Vouchsafed to me unworthy ! Searching eye
Of Providence ! thou seest my inmost heart,
And humble thankfulness.

JOHANNA.

Humility

Becomes the mighty well : thou hast bowed down
Thyself : thou art exalted.

CHARLES.

Shall I stand

Against my foes ?

JOHANNA.

Recovered at thy feet

I will lay France.

CHARLES.

And Orleans shall not fall ?

JOHANNA.

Sooner the Loire run backwards to its source !

CHARLES.

And I shall enter Rheims a conqueror ?

JOHANNA.

I lead thee thither through a thousand foes.

DUNOIS.

Place but Johanna at our army's haed :

We follow blindly, where the heavenly maid

Leads on :—her prophet eye shall be our guide :

And this good sword shall guard her.

LAHIRE.

Not a world

In arms will stop us, when she leads our host.
The god of victory is at her side ;
Then let the mighty maiden be our guide.

CHARLES.

Yes ; thou shalt lead my armies, holy maid !
Thee shall the princes of the land obey.
The Constable, in sudden discontent,
Sends back his sword ; it finds a worthier hand.
Take it, inspired prophetess ! from me,
And thou shall be——

JOHANNA.

No, Dauphin ! not this sword :
For, with this instrument of earthly power,
The victory is not assured to thee.
Another sword I in the vision saw,
Wherewith to conquer. What the spirit shewed
I will reveal ; send thou and bring it here.

CHARLES.

Name it, Johanna !

JOHANNA.

Send to the old town
Of Fierboys ; there, in St. Catharine's church,
Great store of armour lies within a vault,

The prize of long-forgotten victories ;
There is the only sword which I may use.
It will be known by three gold lilies stamped
Upon the blade—let this be brought to me,
It is thy sword of victory.

CHARLES.

Send hence,

And do her bidding.

JONANNA.

White, with purple fringe,
My banner must be wrought : and, on the field,
Display the holy Virgin with the Child,
Floating majestically above the earth ;
So was it in the vision.

CHARLES.

All shall be

Even as thou wilt.

JOHANNA.

Now, venerable man,
Stretch out thy priestly hand, and bless thy daughter.

[Kneels before him.]

ARCHBISHOP.

Thou art come hither blessings to bestow,

Not to receive : Go, in the might of God !

We are unworthy sinners.

[She stands up.]

Enter a Page.

PAGE.

There is come

A herald from the English.

JOHANNA.

Instantly

Give him admittance ; God has sent him here.

[The King signs to Page, who goes out.]

Enter Herald.

CHARLES.

Herald, what bringest thou ? speak thy message free.

HERALD.

Who answers for the Count of Ponthieu,

Charles of Valois ?

DUNOIS.

Vile herald ! shameless dog !

Art thou so bold as to deny the King

Of France on his own ground ? Thy painted coat

Protects thee, else would I ——

HERALD.

France knows no king
But one, and he is king of England too.

CHARLES.

Have patience, cousin. Herald! Tell thy news.

HERALD.

My noble master, pitying the blood
Already spilled, and that which yet must flow,
Still in the scabbard holds his conquering sword;
And, ere on Orleans his wrath descends,
Offers fair articles of amity.

CHARLES.

Declare them!

JOHANNA.

Sire, let me on thy behalf
Answer this messenger.

CHARLES.

Do so, Johanna;
Decide for peace or war.

JOHANNA.

Herald! for whom
Art thou come here to speak? who sends thee here?

HERALD.

The English general, the Earl Salisbury.

JOHANNA.

Herald, it is false ; the earl speaks not by thee :
Only the living speak, and not the dead.

HERALD.

My master lives in full and vigorous health ;
Lives, to the common ruin of you all.

JOHANNA.

He lived at thy departure ; but to-day
A shot from Orleans stretched him on the ground,
As he was looking down from La Tournelle.
Thou smilest that I speak of distant things ;
Trust not my saying, trust what thou wilt see :
His funeral pomp will meet thee on thy way.
Now, herald, speak : fulfil thy embassy.

HERALD.

If thou hast power to see what is concealed,
I need not speak ; thou knowest it before.

JOHANNA.

I know it well ! carry my answer back.
Say to the princes who have sent thee here :
"Thou King of England, and ye brother dukes,

Bedford and Gloucester, who oppress this land,
You owe a reckoning to the King of heaven
For all the blood that you have shed in France !
Give up forthwith the keys of all the towns
Which against justice you have overpowered.
The Maiden comes, the chosen one of Heaven ;
To you she offers peace, or bloody war.
Choose ! for I warn you, be assured of this,
France is not given by God to be your prey ;
And unto Paris, Charles, my lawful king,
Surrounded by the princes of the land,
Full royally ere long shall enter in."
Now, herald, hurry back : make no delay !
Sooner than thou canst reach the English camp
To tell this message, is the Maiden there,
And plants her conquering flag in Orleans.

[General movement.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An open Foreground, Rocky Scenery behind.*

*Enter TALBOT, MORTIMER, Duke of BURGUNDY,
CLIFFORD, CHATILLON, and Soldiers.*

TALBOT.

Halt here, and pitch the tents beneath these rocks ;
Rally the fugitives, whom panic fear
Has widely scattered : occupy the heights,
And keep good watch ; the night defies pursuit,
Unless our foes have wings ; nor do I fear
To be surprised ; yet is there need to use
Due vigilance ; we met a daring foe
To-day, and were defeated.

[Exit CLIFFORD with Soldiers.]

MORTIMER.

Speak it not :

General ! I dare not think, that Englishmen
To-day before the face of Frenchmen fled.
Oh ! Orleans, Orleans ! grave of our renown,
Here in thy fields lies buried England's fame.
Ridiculous, disgraceful overthrow !
In future days who will believe the tale ?
The men of Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt,
Defeated by a girl !

BURGUNDY.

Still we may say,
We are not overcome by men, but foiled
By devilish sorcery.

TALBOT.

The sorcery
Of folly ! Burgundy ! is even a prince
Scared by this spectre of the populace ?
But, superstition is too thin a veil
To hide your weakness ; your men fled the first.

BURGUNDY.

No one held ground : the flight was general.

TALBOT.

No, it began at first upon your wing.
You burst into my camp with shrieks of fear ;
Crying ; " Hell is loose, and Satan fights for France !"
And the confusion became general.

MORTIMER.

It cannot be denied : your wing fled first.

BURGUNDY.

Because the first attack was on that side.

TALBOT.

The Maiden knew the weakness of our camp,
And where to look for fear.

BURGUNDY.

What ! must I bear

The blame of our defeat.

MORTIMER.

We Englishmen,
Had we but been alone, Orleans, by God,
Had never lost.

BURGUNDY.

No, because Orleans
You ne'er had seen. Who paved the way for you
Into this realm, and gave his friendly hand,

When you first touched a strange and hostile shore ?
Whose power in Paris crowned your Henry king,
And wrought the hearts of Frenchmen to obey ?
By heaven ! if not upheld by this strong arm,
Which led you here, you ne'er had seen the smoke
Rise from one hearth in France.

MORTIMER.

If mighty words
Would do it, Burgundy ! long since, alone,
You might have conquered France.

BURGUNDY.

You are ill-pleased
That Orleans is relieved, and vent the gall
And bitterness of your defeat on me,
Your true ally. Orleans had not escaped
But for your greediness. It was prepared
To give itself to me : no obstacle
Remained except your envy.

TALBOT.

Not for you
Did we besiege it.

BURGUNDY.

And how stood you now,

If I withdrew my force?

MORTIMER.

Not worse, methinks.

Than when with you and France combined we coped
At Agincourt.

BURGUNDY.

Yet was my friendship deemed
Precious: the Regent dearly purchased it.

TALBOT.

Dearly—too dearly: we have paid the price,
With England's honour before Orleans,
To-day.

BURGUNDY.

You may rue these taunts: did I forsake
My master's rightful banner, and entail
The curse of treason on my name, to bear
Such insolence from foreign scorn? what brings
Me here,—why am I fighting against France?
If I must choose between ungrateful friends,
The thankless one shall be my native king.

TALBOT.

You are in treaty with the Dauphin now:
We know it well, but we shall find some way

To guard ourselves from traitors.

BURGUNDY.

Death and hell !

Am I encountered thus ?—Go, Chatillon,

Draw out my people, and prepare to march.

[*Exit* CHATILLON.]

We will return.

MORTIMER.

Go ! in a happy hour :

For, British glory never beamed so bright,

As when we trusted to no helper's hand,

But forced our way with our good swords alone.

Let each fight out his quarrel for himself :

For, French and English blood, 'twas ever so,

Will not in one commingling current flow.

Enter ISABELLA attended.

ISABELLA.

What must I hear, my Lords ? Stay, Burgundy !

What planet sheds its baleful influence,

Bewildering your reason ? Will you part

In anger now, when only union

Can save your cause ; will you accelerate

Your ruin by your feuds ? Great Duke, recal

Thy rashly uttered orders : and do thou,
Brave Talbot, satisfy thy injured friend :
Mortimer ! help me to conciliate
These haughty spirits, and establish peace.

MORTIMER.

Not I, Madame, it is all one to me ;
I ever thought that those who ill agree
Do well and wisely when they separate.

ISABELLA.

How ! is the juggling sorcery of hell,
Which we have found so fatal in the field,
Still busy to delude and baffle us ?
Who first began the quarrel ? Noble Talbot,
Didst thou so far forget thy interest,
As to insult thy sworn and valued friend ?
What can you do without his helping arm ?
He has built up your king's unsteady throne ;
He holds him or unseats him when he will :
His army strengthens you, still more his name.
Were France united, then not all the might
Of England, pouring forth from all her coasts,
Avails to master her : by France alone
Can France be overcome.

G

TALBOT.

We are not slow
To honour faithful friends ; the wise will guard
From false companions.

BURGUNDY.

And when gratitude
Grows irksome, falsehood readily invents
Some bold pretext to palliate the crime.

ISABELLA.

What ! noble duke, have you no sense of shame
And princely honour, that you fain would clasp,
In friendly brotherhood, the murderer's hand
By which your father died ? Are you so mad
As to believe you can make common cause
With this same Dauphin, whom you have hurled down,
And brought so closely to the brink of ruin ?
So near his fall, wilt thou uphold him still,
Madly destroying what thyself hast done ?
Here are your friends ; your triumph is secure
By England's fellowship.

BURGUNDY.

My thoughts are far
From union with the Dauphin ; but the pride

And scornful arrogance of England
I cannot brook.

ISABELLA.

Forgive a thoughtless word.
The general is weighed down with heavy care ;
Misfortune breeds injustice. Come, embrace :
Let me eradicate your short-lived feud,
Ere it takes deeper root.

TALBOT.

Well, Burgundy ?
To reason's master-voice a noble heart
Yields readily ; the queen has counselled well :
Then let the honest pressure of my hand
Heal the offence of my too hasty tongue.

BURGUNDY.

The queen speaks truth ; and to necessity
My just resentment yields.

ISABELLA.

Why, this is well ;
A brotherly embrace will seal anew
Your re-established bond, and let the winds
Scatter your idle words.

[BURGUNDY *and* TALBOT *embrace.*

MORTIMER (*aside*).

Fair fall the peace,
A fury consecrates.

ISABELLA.

My lords, we have lost
A battle; fortune frowns: but not for this
Be your bold hearts cast down: my reckless son,
Despairing of the help of heaven, has tried
Satanic arts to save him; but in vain
Has he abandoned his immortal weal;
Even his hell is powerless to help him.
A conquering Maiden leads his army on;
I will lead yours, and I will be to you
Instead of prophetess and sainted maid.

MORTIMER.

Madame, go back to Paris; our good swords
Are all we need: we ask no woman's aid.

TALBOT.

Go, go! no blessing is upon our arms,
But all goes wrong since you were in the camp

BURGUNDY.

Go! for your being here avails us nought:
Your presence is a scandal.

ISABELLA.

What ! do you
Combine with these ungrateful Englishmen
Against me, Burgundy ?

BURGUNDY,

Go ! half his strength
The soldier loses, while he thinks to fight
Upon your side.

ISABELLA.

Is this the peace I made ?
Are these its fruits, that you make common cause
To thwart me now ?

TALBOT.

Go, Madame, in God's name !
We fear no sorcery when you are gone.

ISABELLA.

Why, am not I your true and sworn ally ?
Your cause is mine ——

TALBOT.

And yet your's is not our's.
We have an honourable feud.

BURGUNDY.

And I

Revenge a father's murder : filial love

Hallows my sword.

TALBOT.

In short, to speak it plain,
Your treatment of the Dauphin is a sin
Denounced by God and man.

ISABELLA.

May curses blight
Him, and his children's children ! he, he sinned
Against his mother first.

BURGUNDY.

He but avenged
A father and a husband.

ISABELLA.

Of my life
He made himself the censor.

MORTIMER.

For a son
Truly, that was irreverend.

ISABELLA.

He banished me
From France.

TALBOT.

In that he did but execute

A solemn judgment.

ISABELLA.

Curses fall on me

If I forgive him ! on his father's throne

Rather than see him reign ——

TALBOT.

Rather you will sacrifice his mother's honour !

ISABELLA.

Your feeble spirits cannot comprehend

The wrath of an offended mother's heart.

I love what does me service, and I hate

What injures me ; and, if it be the son

Whom I have borne, my hate is bitterer still.

The life I gave him I will take again,

If, with perverse and saucy arrogance,

He wounds the breast whence he his being drew.

You, you ! who levy war against my son,

You have no cause, no claim to plunder him.

What crime has he committed against you ?

What duty toward you set he at nought ?

Base envy and ambition bring you here :

I have a right to hate him, for I bore him.

TALBOT.

He feels a mother's care in her revenge.

ISABELLA.

How I despise you, paltry hypocrites !
Your lies, which fool the world, delude yourselves.
You Englishmen stretch out your robber-hands
Toward this land of France, where you have not
A title or pretence to so much earth
As lies beneath one horse's hoof. This Duke,
Who loves to be nicknamed The Good, barter
His fatherland, his sire's inheritance,
To a strange master and a natural foe.
Yet, with all this, each other word you speak
Is justice. But I thoroughly disdain
Such poor hypocrisy, and as I am
The world shall ever see me.

BURGUNDY.

In good sooth,
Full gallantly have you redeemed this pledge !

ISABELLA.

Have I no passions ? have I not warm blood
As others have ? I came into this land,
To be indeed, not only seem, a queen.

What! was I bound to become dead to joy,
Because the curse of fate had fettered me
In my glad youth to a distracted mate?
I love my freedom dearer than my life,
And he who threatens it——But what avails
Wrangling with you upon the rights I claim?
Slow creeps the thick blood in your heavy veins;
You know the wrath of hate, but not the joy;
And this 'good Duke,' whose life has ever been
Midway and halting between right and wrong,
Can neither hate nor love.—I go to Melun.
Let Mortimer, who takes my fancy, come
As my companion, to beguile the time,
And do you as you will. Neither for England
Nor Burgundy shall I disturb myself.

(She signs to her page, and is going.)

MORTIMER.

Rely on us; the fairest youths in France
Whom we make prisoner, shall to Melun go.

ISABELLA *(returning)*.

You are well fitted with your brutal swords:
Frenchmen alone can utter courteous words.

[Exit.]

TALBOT.

What a woman !

MORTIMER.

Come, my lords, to counsel ;
Must we fly further, or return again
To end, by some bold enterprise, the shame
Of our defeat to day?

BURGUNDY.

We are too weak ;
The men are scattered still ; and in the camp
The terror is too new.

TALBOT.

Blind panic caused
Our flight, the sudden impulse of alarm.
The spectral image of the frightened fancy,
Stedfastly gazed upon, will disappear.
My counsel is, we lead the army back
Across the river, to the enemy,
At daybreak.

BURGUNDY.

Yet reflect,——

MORTIMER.

Nay ! by your leave,

There is no time for cold reflection : soon
Must we regain what we have this day lost,
Or be for ever shamed.

TALBOT.

It is resolved :

To morrow we will fight, and dissipate
The phantom-terror which unmans and blinds
Our people. In the battle let us seek
To meet this virgin-devil face to face ;
If she encounter with our sharp-edged swords,
Her powers of sorcery will not save her long ;
Or, if she shun us, as she surely will
A real attack, the troops are disabused.

MORTIMER.

Be it so ; and leave to me, my noble lord,
This easy conquest, where no blood shall flow.
I trust to seize our goblin-foe alive ; .
And, before Dunois' eyes, her paramour,
To bear her in my arms a prisoner,
Amid the soldier's scoffs, into our camp.

BURGUNDY.

Promise not too boldly !

TALBOT.

If she meets with me,
I do not mean so gently to embrace her.
Come now ;—exhausted nature needs repose :
Let us refresh our strength with gentle sleep,
Then to our onslaught with the dawning day. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter JOHANNA over the rocks, DUNOIS, LAHIRE, Knights
and Soldiers : they come down to the front.*

JOHANNA.

The pass is gained, and we are in the camp !
Now, cast away the veil of silent night,
Which has o'ershadowed your advance so far :
Your presence, fraught with terror to your foes,
Let your loud war-cry tell—God and the Maiden !
[*Soldiers shouting, with noise of military instruments.*
God and the Maiden !

Centinels behind the scenes.

Up ! awake ! the foe !

JOHANNA.

Bring torches here : throw fire among the tents :
Let the flame's fury multiply their fear,
And death encompass them on every side.

[*Offers to go.*

DUNOIS (*holding her back*).

Johanna, thou hast well performed thy part,
Hast led us here, amid the English camp,
And given the enemy into our hand :
But now stand thou aloof, forbear the strife ;
The bloody arbitration must be ours.

LAHIRE.

Yes ! shew our host the path to victory,
And wield the banner in thy blameless hand :
Take not the deadly sword into thy grasp ;
Tempt not the false uncertain fate of war,
Which rages blindly and regardlessly.

JOHANNA.

Who shall withhold me ? who shall dare controul
The spirit that drives me on ? When once shot forth,
The arrow must fly forwards to the goal.
Where danger is, there must Johanna be !
Not now, not here, am I decreed to fall :
On the king's head first I must set the crown.
By human hand my blood will not be spilled,
Till all that God commanded is fulfilled. [*Exit.*

LAHIRE.

Come, Dunois, let us follow : like a shield
We'll guard the maiden through the bloody field. [*Exeunt.*

Enter English Soldiers in confusion.

FIRST SOLDIER.

The Maiden ? here in the camp ?

SECOND SOLDIER.

Impossible!—how can it be ? How came she into the camp ?

THIRD SOLDIER.

Through the air ; the devil helps her.

FOURTH AND FIFTH SOLDIER.

Away ! we are all lost !

[Exeunt.]

Enter TALBOT.

They will not hear—they will not stand to me !

The bands of discipline are all unloosed,

And, as if Hell had vomited its legions

Of damned spirits, one rabble rout of fear

Drives madly forth the coward and the brave.

I cannot rally even the smallest troop

To face the rushing tide of enemies,

Which pours its swelling strength into the camp.

Am I the only sane one in the field ?

Does the same fever rage in all but me ?

To shrink before these French effeminates,

Whom we have beaten back in twenty battles !

Who is this maid, this Irresistible,

This Queen of Terror, who at once can turn
The tide of war, and change a coward troop
Of trembling deer to lion-hearted men?
Shall then a cheat, acting a heroine's part,
Appal true courage? shall a woman steal
My warlike fame?

SOLDIER (*running*).

The Maiden! away, general, away!

TALBOT.

Away to hell (*striking him down*)

Thyself! This sword shall pierce the heart of all
Who speak to me of fear and dastard flight! [*Erit.*]

SCENE II. — *Another part of the field—the English
Camp in flames—Alarum.*

Enter MONTGOMERY.

Where shall I turn? death is on every side.
Here Talbot, raging with uplifted sword,
Bars all escape, and drives us on to death;
Yonder the Terror, like a burning flame
Of all destroying fire, deals ruin round:
And not a bush, no lurking place is near
Wherein to hide my fear. Ah! wretched man!
Why did I cross the sea, fooled with vain hope

Of winning cheap renown in France, and now
An evil destiny has led me here
Into this field of blood. Oh ! that I were
Far hence, where round my father's dwelling flows
The glittering Severn, where my mother mourns,
And my sweet bride longs for my safe return.
What do I see ? the Dreadful One appears :
Darkly she looms among the lurid fires,
A demon rising from the throat of hell.
Where can I fly ? even now this way she darts
Her fascinating, never failing glance :
She rivets on me now her eyes of flame.
While fast, and still more fast, the magic snare
Twines round my fettered feet, and stops my flight.
I cannot choose but look on her, though fear
And loathing chill my heart. I will not wait
Till savagely she rushes on her prey ;
I will kneel down, and prostrate beg for life.
She is a woman ; tears may soften her.

Enter JOHANNA.

Thou art lost : a British mother nurtured thee.

MONTGOMERY.

Hold, fearful Maid ! strike not an unarmed man.

See, I have cast away my sword and shield ;
Defenceless, suppliant, at thy feet I fall.
Hold me to ransom : let me still enjoy
The light of life : my father's rule extends
O'er fifty towns in the fair land of Wales,
Where through green meads the twining Severn rolls
Its silver stream : and, from his ample stores,
With a rich ransom will he set me free,
When he shall know his son a prisoner.

JOHANNA.

Deluded fool ! thou art fallen into the hand
Of the destroying angel, where no hope
Of ransom or of rescue can be found.
Had thy fate thrown thee to the crocodile,
Or to the spotted leopard,—hadst thou met
The raging lioness plundered of her young,
For meekness and for mercy mightest thou look,
But it is certain death to meet the Maid.
For, to the dark unpitying Spirit-world
I, by a stern irrevocable vow,
Am bound to sacrifice each living thing
Which destiny hath given into my hand.

H

MONTGOMERY.

Thy words are fearful, but thy looks are mild :
Thou art not terrible when I gaze on thee :
My heart is captive to thy loveliness.
Oh ! by the tenderness of thy soft sex,
I do adjure thee, spare my youthful life.

JOHANNA.

Name me not woman : call not on my sex.
Like spirits which, unloosed from earthly ties,
Go wandering disembodied through the air,
I have no sex ; this armour hides no heart.

MONTGOMERY.

Oh ! I implore thee in the name of love,
The common holy law which all obey.
For, I have left at home a beauteous bride,
Fair as thyself, blooming in youthful grace,
And tearfully she pines for my return.
If thou hast ever known the name of love,
And hoped for happiness, divide not now
Two hearts united by these holy ties.

JOHANNA.

Thou callest on strange and earthly deities
Which I know not, nor honour. Of the love

By which thou dost adjure me, I know nought,
And scorn its idle shrine. Defend thy life :
For, death awaits thee now.

MONTGOMERY.

Have mercy then
Upon the sorrowing mother whom I left
At home. Are there none such who grieve for thee ?

JOHANNA.

Wilt thou remind me, miserable man !
How many childless mothers in this land,
How many tender infants fatherless,
How many widows you have made desolate !
Let England's mothers taste our deep despair,
And learn to weep the tears which, all too long,
Have dropped in France unseen and unavenged.

MONTGOMERY.

Oh, it is hard to die unpitied here !

JOHANNA.

Who called you here, into this foreign land,
To waste the blooming produce of our fields,
To drive us from our own domestic hearths,
To hurl the flames of war, where holy peace
Had made her sanctuary within our walls ?

You dreamed, in you heart's vain imaginings,
To plunge the free-born Frenchman in the shame
Of slavery, and fetter this great realm,
As 'twere a boat, to your proud ocean galley !
Vain fools ! the royal shield of France is hung
Fast by the throne of God : as easily
Might you pluck down stars from the firmament
As hold one village of this mighty empire,
Eternal, One, and Indivisible.
The day of wrath is come, and ne'er again
Shall you return across the hallowed sea
Which God hath set the boundary of your land,
And which you impiously have overpast.

MONTGOMERY.

The bitterness of death is on me now.

JOHANNA.

Death, friend ! why like a coward shrink from death,
The inevitable fate ? nay, look on me !
I am a lowly maid, a shepherdess :
This hand, familiar with the peaceful crook,
Is unaccustomed to the bloody sword.
But, borne away from my dear native home,
My father's love, my sisters' fond embrace,

Not my own will, the warning voice of Heaven
Hath called me hither ; to your bitter loss,
Not to my gain, through death to wander on
A phantom of astonishment and fear,
The priestess and the sacrifice of death.
For, I shall see no day of glad return,
I shall make many widows, shall destroy
Many of your nation, but at last fulfil
My destiny, and die. Fulfil thine too :
Take up thy shield and sword, and for the prize
Of life do battle.

MONTGOMERY.

Nay, if thou indeed
Art mortal, and if earthly means avail
To harm thee, mine may be the hand decreed
To hurl thee to perdition, and to end
England's distress. Into the hand of God
I trust my fate : Creature of hell, call thou
Thy damned spirits to help thee : guard thy life !

[They fight ; MONTGOMERY falls.]

JOHANNA.

Thou camest on the path of death : farewell !

[She turns from him and stands musing.]

O mighty Virgin ! thou art strong in me ;
Thou strengthenest my unaccustomed arm,
Thou hardenest my unrelenting heart :
My soul melts now with pity, and my hand
Trembles, as if its impious violence
Had burst the sanctuary of some holy thing,
When it defaced the handiwork of God.
I shudder but to see this glittering steel.
But, when the hour comes, power is on me suddenly ;
And, as if quickened by a living soul,
The sure sword rages in my faltering hand.

Enter BURGUNDY (his visor closed).

Accursed one ! thine hour is come : in vain
I sought thee through the field. Return to Hell,
Thou fatal juggle, whence thy witchcrafts came.

JOHANNA.

And who art thou, whom an unhappy fate
Hath sent to cross my path ? thy bearing seems
As of a prince ; thou art no Englishman ;
For, on thy breast is the Burgundian scarf,
To which my blade is lowered in amity.

BURGUNDY.

Child of perdition ! thou hast not deserved

Death by a princely hand. The headsman's axe
From thy accursed trunk should strike the head,
Not the brave sword of royal Burgundy!

JOHANNA.

Thou art the Duke.

BURGUNDY (*lifting his visor*).

I am. Now tremble, wretch,
And now despair! thy devilish sorcery
Avails thee not; cowards thou mayest o'ercome;
A man has met thee now.

Enter DUNOIS and LAHIRE.

DUNOIS.

Turn, Burgundy,
And fight with men; fight not against a girl.

LAHIRE.

We guard the holy Maiden's sacred life,
Your sword must pierce my heart—

BURGUNDY.

I neither dread
To meet this witch, nor you, whom her foul spells
Have shamefully transformed. Blush, Bastard, blush!
Fie on't, Lahire! you have stained your knightly fame

With hellish artifice, and stooped to be
The attendant squires upon a sorceress quean.
Come on ; I dare you all : your trust in Heaven
Is gone, since you have called on help from hell.

[He presses on Dunois.]

JOHANNA.

Hold !

BURGUNDY.

Dost thou tremble for thy paramour ?
Before thy face shall he atone—

JOHANNA.

Hold back !

Lahire, divide them : no French blood shall flow.
This strife must be decided, not with swords :
Another issue is decreed to it.
Fall back, I say ! now listen and revere
The spirit which inspires and speaks in me.

DUNOIS.

Why wilt thou thus restrain my lifted arm,
And stay the bloody judgment of the sword ?
The steel is drawn, the blow is all but struck,
Which reconciles and which revenges France.

JOHANNA (*between them*).

Stand on one side ! (*to LAHIRE*)—stir not in word or deed,

For, Burgundy and I must speak together.—
What wouldst thou do ? Who is the enemy
Whom thine eyes seek with hot desire of blood ?
This prince is, as thou art, a child of France ;
This is thy brother-in-arms, thy countryman ;
I am a daughter of thy fatherland.
We all, whom thou art furious to destroy,
Are of thy friends ; to welcome thy embrace
Our arms are open ; ready are our knees
To do thee homage ; our swords are powerless
To harm thee : even clad in hostile steel
We reverence the lineaments which bear
The sacred impress of our native kings.

BURGUNDY.

False siren ! wouldst thou fain entrap thy prey
With the sweet melody of flattering tones ?
Deceitful one ! thou canst not so delude me.
My ears are deaf to thy ensnaring words ;
My heart is steeled against thy looks of flame,
Which harmlessly glance by. Stand to your arms,

Dunois ! contend with blows, and not with words.

DUNOIS.

Words first, then blows :—art thou afraid of words ?
Even that is cowardice ; it is the sign
How feebly guarded is the cause of treason.

JOHANNA.

We are not brought by hard necessity
To tremble at thy feet : no suppliants
Before thee come. Look round ; the English camp
Smoulders in ashes : with thy slaughtered friends
The battle-field is strewn. Dost thou not hear
The trumpets of victorious France ?—
God has decided, and the triumph ours.
So come we to thee, offering now to share
The freshly gathered laurel with our friend.
Be one of us : come, noble proselyte,
Where victory and right go hand in hand.
I offer—I, the messenger of heaven,
A sister's welcome : I will rescue thee,
And draw thee over to our holy side.
Heaven is for France ; angels thou canst not see,
With lilies crowned, are fighting for the king :
Pure as this snow-white banner is our cause,

And its chaste symbol is the Holy Virgin.

BURGUNDY.

Entangled ever is the glosing phrase
Of Falsehood ; but her words are like a child's :
And, if foul spirits are speaking by her tongue,
Well do they counterfeit the guise of truth.—
I will hear no more : betake you to your swords :
I feel, my ear is weaker than my arm.

JOHANNA.

Thou sayest I am a sorceress, and skilled
In devilish arts : is it the work of hell
To foster peace and to extinguish hate ?
Out of the bottomless pit can concord come ?
What can be holy, innocent, and good,
If not the struggle for our fatherland ?
And when was nature so arrayed in league
Against herself, that heaven should e'er forsake
And demons should defend the rightful cause ?
If what I utter now is good and true,
Whence can it come to me but from above ?
Who could have taught the lowly shepherdess,
Among her flocks, upon the mountain paths,
To understand and speak of royalties ?
I never stood before the thrones of kings :

My tongue was unendowed with eloquence,
Till now, when I have need to touch thy heart,
My glance dives freely in futurity ;
The destiny of nations and of kings
Lies clearly open to my untaught eye,
And thunderbolts are flashing from my tongue.

BURGUNDY (*astonished*).

What is this new-born feeling ? Is it God,
Who works this sudden change within me now ?
There is no guile in that fair countenance !
Oh, no ! If I am dazzled by a charm,
It is the irresistible power of Heaven ;
My heart assures me, God has sent her here.

JOHANNA.

His heart is touched : I have not prayed in vain.
The thunderbolt of wrath clears off his brow,
Melting in tearful pity's tender dew :
And in his eye, which beams with peace once more,
Shines forth the golden sun of sympathy.
Down with your swords ! greet him with heart and hand,
He weeps : he is overpowered : he is ours !

DUNOIS *and* BURGUNDY *embrace*.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Court of King CHARLES at Chalons on the Marne.*

Enter DUNOIS and LAHIRE.

DUNOIS.

We have been bosom friends, brothers in arms ;
In the same quarrel have fought side by side :
Through danger and through death knit fast in one.
Let not the love of woman sever ties
In every change of fortune unimpaired.

LAHIRE.

Hear me, Dunois !

DUNOIS.

You love the wondrous Maid :
Well do I know your purpose ; from this spot

You mean to seek the king ; you will demand
The Maiden as your bride, nor can he dare
Withhold your well-earned prize ; but first know this :
Ere I will see her in another's arms ——

LAHIRE.

Prince, hear me !

DUNOIS.

It is not the sensual charm
Of fleeting beauty that has caught my eye ;
No woman yet had touched my untamed heart,
Until I looked on this miraculous Maid ;
The chosen One, decreed of Heaven to be
The Saviour of the empire, and my bride :
And inwardly that very hour I swore
A solemn oath as bride to lead her home.
None but a heroine can a hero love ;
My glowing heart pants for an equal soul
Which comprehends and can endure its fervour.

LAHIRE.

How can I dare to match my weak desert
With your heroic name ? Where Count Dunois
Is in the lists all rivalry is vain ;
Yet, can a lowly shepherdess appear

Worthily at the altar by your side ?
The royal stream which courses in your veins
Disdains less noble blood.

DUNOIS.

She is the child
Of nature, so am I : our births are like.
But, can she shame a prince, who is the bride
Of blessed angels, round whose godlike head
A glory streams brighter than earthly crowns,
Who sees the greatest and the mightiest
Of earthly dignity beneath her feet ?
Take all these thrones, and pile them to the stars,
How far are they below the lofty place,
Where in angelic majesty she stands !

LAHIRE.

Let the king choose.

DUNOIS.

No ! let her choose herself :
She has given France its freedom ; freely now
Let her bestow her heart.

LAHIRE.

The king is here.

Enter CHARLES, AGNES, DUCHATEL, *and* CHATILLON.

CHARLES (*to* CHATILLON).

He comes ! he will acknowledge me as king,
And do me homage ?

CHATILLON.

Sire ! the Duke, my master,
Within Chalons, his royal town, will kneel
Before you : he commands me to salute
My lord and king : he follows close at hand,
And will be here anon.

AGNES.

O blessed sun
Of this fair day, that shines on joy, on peace,
And on forgiveness !

CHATILLON.

With two hundred knights
The Duke will come and offer to kneel down :
But, he expects thou wilt not suffer this,
But greet him as thy cousin and thy friend.

CHARLES.

I burn to welcome him.

CHATILLON.

The Duke requests .

That, in this interview, no word be said
Of the old quarrel.

CHARLES.

Let the past be sunk
For ever in oblivion ; we look now
Only to coming joy.

CHATILLON.

All who have fought
For Burgundy must share the amnesty.

CHARLES.

My kingdom will be doubled : be it so.

CHATILLON.

If the queen Isabella will consent,
She is included in the peace.

CHARLES.

With me
She wages war, not I with her ; when she
Has closed our quarrel it is done.

CHATILLON.

Twelve knights
Shall for your word be hostages.

CHARLES.

My word

Is sacred.

CHATILLON.

And, in token of sincere
Forgiveness, the Archbishop shall divide
The holy wafer for the Duke and thee.

CHARLES.

So be my hope of everlasting bliss,
As heart and hand of mine to him are true !
What other pledge does the duke yet demand ?

CHATILLON (*looking at Du CHATEL*).

Here I see one whose presence might give pain,
And mar the tone of your first interview.

[*Du CHATEL retires silently.*]

CHARLES.

Go, Du Chatel : until the duke can bear
To look on thee, thou mayest withdraw.

[*He follows him with his eyes, then
runs to him and embraces him.*]

True friend !

Thou wouldest have done much more than this for me !

[*Exit Du CHATEL.*]

CHATILLON.

The other articles are in this paper.

CHARLES (*giving it to the Archbishop*).

Set it in order, we assent to all ;
No price can be too precious for a friend.
Go, Dunois, take a hundred noble knights
With you, and meet the duke befittingly.
Let the troops hang green garlands on their brows,
To welcome in their brother warriors.
Adorn the city for a festival,
And let the pealing bells ring out the news,
That France and Burgundy are reconciled.

[*Trumpets.*

Enter a Page.

But, hark ! whose are the trumpets that I hear ?

PAGE.

The duke is entering.

DUNOIS.

Let us welcome him.

[*Exeunt DUNOIS, LAHIRE, and CHATILLON.*

CHARLES.

Agnes, you weep ; I, too, can scarcely bear
The emotion of our coming interview.
How many victims have been doomed to death
Ere we could meet again in peace. But now

The fury of the storm is hushed to rest.
The darkest night is followed by the dawn :
The tardiest fruits grow ripe in their own time.

ARCHBISHOP (*at the casement*).

The duke can scarcely find a way to clear
The thronging crowd. They lift him from his horse—
They hang upon his cloak : they kiss his spurs.

CHARLES.

It is a good people ; fiery in their love
As in their hate : they have forgotten now
Their sons and fathers whom this Duke has slain :
One moment swallows up a life gone by.
Agnes, be calm ; even extravagant joy
Might be a sting to his repentant soul :
Nothing shall shame or discontent him here.

Enter the Duke of BURGUNDY, DUNOIS, LAHIRE, CHATILLON, and other Knights. The Duke stands still on entering ; the King makes a step toward him ; the Duke immediately advances, and, as he offers to kneel, the King embraces him.

CHARLES.

You have surprised us, cousin ; we had thought

To bring you in ; but you have nimble steeds.

BURGUNDY.

They bore me to my duty.

[*He salutes* AGNES.

By your leave,

Fair cousin : this is our prerogative

In Arras, which no beauty dare gainsay.

CHARLES.

Your city is known to be the court of love,

The staple town where beauty is assayed

And must receive its stamp.

BURGUNDY.

We are traders, Sire !

And, on our fair at Bruges, we boast to shew

What men in all lands deem most excellent :

And what than beauty is more highly prized ?

AGNES.

A constant heart should bring a higher price :

But in your market that is never seen.

CHARLES.

Cousin, you have an evil character,

For scorning woman's noblest attribute.

BURGUNDY.

The heresy prepares the punishment
Which it deserves. Your heart has early taught,
What a wild life too late has lessened me.

[He turns to the Archbishop.]

My reverend father, let me crave your blessing ;
You are encountered ever at your post :
He must try virtue's path who would find you.

ARCHBISHOP.

I wait with patience till my master calls.
My heart is satisfied ; I am content
To go, since I have lived to see this day.

BURGUNDY (*to AGNES*).

It is reported that you gave your jewels
To forge new weapons against me. Were you
So warlike, on my ruin so resolved ?
Our strife is ended now ; all is restored
That had been counted lost, and, with the rest,
Your jewels find their owner. Destined once
To war against me, take them from my hand
As a peace-offering.

[He takes a casket from an attendant and offers it to her ; she looks hesitatingly toward the King.]

CHARLES.

Accept the gift ;

The pledge is doubly dear, of faithful love
And a recovered friend.

BURGUNDY (*fastening a rose of brilliants in her hair*).

Why is it not

The royal crown of France ? how willingly
Would I assist to place the diadem
Upon this beauteous brow !—and, count on me

[*Taking her hand.*]

If e'er you need a friend.

[*AGNES, overcome with emotion, bursts into tears and turns away. After a pause, BURGUNDY throws himself into the King's arms.*]

Oh, my king !

Could I hate you : could I renounce you ?

CHARLES.

Hush !

Speak not a word of that !

BURGUNDY.

And I could crown
This Englishman—swear fealty to the stranger,
And you, my king, precipitate in ruin.

CHARLES.

Forget it now ; all is forgiven : this hour
Atones for all ; it was our destiny,
Our ill-starred fate.

BURGUNDY.

Trust me I will make it good.
Your grief shall be compensated, your realm
Regained entire ; no village unrestored.

CHARLES.

We are reconciled ; I fear no enemy now.

BURGUNDY.

Believe me, never was my heart at ease
While warring against you : did you but know—
Why was this mediator not sent to me ?

[Turning to AGNES.]

I had not dared to fight against her tears.
No power of hell avails to part us now,
Since we have met in brotherly embrace :
Now I have found my place and proper home,
And all my wanderings are ended here.

ARCHBISHOP.

Princes, you are reconciled ! France now renewed
Rises a Phoenix soaring from her ashes,

And smiles toward a fair futurity.
The deep wounds of our country will be healed ;
Dispeopled villages and wasted towns
Will rise more stately from their smouldering fires :
The fields will clothe themselves anew with green.
But those who fell the victims of your hate,
The dead, will not return ; the bitter tears
Which flowed upon your quarrel, have been wept ;
The coming race will blossom, but the past
Has been the spoil of misery and despair :
The fathers wake not to their children's joy.
These are the fruits of your unnatural strife ;
To you an awful lesson let them be.
Tremble before the Godhead of the sword,
Ere you unsheath it : monarchs may cast loose
The flight of war ; but not submissively,
Not like a falcon stooping from the clouds,
Will it return to hear the hunter's cry,
And settle on its master's hand again.
A second time a saviour will not come
To reach the hand of Heaven in mercy to you.

BURGUNDY.

Oh, sire ! you have an angel at your side ;

Where is she—why do I not see her here ?

CHARLES.

Where is Johanna ? how can she withdraw
From this glad moment of festivity,
Which she has given us ?

ARCHBISHOP.

Sire, the holy Maid
Loves not the idle splendour of a court ;
And, when her inspiration calls her not
Into the light of day, she shrinks abashed
Out of the prying gaze of curious eyes.
Perhaps she intercedes with Heaven for France,
While resting from her toils of active duty ;
For, blessings still surround and follow her.

*Enter JOHANNA, (without her helmet, wearing
a myrtle garland).*

CHARLES.

Thou comest, Johanna, like a priestess crowned,
To consecrate the union thou hast made.

BURGUNDY.

How fearful was the Maiden in the field ;
How mildly now peace beams upon her brow.

Have I redeemed my word ? art thou content
With me, Johanna ? have I earned thy praise ?

JOHANNA.

Thou hast shown the greatest favour to thyself.
Now thou art beaming in the blessed light ;
Before, thou wert a blazing prodigy,
Hung out in heaven to terrify mankind.

[Looking around.]

I see assembled many noble knights,
And every eye is bright with cheerful hope :
One mourner I encountered on my way,
Who hides himself amid the general joy.

BURGUNDY.

And who is conscious of such heavy guilt,
That he mistrusts my favour ?

JOHANNA.

May he come ?

Oh ! tell me that he may ; complete thy work.
Forgiveness is unreal, unless it cleanse
The heart from every stain ; one drop of hate,
Left in the cup of joy, infects the whole.
No wrong can be so deep that Burgundy
Pardons it not on this auspicious day.

BURGUNDY.

Ha! now I understand thee.

JOHANNA.

And thou wilt

Forgive him, Burgundy; come, Du Chatel,

*[She beckons to DU CHATEL, who
stands irresolute at the entrance.]*

The duke is reconciled with all his foes,

With thee among the rest.

BURGUNDY.

What wouldest thou do,

Johanna? knowest thou what thou askest of me?

JOHANNA.

A gracious master opens wide his gates

To every guest that comes—he turns from none.

Free as the firmament spans round the globe,

Mercy must take in all, both friend and foe.

The sun sends forth his beams alike on all;

On all alike the dew of Heaven drops down,

On every plant, and tree, and thirsty flower.

That which is truly good, and comes from Heaven,

Knows no exception, keeps no cold reserve;

But with duplicity is darkness too.

BURGUNDY.

She can dispose and rule me as she will ;
My heart is moulded wax within her hand.
Embrace me, Du Chatel : I pardon you.
Spirit of my father, frown not on thy son,
Who clasps the hand of him who took thy life :
Angels of death, reckon it not to me
That I recant my deep-sworn vengeance-vow.
In your dark realms of everlasting night
No heart beats more : all is eternal there,
All is immoveable and fixed ; but here,
In the glad light of day, it is not so :
Man is a living and a feeling soul,
The sport of impulse and of sympathy.

CHARLES.

Do I not owe thee all, miraculous Maid ?
How well hast thou redeemed thy plighted word,
How swiftly changed the current of my fate.
My friends are reconciled, my foes o'erwhelmed
In dust before me ; from a foreign yoke
My cities are delivered ; all through thee.
Thou hast accomplished all—How can I thank thee ?

JOHANNA.

Be merciful in thy prosperity
As in misfortune : in thy giddy greatness
Never forget the value of a friend,
Which in thy deep abasement thou hast proved ;
Delay not justice, and deny not mercy,
Even to the humblest ; from the shepherd's home
Was thy deliverer called. Thou wilt unite
All France harmoniously beneath thy sway ;
Wilt be the ancestor of mighty kings ;
Those who come after thee upon the throne
Will pass in glory those who went before.
Thy race shall flourish and thy kingdom stand,
Whilst it is strengthened in thy people's love :
Pride alone threatens and prepares its end ;
And, from the lowly huts from which even now
Thy safety has gone out, mysteriously
Upon thy guilt-stained children ruin falls.

BURGUNDY.

Enlightened Maid ! If thy prophetic eye
Can search the mystery of coming years,
Speak to me also of my race, and say,
It shall not cease to prosper !

JOHANNA.

Burgundy!

Even with the throne thy seat is set on high;
And higher still the proud heart strives to go,
Soaring among the clouds: a mightier hand
Shall curb the daring of its haughty way.
But fear not, therefore, that thy house shall fall:
For, in a royal daughter it survives,
And sceptre-bearing kings shall spring from her.
Their sway shall be upon two mighty thrones:
All nations of the earth shall hear their law,
And a new world obey them, which lies now
Concealed behind unnavigated seas.

CHARLES.

Oh! if thou hast the spirit of prophecy,
Say, will the friendship which we now renew
Unite our children?

JOHANNA (*after a pause*).

Kings and potentates!

Tremble at discord; call not from his cave
The demon where he slumbers: once awaked,
Late is it ere his fury sleeps again.
Round him springs up an iron progeny

One brand inflames another as it burns.
Desire to learn no more : enjoy the hour ;
The future let me hide.

AGNES.

Thou, holy maid,
Canst search my heart ; thou knowest if it aspires
Idly to greatness : let me also hear
A cheerful oracle.

JOHANNA.

I see revealed
Only the fate of empires ; in thy heart
Is thy own destiny.

DUNOIS.

But what awaits
Thyself, fair maid, thou favourite of Heaven ?
Shall not earth's purest happiness be thine,
Who art so pure and holy ?

JOHANNA.

Happiness
Is not on Earth, it is in Heaven alone.

CHARLES.

Thy fortune be henceforth thy monarch's care ;
For, I will glorify thy name in France,

And teach our children's children to revere thee.

Kneel down, and rise ennobled ; I exalt thee

[He lays the sword on her shoulder.]

Above thy lowly birth. I dignify

Thy fathers in their graves : thou shalt display

The royal lilies blazoned on thy shield,

And rank with those who are the best in France.

Except the princely blood of Valois, none

Shall be esteemed more noble than thy own :

The mightiest of my peers shall hold himself

Honoured by thy hand ; and it shall be my care

To match thee worthily with a fitting mate.

DUNOIS.

My heart selected her though lowly born,

And this new honour, which encircles her,

Adds nothing to her merit or my love.

I offer to her now, before the king,

And in the presence of this holy man,

If she esteems me worthy of her choice,

My princely hand : I take her for my bride.

CHARLES.

Resistless Maiden, thou workest wonders still :

Now I believe thou art invincible.

Thou hast tamed this haughty spirit, which till now
Scoffed at the power and majesty of love.

LAHIRE.

If I have read Johanna's heart aright,
Its brightest ornament is modesty :
The homage of the mightiest she may claim,
But she will not aspire to soar so high.
She strives not for the giddy pomp of power :
The true devotion of an honest heart
Will satisfy her, and the peaceful lot
I offer with this hand.

CHARLES.

Thou too, Lahire !

Two honourable wooers, both renowned
For valour, equal in their warlike fame.
Wilt thou, who hast appeased my enemies,
My realm united, cause disunion
Among my friends ? one only can succeed,
And each I reckon worthy of the prize.
Speak thou ; thy heart alone must here decide.

AGNES.

I see the noble maiden is confused,
And modest blushes rise upon her brow.

Give her a season to interrogate
Her heart, then let her find some faithful friend
To hear the treasured secret of her choice.
Now is the time when, with a sister's right,
I venture to draw near to this stern maid,
To ask her love, to earn her confidence.
Leave us while, womanlike, we two alone
Take council here together, and await
What we shall then determine.

CHARLES (*going*).

Be it so.

JOHANNA.

Nay, sire! the emotion mantling in my cheek
Was not the timid blush of bashful shame;
I have no secrets for this lady's ear
Which I should hesitate to speak aloud.
These noble knights have graced me with their choice;
But not in quest of earthly dignity
Was I sent hither from my shepherd-home:
Not to twine bridal garlands in my hair
Did I put on this armour. I must do
The work that has been given me to fulfil,
The maiden mission unto which I came;

I am the chosen warrior of high Heaven,
And may not be the bride of living man.

ARCHBISHOP.

Woman was made to be the loving mate
Of man, and when she follows nature's law
Fulfil most worthily the will of Heaven.
When thou hast satisfied the high command,
Which called thee to the field, thou wilt put off
These arms, and to thy softer sex return,
Which now thou hast renounced, which is not called
To wield the bloody instruments of war.

JOHANNA.

I know not, reverend father, at this time,
What then the spirit will require of me :
When the hour comes, its voice will not be dumb,
And what it teaches me I shall obey.
But now it calls me to complete my work :
My master's forehead wears not yet the crown ;
The consecrated oil has not been poured
Upon his head,— he is not yet "The King."

CHARLES.

We are already on our march to Rheims.

JOHANNA.

Let us not tarry, for thy enemies
Are busy near thee, to forbid thy way,
But I will lead thee safely through them all.

DUNOIS.

But when at length all shall have been fulfilled ;
When we victoriously shall enter Rheims,
Wilt thou not then, inspired Maid, vouchsafe—

JOHANNA.

If Heaven hath willed that, crowned with victory,
I shall return out of this strife of death,
My work is ended, and the shepherdess
In the king's palace has no more to do.

CHARLES (*taking her hand*).

The spirit of thy mission is on thee now,
Love finds no voice in thy inspired soul :
Trust me, not always will it thus be dumb.
At length our toil will end, and in her hand
Victory leads peace, then joy returns to all ;
In every heart soft feelings wake anew,
And shall they slumber only in thy breast ?
Then thou wilt weep sweet tears of sympathy,
Which yet are strange to thee ; thy changing heart,

Which throbs with heavenly aspirations now,
Will learn to melt with earthly tenderness.
Thou hast begun by giving thousands joy,
Thy course will end in blessing one alone.

JOHANNA.

Dauphin ! art thou so soon dissatisfied
With the bright apparition thou hast seen ?
The holy Virgin, sent to rescue thee,
Thou wouldest degrade from heaven into the dust.
O blinded hearts ! O men of little faith !
About you shines the Majesty of Heaven,
And you see nothing in me but a girl !
Would a mere girl array herself in steel,
And mingle in the bloody strife of men ?
Woe, woe ! if, while I bear the sword of God,
My sinful heart looks down on mortal man :
Better for me I had been never born.
Urge me no more, lest your rash words inflame
The kindling spirit of wrath that burns within.
The eye of man, looking on me with love,
Is horror and sacrilege upon my soul.

CHARLES.

Break off ; it is in vain to urge her now.

JOHANNA.

Sire, bid the trumpets blow : this idle calm
Disturbs and wearies me ; I pant to end
This cold delay ; while we are lingering here,
The spirit of my destiny is abroad,
And, sternly beckoning, summons me away.

Enter a Knight hastily.

CHARLES.

What now ?

KNIGHT.

The enemy has crossed the Marne,
And offers battle.

JOHANNA (*with fire*).

Now to arms ! to arms !
Now soars my soul free from constraint again.
Away ! I go to order the attack.

[Exit.]

CHARLES.

Follow her, Lahire ! before the gates of Rheims,
They will dare one more struggle for the crown.

DUNOIS.

True courage leads them not, it is the last
Insane attempt of impotent despair.

CHARLES.

I need not spur you, Burgundy ; this hour
You will atone for many days gone by.

BURGUNDY.

You shall be satisfied.

CHARLES.

I will myself
Go first, to lead you in the way of fame,
And earn my crown under the walls of Rheims,
My coronation city. Now farewell,
Agnes ! thy knight takes leave.

AGNES.

I do not weep,

I do not tremble for thee ; for my faith
Is high as Heaven, which surely has not sent
So many gracious tokens of its favour
To let us end in grief : my heart's assured
I shall embrace thee when, with victory crowned,
In conquered Rheims my monarch shall be found.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. — *An open country. — Alarum — skirmish. —
Several parties of Soldiers pass over.*

Enter TALBOT, leaning on CLIFFORD.

TALBOT.

Here set me down beneath these trees, and turn
Back to the fight : I need no help to die.

CLIFFORD.

O miserable and ill-omened day !

Enter MORTIMER.

Here is a sight of sorrow, Mortimer !
Here lies the general, wounded to his death.

MORTIMER.

Now, God forbid ! Look up, my noble lord,
This is no time to falter and to die :
Yield not to death, but with thy mighty will
Force nature to live on.

TALBOT.

Vain thought ! the hour
Of Destiny is come, which overturns
Our throne in France. I dared despairingly,
To turn aside our fate, one struggle more.
Here I sink down, crushed by the thunderbolt,

Never to rise again. Haste, Mortimer,
To rescue Paris : Rheims is lost to us.

MORTIMER.

Paris has made submission to the Dauphin :
A messenger just now has brought the news
Into the camp.

TALBOT (*tearing off his bandages*).

Then, fountains of my blood
Flow on, for I am weary of the sun.

MORTIMER.

I cannot stay : Clifford, do thou provide
Some place of safety for the general :
We can no longer hold our present ground.
Our soldiers fly already on all sides ;
Resistlessly the Maiden presses on.

TALBOT.

Folly, I yield, and thou art conqueror :
With thee even gods dispute the palm in vain.
Exalted Reason, brightest, holiest child
Of heaven, wise foundress of the steady world,
Directress of the stars ! what profitest thou,
Bound to the steeds which urge the mad career
Of superstition ? struggling to be free,

And vainly shrieking, down the sheer descent,
Foreseeing and foreknowing, thou must plunge.
Accursed is the man whose life is set
On greatness and on honour, who contrives
Wise plans with prudent thought : this world belongs
Folly ! to thee.

MORTIMER.

My lord, the hours are few
Which yet remain to you ; think on your Maker.

TALBOT.

Had we been beaten, brave men by the brave,
Our comfort might have been the common fortune,
Which, ever changing, ever shifts her wheel ;
But to be foiled by such gross mockery !
Did not my earnest life of toilsome honour
Deserve a worthier end ?

MORTIMER (*taking his hand*).

Farewell, my Lord !

The tribute of my tears shall be made good,
If I survive this day ; fate calls me now,
Where on the battle-field she sits enthroned,
And shakes the lots of war. In yonder world
We meet. Long friendship in short parting ends.

[*Exit.*

TALBOT.

It is soon past, and I shall give the earth
And the eternal elements these atoms,
Which have been joined in me for weal and woe :
And of the mighty Talbot, who has filled
The world with his renown, nought will remain,
Except a handful of light dust. Thus man
Goes to his end, and all the recompence,
Which by the toil of life we have achieved,
Is but an insight into nothingness,
A loathing and contempt of all that seemed
So full of greatness and so full of glory.

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, DUNOIS, DU CHATEL,
with Soldiers.

BURGUNDY.

The field is won !

DUNOIS.

The victory is ours !

CHARLES (*observing* TALBOT).

See, who lies yonder—who unwillingly
Breathes heavy farewell to the light of day ;
His armour seems not of a common man :

Go, help him, if your aid avails him still.

[Soldiers approach him.]

CLIFFORD.

Back, stand away! respect the mighty dead,
Whom living you had dared not come so near.

BURGUNDY.

What do I see? Talbot lies in his blood.

[He goes to him; TALBOT gazes fixedly upon him and dies.]

CLIFFORD.

Off, Burgundy! the dying hero's eye
Should not be blasted by beholding traitors.

DUNOIS.

O Talbot! fearful and unconquerable,
Art thou contented with such narrow room?
Yet the wide realm of France could not contain
The strivings of thy bold gigantic heart!
Now for the first time, Sire, I hail you king:
The crown of France still tottered on your brow,
While in this body breathed a living soul.

CHARLES.

A mightier power than mine has conquered him:
He lies on France's earth as, on the shield
He would not leave in death, a warrior lies.

Bear him away : *[Soldiers remove the body.*

And peace to his remains !

A worthy monument shall rise for him :

His bones shall rest here in the midst of France,

Where like a hero he has run his course.

So far as his came yet no hostile sword ;

His burial-place shall be his epitaph.

CLIFFORD (*offering his sword*).

I am thy prisoner, sire.

CHARLES.

Nay, not so ; *[Restoring it.*

For, pious duty even rude war respects :

Free shalt thou follow Talbot to his grave.

Now, Du Chatel, my Agnes trembles ; haste

To end her fear ; bring her the welcome news

That we are safe, that we are conquerors,

And lead her into Rheims triumphantly.

Enter LAHIRE.

DUNOIS.

Lahire, where is the Maiden ?

LAHIRE.

How ! I ask

Of you ; I left her fighting at your side.

DUNOIS.

I thought she was protected by your arm,
And came to help the king.

BURGUNDY.

Not long ago,
Among the thickest press of enemies,
I saw her white flag wave.

DUNOIS.

Oh ! where is she ?
My mind misgives me : haste to help her : come !
I fear her daring soul leads her too far.
Perhaps among the foe she fights alone,
Unaided, overpowered by multitudes.

CHARLES.

Fly ! save her !

LAHIRE.

Come ! I go with you.

BURGUNDY.

All, All !

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. — *Another part of the field; Rheims in the distance.*

Enter JOHANNA, sword in hand, following a Knight in black armour; his visor closed.

JOHANNA.

Deceitful One! I guess thy crafty scheme:
With subtlety and counterfeited flight
Thou hast withdrawn me from the battle-field,
And turned off death from many an Englishman;
But now destruction overtakes thyself.

KNIGHT.

Why dost thou follow thus unweariedly,
And hunt me down with such infuriate rage;
My destiny is not to fall by thee.

JOHANNA.

My soul abhors thee utterly, like night,
The colour of thy choice: I am impelled
With fierce desire to blot thee from the day.
What art thou?—raise thy visor!—
Had I not seen where Talbot bravely fell,
I'd say thou shouldst be Talbot.

KNIGHT.

Is the voice
Of prophecy within thee dumb ?

JOHANNA.

It warns
Loudly of evil standing by my side.

KNIGHT.

Johanna of Arc ! here, to the gates of Rheims,
On victory's wings, thou hast held on thy way :
Let thy success content thee ; leave thy fortune,
Which like a slave has followed thee so far,
Before she angrily shakes off thy thrall :
The fickle one serves none unto the end.

JOHANNA.

How canst thou hope to check my mid career,
Bid me stand still, and leave my work undone ?
My task must be performed, my vow fulfilled.

KNIGHT.

Nought can withstand thy power, thou mighty one !
In every battle thou art conqueror :
But go no more to battle ; hear my warning.

JOHANNA.

This conquering sword shall never leave my grasp,

Till haughty England is discomfited.

KNIGHT.

Look forth where Rheims rises with all her towers,
Thy mark and goal ; where yon cathedral dome,
Glittering in golden light, gives back the sun.
There thou wilt enter with triumphal songs,
Fulfil thy vow, and crown thy lawful king :
But go not ; hear my warning ; turn in time.

JOHANNA.

Who art thou, creature of a double tongue,
Who seekest to bewilder and affright me ?
Whence is thy daring with deceitful speech
To breathe false oracles of my fate ?

[The Knight offers to go, she crosses him.]

No ! stand ;

Answer me, or thou diest beneath my sword.

[She aims a blow at him.]

KNIGHT *(raises his arm toward her ;
she stands motionless).*

Kill what is mortal !

[Darkness, thunder, and lightning. He disappears.]

JOHANNA *(at first bewildered, collects herself).*

It was no living thing ; a false delusion,

An evil spirit from the fiery gulf,
Raised up to terrify my dauntless heart.
What fear I when I wield the sword of God ?
I will hold on my course in victory :
Though hell's black legions swarm the lists to fill,
My heart stands fast, my faith unshaken still.

[As she is going out, enter MORTIMER.]

MORTIMER.

Prepare for battle, wretch ! not both of us
Will leave this place alive : my bravest men
Thou hast slain, the noble Talbot has breathed forth
His mighty soul ; I will avenge or share
His fate : learn too, who will enhance thy fame
Conquered or conqueror ; I am Mortimer,
Last of the leaders of our English host ;
This arm is yet unmastered.

*[He attacks her. After a short combat,
she strikes the sword from his hand.]*

Treacherous spite

Of fortune !

*[He struggles with her ; JOHANNA
seizes his helmet, and drags it off.]*

JOHANNA.

Take the death that thou hast sought ;

The Holy Virgin offers thee by me.

[She catches his eye when about to strike ; her arm drops slowly.]

MORTIMER.

Why tarriest thou ? why stay the fatal blow ?

My honour thou hast won, take my life too.

I ask no mercy : I am in thy hand.

[She motions him with her hand to leave her.]

I should escape ? and owe my life to thee ?

No ! rather die !

JOHANNA *(turning away her face)*.

I will not know thy life

Was in my power.

MORTIMER.

Thy gift and thee I loathe,

Thy mercy I refuse : then slay the foe

Who hates and would have slain thee.

JOHANNA.

If thou wilt

Do it, and go !

MORTIMER.

Ha ! what is that ?

JOHANNA (*hiding her face*).

Woe, woe !

MORTIMER (*approaching*).

They say thou slaughterest all Englishmen

Whom thou hast vanquished ; why spare me alone ?

JOHANNA (*lifts her sword ; but drops it again*).

Oh, Holy Virgin !

MORTIMER.

How canst thou dare call

Upon that sacred name ? she knows thee not ;

Heaven has no part in thee.

JOHANNA (*in a tone of despair*).

What have I done ?

Alas ! I have betrayed my deep-sworn vow.

MORTIMER.

Unhappy girl ! I feel I pity thee :

Thou hast touched my heart, thou hast been merciful

To me alone ; my enmity is gone :

I must have sympathy with thy despair.

Who art thou, and whence comest thou ?

JOHANNA.

Go, begone !

MORTIMER.

Thy youth, thy beauty, fill my soul with pain ;
My heart bleeds for thee : oh ! how willingly
Would I preserve thee : tell me that I may.
Come, come ; renounce thy cursed covenant :
Throw down these arms.

JOHANNA.

I am not worthy now
To bear them longer.

MORTIMER.

Throw them quickly down,
And follow me,

JOHANNA (*with horror*).

What sayest thou ? follow thee !

MORTIMER.

Thou mayest and shall be saved : away with me !
I will preserve thee ; but make no delay :
An overwhelming grief for thy sad fate
Is come on me, and the fond hope to save thee.

[*Taking her hand.*]

JOHANNA.

The Bastard comes—they are here—they seek for me :
If they should meet thee——

MORTIMER.

I will be thy guard.

JOHANNA.

If thou shouldest perish by their hands, I die.

MORTIMER.

Am I dear to thee ?

JOHANNA.

Holy one of Heaven !

MORTIMER.

Shall I again see thee, and hear from thee ?

JOHANNA.

No ! never.

MORTIMER.

I bear off this sword—this pledge

That we shall meet again. *[He takes her sword.]*

JOHANNA.

Thou darest do this ?

Madman !

MORTIMER.

Now I give way : we meet again.

[Exit MORTIMER.]

Enter DUNOIS and LAHIRE.

LAHIRE.

She lives : she is safe !

DUNOIS.

Fear not, thy friends are here.

LAHIRE.

Mortimer goes yonder.

DUNOIS.

Leave him unpursued.

Johanna, the just cause of France prevails ;
Rheims has unbarred her gates : a mighty crowd
Streams forth with shouts of joy to meet the king.

LAHIRE.

What ails the Maiden ? see, she faints— she falls !

[*JOHANNA totters.*]

DUNOIS.

She is wounded ; quick, unclasp her corslet : see !
It is her arm ; the hurt is trifling.

LAHIRE.

Ah !

Her blood flows.

JOHANNA.

Let it flow, and let my life

Flow with it.

[*She faints in their arms.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A decorated Hall.**Enter JOHANNA.*

JOHANNA.

The weapons rest, the storm of war is laid ;
To bloody strife succeed the sounds of glee ;
Each church, each altar is in pomp arrayed,
And every street re-echoes revelry :
With laurel boughs triumphal gates are made,
On every pillar wreaths of flowers must be.
Through Rheims the rushing tide scarce finds a way,
Which pours along to share this festal day.

One burning sense of lofty joy is shown,
One thought is throbbing now in every heart,
One common extacy to all is known,

Whom bloody hatred held so long apart.
Now every race which France can call her own
In the proud name more proudly claims its part :
Anew the empire's ancient glories spring,
And France does homage to her native king.

But me, by whom the triumph has been won,
The common gladness cannot comfort me :
My heart is changed within me, and I shun
And loathe to look on this festivity ;
Far from these scenes my wandering wishes run,
And rest beside my country's enemy :
From the glad circle I must steal aside
The guilty secret of my soul to hide.

Who ? I !—within my spotless heart
Can I a mortal image bear ?
The soul which has in Heaven its part
Can an earthly passion share ?
I, the saviour of the land,
The warrior sent by God's command,
Dare I to the chaste light reveal
That for my country's foe I feel

The pang of love's unholy flame,
And am I not yet crushed with shame?

[Music is heard in the distance.]

Ah! how these tones seduce my ear!
In their sweet thrilling melody,
The music of his voice I hear,
And feel the magic of his eye.
Were the storm of battle sounding,
Whistling spears my path surrounding,
Mid the slaying and the slain
I might be myself again.
But these voices, these soft airs!
Every one my heart ensnares;
They assail and they controul
All the courage of my soul;
And my firmness disappears
In tender thoughts, and bitter tears.

Should I have slain him?—could I, when I looked
Upon his face? Slay him!—I could as soon
Have plunged in my own heart the murderous steel.
And am I guilty if compassionate,

Is mercy sinful ? mercy !—did I hear
The voice of mercy and humanity,
When other victims fell beneath my sword ?
Why was it silent when that gentle youth
Prayed me to spare his life so bitterly ?
False heart ! thou wouldest deceive the eternal light :
It was no mercy that held back thy hand.
Why did I look upon his countenance,
And see the bearing of his noble brow ?
That look was my transgression ; Heaven will have
A passive tool and blind obedience :
But God forsook me, when my eyes were opened,
And I was taken in the snares of hell.

Harmless crook ! why did I ever
Exchange thee for the murderous blade ?
Sacred oak ! that I had never
Beneath thy rustling boughs been laid !
Had'st thou never on my spirit,
Queen of Heaven, in glory shone !
Take, what I can never merit,
Oh ! take back thy promised crown.

Heaven was open, to me revealing
The glory of the sainted blest,
But on earth my hope is dwelling,
Not in Heaven I look for rest.
Wherefore with the dreadful burden
Wouldst thou, Lord, my weakness prove,
Had I power my heart to harden ?
God created it to love.

If thou wilt thy might make known,
Chuse the spirits who, near thy throne,
Ever pure and ever bright,
Offer worship in thy sight.
Who never sin, who never sleep,
Who never feel, who never weep ;
Let not the hard task be laid
On the poor weak shepherd maid.

What cared I how wars were ended,
What cared I how Kings should fight ?
Innocent my lambs I tended
On the silent mountain's height.
At thy bidding I was sent

To minister beside the throne,
Mine the guilt and punishment,
But the choice was not my own.

Enter AGNES. She hastens to JOHANNA and embraces her : then falls at her feet.

AGNES.

Not so ; before thee, in the dust——

JOHANNA.

Stand up ! (*raising her*)

What do you ? you forget yourself and me.

AGNES.

Leave me ; it is my overwhelming joy
Which casts me at thy feet. I must pour forth
The swelling transports of my soul to heaven,
And worship the Invisible in thee.
Thou art the angel who has led my king
To Rheims, and crowned him with the royal crown.
All is fulfilled, which I had never dreamed
To see ; the coronation is prepared ;
The king is ready in his robes of state ;
The peers and princes of the land are met
To bear the ensigns of his royalty ;

To the cathedral streaming multitudes
Pour on : the bells ring out their merry peal,
One general shout of triumph swells around—
My joy is full, and I can scarcely bear it.
But thou art still the same, still sad and stern ;
Thou givest gladness which thou canst not share ;
Thy heart looks coldly on our happiness.
Thou hast beheld the majesty of Heaven ;
No earthly joy disturbs thy spotless soul.

[JOHANNA *grasps her hand convulsively,*
but quickly drops it.

Oh ! couldst thou feel a woman's sympathy !
Put off this armour ; there is war no more ;
Return into thy own, thy gentler sex.
From thee in terror shrinks my loving heart,
While thou art clothed in this unnatural steel.

JOHANNA.

What wouldest thou ask of me ?

AGNES.

Disarm thyself—

Unclasp this breast-plate—love can never dare
To venture near a steel-encompassed heart.
Oh ! be a woman, and thou wilt feel love.

JOHANNA.

Disarm myself? In battle I would bare
My bosom to the welcome sword : not now.
Oh ! that a sevenfold fence of mail had power
To shield me from your triumph, from myself !

AGNES.

Count Dunois loves thee ; his heroic heart,
Which only beats for truth and honour, glows
Toward thee with a holy spirit of love.
Oh, it is joy to know oneself beloved
By such a man ; more joy to love him too.

[JOHANNA *turns away*.]

Thou hatest him ? No, no ! thou canst not hate,
Only not love him : how could hatred come
Into thy heart ? We do not hate, save those
Who sever us from him we love ; but thou,
Thou lovest none ; thy heart is calm. If thou
Couldst feel——

JOHANNA.

Have pity—oh, be merciful !

AGNES.

What can be wanting to thy happiness ?
Thou hast redeemed thy promise ; France is free ;

Thou hast achieved high honour, and, enriched
With victory, thou hast led on the king,
Into his coronation city: thee
The happy people bless and magnify;
The praise of thee o'erflows from every tongue;
Thou art the goddess of this festival.
Even the king, encircled with his crown,
Seems not more glorious.

JOHANNA.

Would I were hid
In the earth's deepest cavern!

AGNES.

What disturbs,
What strange emotion fills thee? Who can dare
Look up with pride upon this day of joy,
If thou art humbled and dispirited?
No! let me blush, who feel so small near thee,
Who cannot lift my heart to comprehend
And share the heroic nobleness of thine.
To thee my weakness let me freely own:
Not all the glory of my fatherland,
Not the recovered splendour of the throne,
Not the high feeling and victorious pride

M

Of all these multitudes, are in my heart,
My feeble heart : one image fills it all ;
There is no room for other thought than this :
He is the idol—he, the conqueror,
On whose path flowers are strewed, and blessings fall,
Is mine, he whom I honour, whom I love.

JOHANNA.

Oh, thou art happy ! deem thyself most blest :
Thou lovest where all love ; thou mayest openly
Reveal thy heart ; thou mayest declare thy joy,
And wear thy gladness in the face of day.
The kingdom's triumph is thy triumph too :
The never-ending, still-beginning crowd,
Who pour within these walls unceasingly,
They share thy transport and they hallow it ;
They shout for thee, for thee they twine the wreath ;
The universal rapture is thy own :
Thou lovest the sun, the fountain of all joy,
And seest in all the glory of thy love.

AGNES.

Oh excellent ! how well thou hast understood.
I misconceived thee—yes, thou dost know love,
And truly hast thou spoken all I feel :

Free from its fear and timid reverence,
My heart clings to thee confidently now. [*Embracing her.*

JOHANNA (*turning from her*).

Forsake me ! fly from me ! pollute not thus
Thy purer nature, shun me as a plague.
Go, and be happy, and leave me to hide,
In the deep darkness of eternal night,
My shame, my horror, and my sad despair.

AGNES.

Thy words fall fraught with terror on my ear.
I understand thee not ; but, ever thus,
Incomprehensible and wrapt in gloom,
Has been the mystery of thy fearful being.
Who can discern what agitates thee now,
What awes thy holy heart and gentle nature ?

JOHANNA.

Thou art the pure ! thou art the holy one !
Couldest thou but see my heart, thou wouldest recoil,
In shuddering horror, from its guilty treason.

Enter DUNOIS, DU CHATEL, and LAHIRE, with

JOHANNA's banner.

DUNOIS.

All is prepared ; we come for thee : the king

Sends us, Johanna ! for, he wills that thou
Shouldest take thy place among the peers of France
In the procession, nearest to himself,
And bear thy holy banner before him there.
For, he proclaims and before all the land
Will testify, that unto thee alone
Belongs the glory of this holiday.

LAHIRE.

Here is thy banner ; take it, noble Maid !
The princes and impatient multitude
Await thy presence.

JOHANNA.

Me, to bear the banner
Before the King !

DUNOIS.

Whom else can it become ?
What hand but thine is pure enough to bear
The hallowed symbol ; thou hast wielded it
In battle, wave it now triumphantly
The brightest ornament on our path of joy.

LAHIRE *offers her the banner, she shrinks from it.*

JOHANNA.

Away !

LAHIRE.

Johanna, what can ail thee, thus
To shrink from thy own banner? look on it,
[*Unrolling it.*

The same which thou hast borne in victory.
The Queen of Heaven is pictured on its folds,
Floating above the dark terrestrial ball,
Just as the Holy Virgin shewed to thee.

JOHANNA (*gazing on it with terror*).

It is herself: yes; so she came to me.
See! how she frowns in wrath upon me now!
How strangely, from the deep-set dark fringed eye,
Her stern glance glows beneath her angry brow.

AGNES.

She is entranced. Johanna, calm thyself,
Collect thy reason; this is nothing real:
This is the likeness of her earthly form;
She is in heaven.

JOHANNA.

Fearful one! art thou come to judge thy creature?
Condemn, destroy me, bid thy lightnings flame,
And let them strike my guilty head; for, I
Have forfeited the vow thou laidest on me,
Dishonoured and blasphemed thy holy name.

DUNOIS.

Alas ! what means she ?—what unhallowed words !

LAHIRE (*amazed, to DU CHATEL*).

Can you conceive the source of this strange passion ?

DU CHATEL.

I see but what I see : too long ago

I feared it.

DUNOIS.

Ha ! how sayest thou ?

DU CHATEL.

What I think

I dare not utter ; but God send that all
Were safely over, and the king were crowned.

LAHIRE (*to JOHANNA*).

How ! has the terror, offspring of this banner,
Returned again at last unto thyself ?
Let England tremble when it sees this sign,
Terrible to the enemies of France,
But of good omen to her faithful children.

JOHANNA.

Aye ! thou sayest true, it smiles upon her friends,
And fills with terror all her enemies.

[*The Coronation March is heard in the distance.*]

DUNOIS.

Then take the banner, they begin the march ;

Take it, there is no moment for delay.

*[They press the banner on her, she seizes
it with convulsive effort, and exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*An open Square near the Cathedral, the
back-ground filled with Spectators ; BERTRAND,
CLAUDE, and STEPHEN come from among them,
afterwards MARGARET and LOUISA, Music in the
distance.*

BERTRAND.

Hark to the music ; they are coming now.

Which were the best ? shall we climb up again

Upon the platform, or press through the crowd,

Where we shall see it all ?

STEPHEN.

We cannot pass.

With horses, carriages and men, the streets

Are wholly choaked : let us stand rather here,

Beside these houses, where, as the array

Goes by, we can see all conveniently.

GLAUDE.

It is as if half France were met in one :
Such multitudes pour in from every side.
Even from the distant borders of Lorraine,
Among the rest, we have been hurried here.

BERTRAND.

Who would sit idly in his chimney-nook
When mighty things are happening in the land ?
It has cost labour and cost blood enough
Until the rightful head could wear the crown.
Our lawful king, to whom we give the throne
To-day, shall not be welcomed worse than he,
Whom they of Paris crowned at St. Denis.
He is no Frenchman who is absent now,
And shouts not with the rest, long live the king !

Enter MARGARET and LOUISA.

LOUISA.

Now we shall see our sister, Margaret :
My heart beats.

MARGARET.

We shall see her dignity
And splendour, and shall whisper to ourselves,

That is our sister—that is our Johanna.

LOUISA.

I cannot yet believe, till my own eyes
Have looked upon her, that this mighty one,
The Maid of Orleans, as men call her now,
Can be Johanna, whom we lost from home.

[*The music comes nearer.*]

MARGARET.

You doubt still—you will see her.

BERTRAND.

Hush ! they come !

Procession.—Children in white, with wreaths and flowers ; two Heralds ; Halberdiers ; Magistrates in their robes ; two Marshals, each with his staff ; the Duke of BURGUNDY with the sword ; DUNOIS with the sceptre ; other Peers bearing the crown, ball and staff of justice ; others with offerings ; Knights in the robes of their order ; Choristers with censers ; two Bishops ; Archbishop of Rheims, bearing the Ste. Ampoule ; JOHANNA with her banner—she walks with downcast eyes and faltering steps ; the King under a canopy borne by four Barons ; Courtiers ; Soldiers. When the procession is within the church the music ceases.

MARGARET.

Saw you our sister ?

CLAUDE.

Her in golden armour,
Who walked before the king, and bore the banner ?

MARGARET.

Yes, her ; that was our sister, our Johanna,

LOUISA.

And she did not see us ! no sympathy
Informed her heart how near her sisters stood !
She pored upon the ground, and was so pale,
Trembled and tottered so beneath her banner :
I am not glad since I have looked on her.

MARGARET.

Now I have seen my sister in her power,
And her magnificence. Who could have guessed,
Even in a dream, who could have thought, while yet
She drove her sheep upon her mountain's side,
That we should see her in such majesty ?

LOUISA.

My father's dream comes true, that we should bow
Ourselves before our sister here in Rheims.
That is the church which in his dream he saw ;

And every thing most strangely is fulfilled.
But, he saw melancholy faces too :
It saddens me to see her grown so great.

BERTRAND.

Why stand we idly here ? come to the church
To see the holy service.

MARGARET.

Yes ! come, come ;
We shall perhaps meet with Johanna there.

LOUISA.

We have already seen her ; let us turn
Back to our village.

MARGARET.

What ! before we greet—
Before we speak to her ?

LOUISA.

She is ours no more ;
Her station is with kings and princes now :
And what are we, with boastful vanity
To thrust ourselves amid her greatness ? she
Was strange to us while yet she was at home.

MARGARET.

Will she look proudly on us, and despise us ?

BERTRAND.

The king himself is not ashamed of us ;
For every one he had a kindly word,
Even for the least ; and, great as she is now,
The king is greater.

[Trumpets in the church.

CLAUDE.

Come into the church !

[They return to the background, where they are lost in the crowd.

Enter RAYMOND, and THEOBALD in mourning.

RAYMOND.

Stay, father Theobald, go not in the crowd ;
There are none here but with a cheerful mien ;
Your melancholy mars the festival :
Come, let us hasten home.

THEOBALD,

Didst thou behold my miserable child ?
Didst thou look on her well ?

RAYMOND.

Oh ! let us go.

THEOBALD.

Didst thou not see how tremblingly she went,

How pale and altered was her countenance ?
The wretched creature feels her fallen state :
It is the moment to preserve my child ;
I will not lose it. *[He offers to go.*

RAYMOND.

Stay ! what would you do ?

THEOBALD.

I will confound her—will annihilate
Her empty splendour, and with powerful grasp
Will draw her to the God she has renounced,
Back from perdition.

RAYMOND.

Think on what you do :

Plunge not your child in ruin.

THEOBALD.

If her soul

May live, I care not that her body die.

*[JOHANNA rushes out of the church, without her banner ;
the crowd gather round her, with signs of adoration ;
she is kept by them in the background.*

She comes—'tis she ! pale from the church she comes ;
Her terror drives her from the holy place :
Heaven's doom declares itself. •

RAYMOND.

Old man, farewell !

Ask me no more to bear you company ;

I came in hope, and turn in sadness home.

I have seen your daughter once again to-day,

And feel again the pang of losing her.

[*Exit RAYMOND. THEOBALD retires back, avoiding*

JOHANNA ; *she comes forward.*

JOHANNA.

I cannot stay ; dark spirits drive me forth :

Like thunder rolls the organ in my ear ;

The vaults bow down to crush my guilty head :

I must have room beneath the open heaven.

I have left my banner in the sanctuary :

This hand shall never lift or wave it more.—

I felt as if my sisters, like a dream,

My Margaret, my Louisa, glided by.

Ah ! it was only a deceitful dream ;

For, they are far from me, beyond my reach ;

Like infancy and innocence, far away.

MARGARET (*coming forward*).

It is she—it is Johanna !

LOUISA.

Oh ! my sister.

JOHANNA.

Was it no dream? you are here: do I embrace you?
Thee, my Louisa, thee, my Margaret!
Here, in this strange and populous wilderness,
I rest upon my sister's faithful breast!

MARGARET.

She knows us yet: is our good sister still.

JOHANNA.

And has your love of me brought you so far,
So far from home? you are not angry now,
That I unkindly went, without farewell,

LOUISA.

Thy hidden destiny led thee away.

MARGARET.

The fame of thee, that has stirred all the world,
Which bears thy name for ever on its tongue,
Awakened us in our retired home,
And brought us hither to this festival.
To look upon thy splendour we are come:
And we are not alone.

JOHANNA (*quickly*).

My father is with you:

Oh! where is he: why keeps he thus from me?

MARGARET.

Our father is not with us.

JOHANNA.

No ! will he not
Behold his child ?—you bring no blessing ?

LOUISA.

He

Knows not that we are here.

JOHANNA.

He knows it not ?
Why not ?—you are confused—you will not speak
You look upon the ground :—where is my father

MARGARET.

Since you have left us——

LOUISA (*makes a sign to her*).

Margaret !

MARGARET.

My father

Has become gloomy.

JOHANNA.

Gloomy !

LOUISA.

Nay, take comfort,

You know our father's sad foreboding heart.
He will recover—be content again,
When we have told him you are well and happy.

MARGARET.

But you are happy—yes, you must be happy ;
So great, so honoured as you are.

JOHANNA.

I am,

Now that I look on you again, and feel
Deep in my heart the dear familiar tones
Which lead my memory to my father's home :
Oh ! when I kept my sheep upon our hills,
Then I was happy as in paradise :
So happy I can never be again.

[She hides her face in LOUISA's arms.]

*Enter CLAUDE, STEPHEN, and BERTRAND, who remain
timidly in the background.*

MARGARET.

Come hither, Stephen, Bertrand, Claude, come here ;
Our sister is not proud, she is so mild,
And speaks more kind than she was wont to do
While yet she lived with us at Dom Remi.

N

[*They come forward. JOHANNA looks on them fixedly and seems in amazement.*

JOHANNA.

Where have I been ? say, has it been a dream,
A long, sad dream, and now I wake again ?
Have I left Dom Remi ? is it not true,
I have been sleeping by the fairy tree,
And am awake, and you are round me here,
The well-known friendly faces that I love ?
I have but dreamed of all these kings and battles,
And deeds of war ; they were but images
That floated by my fancy as I slept,
For, lively dreams dwell underneath that tree.
How did you come to Rheims—how came I here
Myself ? I never went from Dom Remi !
Tell me I did not and make glad my heart.

LOUISA.

We are at Rheims : you have not only dreamed
Of all those things, you have performed them too.
Collect yourself ; remember, look around ;
Feel here your bright gold armour.

[*JOHANNA puts her hand to her breast,
recollects herself, and starts.*

BERTRAND.

From my hand
You took this helmet.

CLAUDE.

You have cause enough
To think of dreams; for, all you have fulfilled
Could not be more miraculous in a dream.

JOHANNA (*quickly*).

Come! let us fly; I go with you—I turn
Back to our village—to my father's arms!

LOUISA.

Come! come with us, dear sister!

JOHANNA.

All these men
Exalt me far above what I deserve.
You knew me in my childhood, weak and small;
You love me, but you do not worship me.

MARGARET.

Will you forsake all this magnificence?

JOHANNA.

I throw it from me, this detested pomp,
Which has such power to keep your hearts from mine;
And I will be a shepherdess again,

Will do your bidding like a lowly maid,
And with the heaviest penance will atone
For my vain striving from my proper station.

[Trumpets sound.]

*Enter from the church King CHARLES, wearing the
Crown, AGNES, Archbishop, BURGUNDY, DUNOIS,
LAHIRE, DU CHATEL, Knights, Courtiers, and
People.*

ALL.

Long live the King of France, King Charles the Seventh !

*[Trumpets. On a signal from the King,
the Heralds command silence.]*

CHARLES.

Thanks to my people for their honest love !
The crown, which Heaven has set upon my head,
Has been achieved and conquered by the sword,
And with my subjects' precious blood is stained ;
Yet round it shall the peaceful olive twine.
Thanks be to all who fought upon our side !
Pardon to those who have withstood our way.
For, Heaven has mercifully dealt with us,
And our first proclamation should be mercy.

PEOPLE.

Long live the King of France—King Charles the Good !

CHARLES.

The kings of France have ever held their crown
From God, the ruler over all, but we
Have visibly received the gift.

[*Turning to JOHANNA.*

Here stands

Heaven's messenger, who brought your lineal king
Back to his native throne, and burst the foreign chain
Of tyranny : her name should be like that
Of St. Denis, the guardian of this land,
And altars should be raised to her renown.

PEOPLE.

Hail to the Maiden, the Deliverer. [Trumpets.

CHARLES (*to JOHANNA*).

If thou art formed, like us, of mortal mould,
Say how we honour and content thee best :
But, if thy dwelling-place be in the skies,
If thou concealest thy celestial kind
In this disguise of maiden purity,
Unloose the film that hides thee from our sense,
And let us see thee in thy form of light,

As thou art seen of Heaven, that we may fall
And in the dust adore thee.

[*General silence, all gazing on JOHANNA.*

JOHANNA (*suddenly shrieking out*).

God! my father!

SEVERAL VOICES.

Her father!

THEOBALD (*advancing*).

Aye! her miserable father!

Who reared the wretched creature, who comes now,
Driven on by Heaven, to denounce his child.

BURGUNDY.

Ha! what is that?

DU CHATEL.

Now breaks a fearful dawn.

THEOBALD (*to the King*).

Thou deemest thyself saved by the power of God!
Deluded prince—deluded men of France,
Thou art delivered by the arts of hell!

DUNCANS.

Is the man mad?

THEOBALD.

Not I, but thou art mad,

And these around thee, and this learned priest,
Who think the Lord of Heaven would condescend
To manifest himself by a lowly maid.
See now, if still before her father's face
She will uphold the daring, impious lie,
Which on the king and people she has palmed.
I ask in God's name, by the One in Three,
If thou art pure and holy? Answer me!
[*Deep silence, all gazing on her ; she stands motionless.*]

AGNES.

God ! she is speechless.

THEOBALD.

She dares not reply :
Conjured by words of such deep reverence,
That they are dreaded in the depths of hell.
She holy—she the messenger of Heaven !
In cursed places, by a haunted tree,
Where hellish spirits have held their festival
Time out of mind, did she brood o'er her scheme,
And pledged her soul to the great enemy,
In compact that he would bestow on her
A fleeting recompense of earthly glory.
Let her stretch forth her arm, and shew the marks

By which hell claims its creature.

BURGUNDY.

Horrible !

But, who can doubt a father's evidence,
Who speaks unwillingly against his child.

DUNOIS.

Not so ; the madman cannot be believed,
Who, slandering his daughter, shames himself.

AGNES (*to JOHANNA*).

Oh ! speak, Johanna, break this dreadful silence ;
We will believe thee, we have faith in thee,
Let thy lips utter but a single word,
It is enough. Oh ! speak : annihilate
This horrible accusation : only say
That thou art innocent, and we believe thee.

[*JOHANNA stands motionless ; AGNES
turns from her shuddering.*]

LAHIRE.

She is bewildered ; terror and surprise
Have sealed her lips ; even innocence must quail,
When such a fearful charge is brought against it.

[*He goes to her.*]

Collect thyself, Johanna ; innocence
Has its own language, and its lightning glance,
Which mightily confounds calumnious tongues.
Rise in thy lofty scorn : look up on us ;
Rebuke and put to shame the unworthy doubt,
Which dares asperse thy spotless purity.

[JOHANNA *stands motionless* ; LAHIRE *goes back ; the confusion increases.*

DUNOIS.

Tremble and shrink who will, peasant or prince !
She is not guilty ; here I pledge myself :
I set upon her cause my princely name.
Here in the midst I throw my knightly glove :
Who dares pronounce her guilty ?

[*A violent clap of thunder ; all are in consternation.*

THEOBALD.

Answer me ! by the thundering voice of Heaven !
Say thou art innocent, say my words are false,
Say that foul sin is not upon thy soul !

[*Another thunderclap ; the people disperse in confusion.*

BURGUNDY.

May God protect us ! these are fearful tokens.

DU CHATEL (*to the King*).

Away ! my royal lord ; avoid this place.

ARCHBISHOP (*to JOHANNA*).

I ask, in the name of God, if thou art dumb

Beneath the power of guilt or innocence ?

And, if these mighty thunderings vouch for thee,

Then touch this holy cross, and give a sign.

[*JOHANNA stands motionless ; more thunderings.*

Exeunt all but JOHANNA and DUNOIS.

DUNOIS.

Thou art my bride ; my heart believed in thee

With the first glance, and still I am unchanged.

I have more faith in thee than all these signs ;

Than in the rolling witness of these thunders.

Clothed in the mantle of thy purity,

Silent in noble scorn, thou wilt not stoop

To clear thyself from such vile calumny.

Despise it if thou wilt, but trust in me ;

I never doubted in thy innocence.

Speak not a single word ; give but thy hand

In pledge and token that thou wilt rely

On this good arm, and on thy rightful cause.

[He stretches his hand to her ; she turns away with a shudder ; he stands in silent horror.]

Enter DU CHATEL.

DU CHATEL.

Johanna of Arc, you have the king's free leave

Unquestioned and unharmed, to quit the town.

The gates stand open for you ; do not fear

Insult : the king's safe-conduct shelters you.

Count Dunois, follow me ; you risk your honour

In longer tarrying. What a fearful end !

[Exit DU CHATEL ; DUNOIS rouses himself, glances again at JOHANNA, and exit.]

Enter RAYMOND slowly ; he comes forward and takes her hand.

RAYMOND.

Come, lose no time, the streets are empty now ;

Give me your hand, and I will be your guide.

[On seeing him, she gives the first sign of consciousness ; gazes on him, looks to Heaven, seizes his hand convulsively and exeunt.]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A wild Forest, on one side a Cottage—Thunder and Lightning. Shots are heard. CHARCOAL-BURNER and his WIFE from the Cottage.*

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

That is a dismal desolating storm !
Heaven threatens to rain itself upon the earth
In streams of fire ; the day is black as night ;
The tempest rages like a hell let loose ;
Earth trembles, and the old majestic oaks,
Groaning, bow down their venerable limbs :
And yet this fearful elemental war,
Which in the wildest beasts breeds gentleness,
That in their dens they tamely hide themselves,
Is powerless to bring peace among mankind.
Between the gusty howlings of the storm
I hear the sharp and ringing sounds of war :

The armies stand so near each other now,
Only the forest parts them, and each hour
May be the harbinger of bloody news.

WIFE.

God help us ! why, the enemies were beat
And scattered everywhere throughout the land ;
How is it that they trouble us again ?

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

That is because they fear the king no more ;
For, since the Maiden proved a witch at Rheims,
The Evil One helps us no longer now,
And every thing goes wrong.

WIFE.

Hark ! some one comes.

Enter RAYMOND *and* JOHANNA.

RAYMOND,

Here I see cottages—here we shall find
Some shelter from the tempest's driving rage.
You can endure no more ; now for three days
You have wandered on, shunning the face of man,
Feeding on roots and berries. Enter here :
[*The storm ceases, it becomes clear.*

They are kind woodmen.

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

You appear in need
Of rest : such shelter as our hut affords.
Is yours.

WIFE.

Why goes the tender maid in arms ?
But, in good sooth it is a dismal time,
And even women put on armour now.
The queen herself, the lady Isabel,
Rides armed, they say, within the enemy's camp ;
And a young girl, a needy shepherd's child,
Has fought and conquered for our lord the king.

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

Why stand you talking ? go into the hut
And bring refreshment for the lady.

RAYMOND (*to JOHANNA.*)

You see, not all are minded cruelly ;
Pity is found even in the wilderness.
Cheer up : the storm has howled itself to rest ;
And, beaming peacefully, the sun goes down.

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

I think you mean to join the king, because

You travel armed. Be wary on your road ;
The English are at hand ; across the wood
Their scouts pass daily.

RAYMOND.

How may we contrive
To shun them ?

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

Stay until my son comes home,
And he shall guide you through the forest, where
You need fear nought : we know the passes well.

RAYMOND (*to JOHANNA*).

Put off your helmet and your armour,
It may betray, and cannot guard you now.

[*JOHANNA shakes her head.*]

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

The maiden is very sad—hush ! who comes here ?

Enter WIFE from the Hut with refreshments, and Boy.

WIFE (*to JOHANNA*).

It is the boy we looked for from the town.
Lady ! drink this, and may God bless the draught.

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

Anet ! you are welcome home—what is the news ?

BOY (*notices JOHANNA as she is about to drink,
runs to her and snatches away the jug*).

O mother! mother! know you what you do,
Whom you are harbouring? this is the witch
Of Orleans!

CHARCOAL-BURNER *and* WIFE.

Now God have mercy on us!

[*They cross themselves and run away.*]

JOHANNA (*calmly and mildly*).

Thou seest that all things shun me, that a curse
Pursues me: look now to thyself, and leave
Me to my fate.

RAYMOND.

Shall I forsake thee?—who
Shall then be with thee?

JOHANNA.

I am not alone.

Thou hast heard the thunder roll above my head.
My destiny is my guide; fear not for me;
Without my seeking, I shall reach the goal.

RAYMOND.

Where canst thou venture? here the English are,
Who, in their wrath, have sworn to wreak on thee

A bloody vengeance ; yonder are our people,
Who have rejected, scorned, and banished thee.

JOHANNA.

Nothing will happen which is not decreed.

RAYMOND.

Who shall seek food for thee ?—who shall guard thee
From savage beasts, and still more savage men ;
Tend thee in sickness and in misery ?

JOHANNA.

I know all herbs and every root that grows ;
My sheep have taught me how to know apart
The poisonous and wholesome ; I can tell
The courses of the stars, the driving clouds,
And hear the bubbling of the secret springs.
Man's wants are few, and nature is profuse
Of life.

RAYMOND (*taking her hand*).

Wilt thou not commune with thyself,
Be reconciled to God, and come again,
A penitent, into the church's bosom ?

JOHANNA.

Dost thou, too, hold me guilty of this sin ?

RAYMOND.

Must I not ? did your silence not confess ?

JOHANNA.

Thou, who hast followed me in wretchedness,
The only one who has been true to me,
Linked thyself to my fate, when all beside
Had cast me off—thou thinkest me cursed too,
Renounced of Heaven ?—oh, that is hard to bear !

RAYMOND (*astonished*).

And art thou then in truth no sorceress ?

JOHANNA.

Am I a sorceress !

RAYMOND.

These miracles,
Didst thou perform them by the power of God
And of his saints ?

JOHANNA.

I had no other aid.

RAYMOND.

Yet you replied not to the dreadful charge.
Now you speak out ; but then, before the king,
When speaking had availed you, you were dumb.

JOHANNA.

In silence to the destiny which God,
My Master, had prepared for me, I bowed.

RAYMOND.

You had no answer for your father then.

JOHANNA.

What from my father came, came from God too,
And fatherly the chastening will have been.

RAYMOND.

Even Heaven itself proclaimed your guiltiness.

JOHANNA.

Heaven spoke, and I was silent.

RAYMOND.

How ! one word
Had then sufficed to clear you, yet you left
The world in this most miserable error.

JOHANNA.

It was no error ; it was my destiny.

RAYMOND.

You suffered innocently all this shame,
And dropped no sound of murmur from your lips !
Astonished and awe-struck I look on you ;
My heart is moved deep in my inmost soul.

Oh ! gladly would I take your words for truth,
For, it was bitter to believe you guilty ;
But could I dream that human fortitude
Could bear such dreadful things, and answer nothing.

JOHANNA.

Should I deserve to be the Chosen One,
Unless I blindly honoured His decree ?—
And I am not so wretched as I seem.
I am in want : that is no strange mishap
To me. I am an outlawed fugitive,
But in the desert I have proved myself.
When the false glare of glory shone around,
Then was the struggle in my feeble heart.
I was most miserable, when I seemed
A mark for the world's envy : I am healed ;
And this wild tempest in the natural world,
Threatening destruction to it, has been my friend :
The air is purified, and my heart too.
Peace is upon my soul, and, come what may,
My heart is free of weakness and of shame.

RAYMOND.

Oh ! come, come, let us hasten to proclaim
Your innocence loudly in the face of day,

JOHANNA.

He who has sent confusion, in good time
Will make it clear, and when the hour is ripe
The fruit will fall. Surely the day will come
To justify my name, and those, who now
Condemn and cast me out, will recognize
Their blind delusion and shed tears for me.

RAYMOND.

And must I wait in silence till some chance——

JOHANNA (*gently taking his hand*).

Thou seest but the outside of natural things ;
Around thy sight is wrapped an earthly veil.
But I have looked on immortality !
Not even a single hair falls to the ground
Without the will of God. Seest thou yon sun
Go down in heaven ? as surely as to-morrow,
The brightness of his beauty undecayed
Will come again to gladden hill and field,
So sure the truth will one day be revealed.

[*Queen ISABELLA with Soldiers behind.*]

ISABELLA.

Is this the way into the English camp ?

RAYMOND.

Alas, the enemy !

*Enter SOLDIERS ; on perceiving JOHANNA they fall back
in confusion.*

ISABELLA (*entering*).

What stays the march ?

SOLDIERS.

May Heaven protect us !

ISABELLA.

Have you seen a spectre ?

Cowards ! are you called soldiers ?—

[*She passes through them, sees JOHANNA and starts back.*

Who is this ?

(*recovering herself*).

Thou art my prisoner.

JOHANNA.

I am.

[*RAYMOND escapes with signs of despair.*

ISABELLA (*to the SOLDIERS*).

Lay chains on her !

[*The SOLDIERS approach JOHANNA timidly, she
reaches out her arms to them, and is chained.*

Is this the Mighty One, the Terrible,
Who chased your armies back like hunted sheep,
But cannot guard herself ? Her miracles
She can perform where she finds faith, but when

A brave man meets her, proves a very girl.

[To JOHANNA.

Why hast thou left the Dauphin's army ? where
Is thy appointed guardian, Count Dunois ?

JOHANNA.

I am banished.

ISABELLA.

How ! what ! banished !

Banished by the Dauphin ?

JOHANNA.

Ask no further now ;

I am in thy power, conduct me where thou wilt.

ISABELLA.

Banished ! because you saved him from despair,
Because you set the crown on him at Rheims,
Because you raised him to be king of France ;
Banished ! how well I recognize my son.
Bring her into the camp, and shew the soldiers
The phantom which has caused their fear so long.
A sorceress ! her only sorcery
Has been your folly and your cowardice.
A fool she is, who offers up herself
In her king's quarrel, and who now receives

A king's reward. Bring her to Mortimer :
I send the fate of France to him in chains :
I follow straight myself.

JOHANNA.

To Mortimer !

Kill me here—send me not to Mortimer.

ISABELLA (*to the SOLDIERS*).

Obey my orders !—carry her away ! [*Exit.*

JOHANNA.

Englishmen ! suffer not that I escape
Alive out of your hands ; revenge yourselves.
Draw forth your swords and plunge them in my heart ;
Carry me lifeless before Mortimer.
Remember how I slew your bravest friends ;
I shewed no mercy to you ; I have shed
Torrents of English blood, and I deprived
Your Talbot of his life and victory.
Take then a bloody vengeance : kill me here :
You have me in your hands. I may not be
Always so weak as you behold me now.

CAPTAIN.

Do what the queen commanded.

JOHANNA.

Must my fate
Become more wretched than it yet has been ?
Thy hand is heavy on me, fearful Virgin !
Hast thou for ever hid thy face from me ?
No angel hears, no pitying saint comes down ;
Wonders have ceased, the grace of heaven is gone.
[Exit with Soldiers.]

SCENE II.—*The French Camp.* DUNOIS, ARCH-
BISHOP, DU CHATEL.

ARCHBISHOP.

Prince, overcome your gloomy discontent,
Return with us, come to your king again.
In this emergency do not forsake
The common cause, when France, distressed anew,
Now, more than ever, needs your warrior arm.

DUNOIS.

Distressed ! why are we so ? why does the foe
Raise up his front again ? was not all done ?
France was victorious ; ended was the war.
You have rejected your deliverer,
Deliver now yourselves ; I will not go

Into the camp where she is found no more.

DU CHATEL.

Take better counsel, Prince ; dismiss us not
With such reply.

DUNOIS.

Be silent, Du Chatel !

I hate you ; nothing will I hear from you ;
You were the first to breathe a doubt of her.

ARCHBISHOP.

Who had not doubted ? who was not misled,
And wavered on that miserable day,
When every sign against her seemed to point ?
We were astonished, stupified ; the blow
Too sorely crushed our hearts. Who then could weigh
Reasons and proofs, in that wild hour of fear ?
Reflection has returned to us again :
We now remember how she dwelt with us,
And find no fault in all that we have known.
We are perplexed ; we dread that we have done
A heinous wrong. The king is penitent,
The duke reproachful of himself, Lahire
Is comfortless, and every heart is sad.

DUNOIS.

She a deceiver! If the time should be
That truth should come in a corporeal form,
It must put on such lineaments as hers.
If innocence, if truth, if purity,
Have ever dwelt on earth, they have appeared
In her bright eye, on her ingenuous tongue.

ARCHBISHOP.

May Heaven, by some decisive miracle,
Dispel the darkness of this mystery,
Impenetrable by our earthly sense.
But howsoe'er the riddle may be read,
We must be burthened with one heavy crime.
We have been helped by hellish sorcery,
Or have renounced the Messenger of Heaven;
And either calls down wrath and punishment
From Heaven upon this sad distracted land.

Enter a Nobleman.

NOBLEMAN.

A shepherd seeks your highness, earnestly
Imploring leave to speak with you, he says,
With tidings of the Maiden.

DUNOIS.

Bring him in

Without delay :—he comes from her.

[Enter RAYMOND.

Where is

The Maiden ? speak.

RAYMOND.

Hail, famous prince ! and well

For me, who meet this holy bishop here,

This pious man, the shelter of the oppressed—

DUNOIS.

Where is the Maiden ?

ARCHBISHOP.

Tell us where, my son ?

RAYMOND.

My lord ! she is no hellish sorceress,

I testify by God and all his saints,

The people are deceived ; you have cast out

The innocent, you have rejected from you

The messenger of Heaven.

DUNOIS.

Say where she is.

RAYMOND.

I was her guide through the Ardennes forest,
Where she confessed her inmost soul to me.
And may I die in torment—be my soul
Shut out eternally from heavenly bliss,
If she is not as pure as innocence.

DUNOIS.

The sun in heaven is not more pure than she.
Where is she? speak!

RAYMOND.

Oh! if your hearts are changed,
And you believe her guiltless, haste to save her:
She is a prisoner to the English.

DUNOIS.

Ha!

A prisoner!—

ARCHBISHOP.

O, most lamentable fate!

RAYMOND.

In the Ardennes, where we had shelter found,
She was encountered by Queen Isabel,
And is delivered to the Englishmen.

Oh ! then save her, who was your saviour,
From an impending miserable death.

DUNOIS.

To arms ! up ! up ! alarm the camp ! beat drums !
Call every man to battle ; let all France
Rush to the field ; our honour lies in pawn ;
Our crown, our costliest jewel is purloined.
Your blood, your life, your all, must rescue her ;
Before the day is ended she is free. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—*The interior of a Watch-tower, open above ;*

JOHANNA, MORTIMER, CLIFFORD.

CLIFFORD.

It is not possible to hold them back :
They furiously demand the Maiden's death.
Do justice ; all resistance is in vain :
Throw down her head from these high battlements ;
Only her blood will satisfy the soldiers.

ISABELLA (*entering*).

They set up ladders ; they prepare to storm :
Appease the people. Will you tamely wait
Till, in their frantic rage, they overturn
The tower, and we shall perish altogether ?

You cannot guard her longer ; give her up.

MORTIMER.

Let them storm on ; let their wild fury rage.

This tower is strong, and I will bury me

Beneath its ruins, ere they master me.

Answer, Johanna—say thou wilt be mine ;

And I protect thee against all the world.

ISABELLA.

Are you a man ?

MORTIMER.

Thy own have driven thee out ;

Thou art released from every duty now

To thy unworthy land. The coward souls

Who were thy suitors have forsaken thee ;

They dared not struggle to uphold thy honour :

I guard thee from thy people, and from mine.

Thou badest me once believe my life was dear

To thee, and then I was thy enemy ;

Now, in the world thou hast no friend but me.

JOHANNA.

Thou art my foe, my country's enemy ;

Nought can be common betwixt thee and me.

I cannot love thee ; but, if thy heart turns

To me in kindness, let it bring a blessing
Upon my people. Lead your army home,
Far from the borders of my fatherland ;
Render again the keys of all the cities
Which you have mastered ; set your prisoners free ;
Restore your booty ; give us hostages,
That you wilt rightfully perform your part,
And in king Charles' name I offer peace.

ISABELLA.

Even in thy fetters wilt thou give us laws.

JOHANNA.

Do it at once ; you will be brought to it.
The yoke of England France will never wear,
While time endures ; sooner shall it become
A yawning sepulchre to swallow you.
Your mightiest are fallen : think betimes
How safely to escape on your return :
Your fame is blighted, and your power is gone.

ISABELLA.

Canst thou endure her raving insolence ?

Enter Officer hastily.

OFFICER.

My lord, you must form the troops, the French advance,

With flying banners ; the whole valley gleams
With arms.

JOHANNA (*with enthusiasm*).

The French advance, proud England ! now,
Out to the battle-field ; now hold your own !

CLIFFORD.

Misguided creature, curb thy senseless joy ;
Thou wilt not live to see the closing day.

JOHANNA.

My people will be conquerors : I shall die.
The valiant need my arm no longer now.

MORTIMER.

I mock at these effeminate : have we not
Chased them before our face in twenty fields,
Ere this heroic Maiden fought for them ?
I do despise the nation, all but one,
And they have banished her. Come, Clifford, come,
We will prepare for them another day,
Such as at Cressy and Poitiers they saw.
The queen must hold the Maiden in this tower,
Until the fight is done. I leave a guard
Of fifty knights.

CLIFFORD.

What ! shall we go against
The enemy, and leave this furious one
Behind us ?

JOHANNA.

Do you dread a fettered girl ?

MORTIMER.

Promise, Johanna, not to free thyself.

JOHANNA.

To free myself is now my only wish.

ISABELLA.

Lay threefold chains on her. I pledge my life
To guard her safely.

[JOHANNA is heavily fettered.]

MORTIMER.

This is thy own deed,
Thou forcest us to this: still there is time.
Renounce thy country, and bear England's banner,
Then thou art free, and all these raging bands
Who thirst now for thy blood, will worship thee.

CLIFFORD (*impatiently*).

General, away !

JOHANNA.

Waste not thy words on me :
The French are drawing nigh ; look to thyself.

[*Trumpets. Exit* MORTIMER.

CLIFFORD (*coming back to the Queen*).

Lady, you know what will remain for you,
If fortune goes against us ; if you see
Our people turn to flight——

ISABELLA (*shewing a dagger*).

Be without fear :

She shall not live to triumph in our fall.

CLIFFORD (*to JOHANNA*).

You know what fate to look for ; now implore
A blessing on your army !

[*Exit.*

JOHANNA.

That I will :

From that no power shall hinder me. Hark ! hark !
That is my people's march ; how full of life
And victory it thrills into my heart.
Ruin to England, victory to France !
On, my brave countrymen, the Maiden's near,
And, though she cannot wave her banner now
Before your front, though bound with heavy chains,

Yet from her prison soars her spirit free,
On the glad pinions of your warrior song.

ISABELLA (*to a Soldier*).

Mount the watch-tower which overlooks the field,
And give us tidings of the battle.

JOHANNA.

Courage,
Courage ! my men, this struggle is the last :
One victory more, and they are wholly lost.

ISABELLA.

What seest thou ?

SOLDIER.

They are just closing now.
A furious knight leads on the lances, clothed
In tiger skin, on an Arabian steed.

JOHANNA.

That is Dunois. On, gallant gentleman,
Victory is with thee !

SOLDIER.

The Duke of Burgundy
Assails the bridge.

ISABELLA.

Would that ten lances met

In his false heart, the doubly perjured traitor.

SOLDIER.

Lord Clifford manfully opposes him.

Now they dismount—now they fight hand to hand :

Our people and the Duke's Burgundians.

ISABELLA.

Canst thou not see the Dauphin ! Dost thou not

Discern the royal ensigns ?

SOLDIER.

All the field

Is hid in dust : I can see nothing now.

JOHANNA.

Had he my eye, or if I stood where he stands,

There's not a motion should escape my sight.

I count the wild fowl in their airy flight,

And track the falcon when he soars the highest.

SOLDIER.

There is a fearful struggle at the ditch ;

The noblest and the first are fighting there.

ISABELLA.

Seest thee our standard ?

SOLDIER.

Waving in the wind.

JOHANNA.

Could I look through these walls, but through a chink,
I would control the battle with a glance.

SOLDIER.

Alas ! what do I see ! our general
Is hemmed about.

ISABELLA (*drawing a dagger*).

Die then, unhappy one !

SOLDIER (*quickly*).

He is free :

The valiant Clifford falls upon their flank ;
He breaks into the thickest hostile strength.

ISABELLA (*drawing back the dagger*).

There spoke thy angel.

SOLDIER.

Victory ! they run !

ISABELLA.

Who run ?

SOLDIER.

The Frenchmen, the Burgundians ;
The field is covered o'er with fugitives.

JOHANNA.

God ! God ! wilt thou abandon me so far ?

SOLDIER.

There goes a prisoner, wounded heavily ;
A crowd is round him, and he seems a prince.

ISABELLA.

One of our leaders, or a Frenchman ?

SOLDIER.

They have unbraced his helmet ; 'tis Dunois.

JOHANNA (*seizing her chains violently*).

And I am nothing but a fettered girl !

SOLDIER.

Look : stay : who is it wears the sky-blue mantle
Bordered with gold ?

JOHANNA (*aloud*).

That is my lord the king !

SOLDIER.

His horse is startled—stumbles—now he falls ;
He extricates himself with painful effort ;

[JOHANNA *accompanies these words with sympathetic gestures.*

Our men are following him in hot pursuit—
Now they have reached him—they surround him now.

JOHANNA.

Angels of heavenly mercy, where are ye !

ISABELLA (*laughing scornfully*).

Now is the time : deliver now, Deliverer !

JOHANNA (*kneeling—agitated*).

Hear me, O God ! in my extremest need :

I send my soul to thee in passionate prayer,

Before the footstool of thy heavenly throne.

Thou canst make strong the filmy spider-web

As the tough cable ; thy Almighty power

Can change to silken threads these iron bands.

Thou wilt it, and these chains shall fall away,

These walls shall crumble. Thou didst succour Sampson,

When he lay blind and fettered among his foes,

And bore the bitter taunts of their proud scorn.

He put his faith in thee, and mightily

He grasped the pillars of that spacious hall,

And bowed himself, and tore the temple down—

SOLDIER.

Triumph ! triumph !

ISABELLA.

What is it ?

SOLDIER.

The King

Is prisoner !

JOHANNA.

Then God have mercy on me !

[She seizes her fetters with both hands and dashes them off ; at the same moment she rushes on a Soldier, snatches a sword from him, and runs out. All look after her in astonishment.]

ISABELLA *(after a long pause)*.

What was that ?—do I dream—how went she hence ?
How burst those ponderous chains ? if my own eyes
Had not beheld it, I would not believe,
Though the whole world had vouched it.

SOLDIER *(on the Tower)*.

Has she wings ?

What hurricane has borne her hence away
Into the fight !

ISABELLA.

Already !

SOLDIER.

Yes : she strides
Amid the battle—she flies more rapidly
Than sight can follow : now she is here, now yonder ;
I see her in one moment every where.
She bursts the throng ; all yields before her way ;

The French are checked—are rallying anew.
Alas; what sight is this! our troops give back,
They cast their weapons down, their banners droop.

ISABELLA.

Ha! will she wrest our triumph from us yet?

SOLDIER.

Straight on the king she drives—she reaches him—
She drags him mightily out of the throng.
Lord Clifford falls; Lord Mortimer is surrounded.

ISABELLA.

I will not listen further; come away.

SOLDIER.

Fly, madam, fly! or you will be surprised:
A troop of knights are hurrying to the tower.

[*He comes down.*]

ISABELLA (*drawing a sword*).

Then, cowards, fight!

Enter LAHIRE with Soldiers; the Queen's party surrenders.

LAHIRE (*approaching her respectfully*).

Lady, submit yourself
To overpowering force: your soldiers yield,
And all resistance is in vain. Accept

My services, and signify your will
Whither I shall escort you.

ISABELLA.

Every place
Wherein the Dauphin is not, is the same. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*The Field of Battle. Soldiers, with flying Colours, fill up the back-ground. In the front, the KING and BURGUNDY supporting JOHANNA, who lies wounded in their arms without signs of life.*

Enter AGNES hastily).

AGNES (*throwing herself into the King's arms*).

You live! you are free! I hold you once again.

CHARLES.

Yes, I am free and safe: but, at this price.

[*pointing to JOHANNA.*

AGNES.

Johanna! God! and dying!

BURGUNDY.

She is dead.

So disappears an angel: see, she lies

Quiet, without pain, and like a slumbering child.

The peace of heaven smiles upon her face ;
No breath is in her bosom, but the warmth
Of life is still in her relaxing hand.

CHARLES.

She is gone, and never will she wake again ;
Her eye will look no more on earthly things.
She hovers now in heaven a blissful saint ;
And sees no more our grief and penitence.

AGNES.

She lifts her eyes !—she lives !

BURGUNDY.

Will she return
Back from the grave,—will she o’ermaster death ?
She rises up !—she stands !

JOHANNA (*standing*).

Where am I now ?

BURGUNDY.

Among thy people : with thy friends, Johanna.

CHARLES.

Surrounded by thy friends and by thy king.

JOHANNA (*gazing fixedly on him*).

Oh, no, I am no sorceress : indeed

I am not.

CHARLES.

Thou art holy as an angel :
Our eyes were darkened with a fearful cloud.

JOHANNA (*looking round cheerfully*).

Am I truly among friends again,
And am no more rejected and despised.
They do not curse me, they look kind on me.
Yes, now I clearly recollect it all.
These are my friends, and these are France's standards :
But mine I do not see.—Where is my banner ?
Without my banner I must not go hence ;
The Lord has trusted it into my care,
And I must lay it down before his throne.
I may ; for faithfully I have borne it here.

CHARLES (*hiding his face*).

Give her the banner !

[*It is given her—she unrolls it—she stands upright
with it in her hand, gazing on it.*]

JOHANNA.

Look on the rainbow in the rosy sky ;
The golden gates of heaven are lifted up.
How bright she stands amid angelic choirs,
And clasps the heavenly infant in her arms.

How lovingly she stretches out her hand
To aid my flight. Light clouds are lifting me :
The heavy armour turns to buoyant robes.
Away ! heaven opens, and earth disappears ;
Short is the pain, eternal is the joy.

*[She drops the banner and falls dead on it. On a
sign from the King all the banners are lowered.]*

THE END.

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